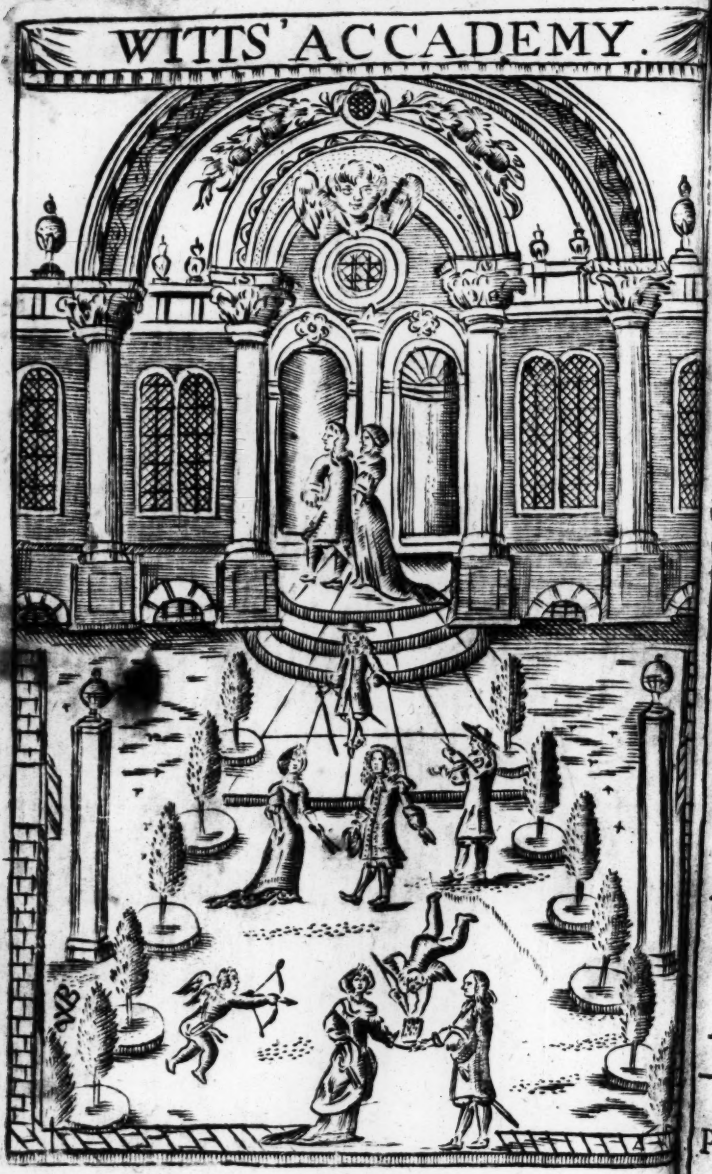
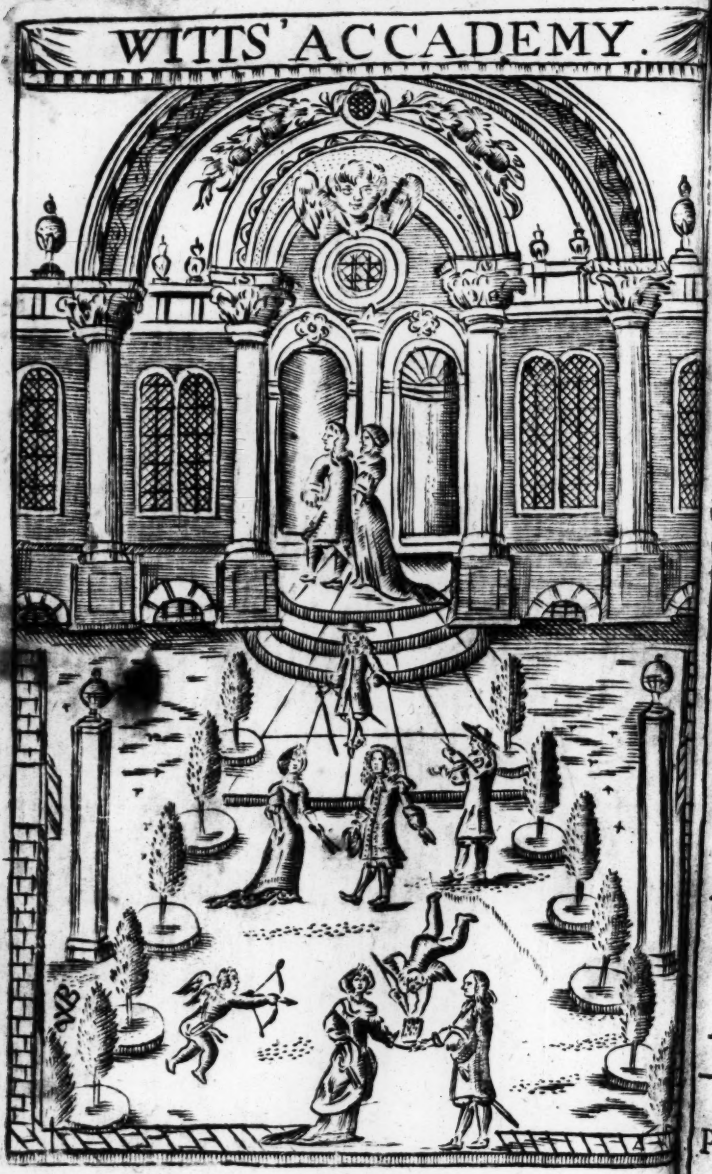

WITTS' ACCADEMY.


WITTS' ACCADEMY.

Wits Academy;

OR, THE

Muſes Delight.

Being the Neweſt

ACADEMY OF COMPLEMENTS:

Conſiſting of

Merry Dialogues

Upon various Occaſions, Compoſed of Mirth, Wit, and Eloquence.

AS ALSO

Divers ſorts of *LETTERS*

Upon ſeveral Occaſions, both Merry and Jocoſe: Helpful for the Inexpert to imitate, and Pleaſant to thoſe of better Judgment, at their own leiſure to peruſe.

WITH

A Perfect Collection of all the Neweſt and Beſt *SONGS*, and *CATCHES*,

That are and have been in Requeſt at Court, and both the Theatres.

The Sixth Edition, with Additions.

LONDON:

Printed by *W. Wilde*, for Eben. Tracy, at the *Three Bibles* on *London-Bridge*, 1696.

W.N.H.
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HARDING

Merry Dialogues

UPON

Various Occaſions.

Compoſed of Mirth, Wit, and Eloquence, for a Help to Diſcourſe, to ſuch as have had but ſmall Converſe with the Critical ſort of People which live in this Cenſorious Age.

DIALOGUE I.

A Loving Diſcourſe between Samuel *and* Sarah.

Sam. LOve is the Cauſe I have ſo often made my Addreſſes to you, Madam; therefore let me beſeech you not to diſdain my preſent Suit.

Sarah. *You tell me much of Love, but that's a thing I never yet could underſtand.*

Sam. The more is my Grief; for if you knew it but half ſo well as I do, I am ſure that you would incline your Heart to pity my Afflictions.

Sarah. *Why then it ſeems it is an Affliction to be in Love; I am therefore glad I never yet knew what it was.*

Sam. Yes, Madam, 'tis a Sorrow and a great Affli-

ction to be in Love, and not to be belov'd again.

Sarah. *How's that, Sir?*

Sam. Ah, Madam! too well I know it, and will tell it you, if you will give me leave.

Sarah. *Pray, Sir, let me hear it.*

Sam. The ſad Example which I now ſhall inſtance is my own ſelf: I love you, Madam, and have often told you ſo; but you have ever ſeem'd to ſlight my kind proffers of Love, to my great Torment.

Sarah. *I know not what you mean: Wherein have I ever ſlighted you, pray tell me, Sir?*

Sam. I will, Madam: You know I have at ſeveral times told you, that I lov'd you, and ſo well, as to marry you and make you my Wife.

Sarah. *And call you that Love, to marry you, and be your Wife? Pray, how do you make that appear to be Love?*

Sam. Yes, that is love to me, and the greateſt love that Tongue can e'er expreſs, if that you once would ſay, That you lov'd me well enough to be my Wife.

Sarah. *Why then, I find I do not yet know what Love is; for I could never find in my heart to marry you: But pray tell me how you came to love me, and it may be, after I hear how you began to love firſt, that I may learn to follow your Example.*

Sam. Madam, I know your pretended Ignorance is but to mock your poor diſconſolate Lover, one that adores you above all the World beſide: but however, ſince you ſay, that you will follow my Example, in loving me as I love you, I muſt tell you, Madam, That the firſt time I ever ſaw your Face, *Cupid*, at that inſtant of time, borrowed Arrows from your bright Eyes, and bending of his bow, he ſhot me to the heart, that ſtraight I fell in love with you, and ever ſince that I received this wound, my love-ſick pains grew greater and greater, becauſe you would not grant me love again.

Sarah

Sarah. *Methinks you talk most strangely: You tell me of* Cupid, *Pray what is he? And why does he keep a Bow?*

Sam. Cupid, Madam, is the little god of Love, a Boy he is, whom the Poets relate to be blind; he has a Bow his Mother *Venus* gave him, and he borrows Arrows from young Ladies Eyes, and when he pleases to sport himself, he bends his Bow, and shoots where he pleases; and where-ever it hits, that Person is so sorely wounded, that he can never rest Night nor Day, unless the Lady, from whose Eyes the Arrows came, will grant him Love again: Which is my condition; and if you deny me Love, I shall be of all Men most miserable.

Sarah. *But why do you speak to me, Sir, to cure you, now you say you are wounded? you must apply your self to that Lady from whence the Arrows came. As for my part, I am sure that I have no Arrows in me, nor I would not that there should be any there, for all the World; that were the way to kill me, if I had Arrows in my Eyes: But if there be Ladies that have any such things, that wound young Men, and can also cure them, you had best to cease your Discourse with me, and seek till you find them out; as for my part, (as I told you before) I declare that I keep no Arrows to hurt any one, neither (according to your own Words) can I cure any that are so wounded.*

Sam. Ah, Madam! though we have hitherto discoursed after the Romantick way and mode, yet you well enough know my meaning; therefore, not to talk any longer at this distance, I must (with your pardon) tell you plainly, that I love you, Madam, and none but you alone; therefore pity my condition.

Sarah. *Since you have discovered your self to be a Lover, and for my sake, and not only now on a sudden, but a pretty while since, if I may believe you;*

but young Men are ſo falſe, that I know not what to ſay to you.

Sam. You have try'd my Conſtancy, for it is ſome Years ſince (you know) I firſt offer'd the tenders of my love to you; and though you anſwer'd me ſtill with flat denial, yet you ſee that I had not ſo ſlightly grounded my Paſſion, as that your frowns as yet could make me have an ill opinion of your Love.

Sarah. *Well, ſince you are reſolved to proceed, and will take no denial, know then that I muſt try you farther ſtill; therefore prepare your ſelf to anſwer me.*

Sam. Speak boldly, Madam, and let your Demands be ne'er ſo difficult to perform, if they are in Man's Power to accompliſh, you ſhall be obey'd, and, Madam, gladly too, ſhould you command me this very Minute to be my own bloody Executioner.

Sarah. *No, Sir, I wiſh you long may live and happy, but if you e'er intend to be my Bridegroom you muſt* ———

Sam. What muſt I do, Madam? ſpeak without fear; your Will ſhall be my pleaſure.

Sarah. *No, I am aſham'd to tell you, but yet I can't forbear; but I muſt tell you, you muſt* ———

Sam. Dear Madam, ſpeak and bluſh not.

Sarah. *Why this it is, You muſt come and kiſs me, and by that Kiſs ſwear, That within the ſpace of ſix Days you will marry me.*

Sam. Auſpicious Heaven, and all ye Powers above, to you on bended knees I firſt return my thankful Prayers! and next, dear Madam, with humble gratitude, I at your feet do proſtrate fall, where ſilence gladly ſhall ſhew I do conſent; for Words cannot expreſs my preſent Joy.

Sarah. *Riſe, worthy Sir; you have deſerved my Love, nor could I longer keep you in deſpair; from hence call me your own.*

Sam.

Sam. My deareſt only Joy, you have now for ever bleſt me, this Kiſs ſhall uſher in a thouſand more: Give me your hand, I'll wait upon you home,

Where ſpeedily, without the leaſt delay,
We will appoint our joyful Wedding-Day.

DIALOGUE II.

A Diſcourſe betwixt Corydon *and* Celia.

Corydon. WHy, deareſt *Celia*, ſhould you prove ſo cruel to him that loves you more than life or any other thing that bears a name? A world of ſighs and groans have fill'd the Skies with the Echoes of my *Celia*, Fair and Cruel *Celia*; but no Redreſs as yet have I found: then dain, my pretty *Paramour*, at length to ſmile upon diſtracted *Corydon*.

Celia. *What means the Shepherd thus to trouble me? what Cruelties are theſe you ſpeak of? for my part I know not of any unkindneſs that I ever ſhew'd to you: What is't you would have? tell me wherein that* Celia *has been offenſive to you, and without doubt a ſpeedy Recompence will be made you?*

Corydon. Oh would that *Corydon* could find it ſo as *Celia* has told him, ſoon my deareſt *Celia* ſhould know the Cauſe of all my Miſeries and Woes: You need not ask me, *Celia*, why I call you Cruel, my looks will tell you, though my tongue be ſilent.

Celia. *Indeed,* Corydon, *you do miſtake my skill, for I am no good* Phyſiognomiſt, *neither did I ever pretend to it; therefore if you would that I be made ſenſible of your Grief, you muſt tell it me downright, and then if it lies in my power to give you Eaſe, and I deny it, you then will have juſt cauſe to call me Cruel, and not*

before: For no Doctor or Surgeon can tell how to apply any Remedy to a Sick Patient, before he knows from whence the Diſtemper ſprings.

Corydon. You cannot be ſo ignorant as you pretend you are; I cannot think but that you know my Grief: 'Tis Love, my deareſt *Celia*, 'tis Love.

Celia. *How*, Corydon! *did you ſay Love? or Did I miſtake that Word? ſpeak it again.*

Corydon. Yes, ſo I will, my *Celia*; for 'tis Love, and the Love of you alone, that I, that I, poor Shepherd, languiſh after thus.

Celia. *And is it ſo? Do you love me ſo well*, Corydon, *that it makes you ſick? Poor Man! why do you love me ſo much then, cannot you forbear?*

Corydon, Yes, I can forbear to live, but not to love: Death will be a welcome Gueſt to my diſcontented Mind.

Celia. *Oh*, Corydon! *why do you talk of death? the very name of death affrights me: prithee tell me* Corydon, *does Love and Death keep company together?*

Corydon. No, *Celia*, Life and Love are Companions together, and Death aſſociates himſelf with diſdain: Do you not know I love you, *Celia*?

Celia. *Why what if you do love me, what then? I won't kill you. I hope every body loves me; I am ſure my Father and Mother does. And what muſt I kill them too? God forbid.*

Corydon. Ah, *Celia*! thy pretty Innocence does make me ſmile, I had thought thou hadſt been more crafty, and by conſequence more cruel, till now I hear thy Anſwers: But tell me, *Celia*, doſt thou love me, my ſweeteſt?

Celia. *Yes indeed do I*, Corydon; *and I have done ever ſince you and I played together in our Church-yard.*

Corydon. That's my good Girl; come and kiſs me, *Celia*.

Celia,

Celia, *Well, are you ſatisfy'd now? I hope you will not ſay I am cruel now, will ye* Corydon?

Corydon. No, no, my pretty Love; thou art kind to me now; come, and let me kiſs thee again.

Celia. *No, indeed, but you muſt not.*

Corydon. Why, didſt thou not like the laſt Kiſs I gave thee, *Celia?*

Celia. *Yes, I lik'd it well enough,* Corydon; *but my Mother always charged me, that I ſhould not ſuffer any Man to kiſs me.*

Corydon. Did thy Mother never talk of me, *Celia?*

Celia. *Yes, very often,* Corydon; *and I told her how you talk'd of Love to me a great while ago, but I knew not what you meant by it, nor don't yet: but my Mother charged me not to come into your company, nor ſuffer you ſo much as to touch me; and told me, that I muſt not hear you when you talk of Love, for I muſt love no body but my Father and Mother.*

Corydon. Why ſurely ſhe did not tell thee ſo, did ſhe, *Celia?*

Celia, *Yes, indeed ſhe did,* Corydon, *and a great deal more than that; but I ſhall not name it.*

Corydon. Yes, prithee do, *Celia*; let me hear what 'twas ſhe ſaid to thee.

Celia. *No, indeed, you ſhall not; 'twas ſomething ſhe bid me not to let you know; but what it was I will not name for all the World.*

Corydon. No more thou ſhalt not, *Celia*; for I gueſs it already, and that's enough for me.

Celia. *Well, if you do, you do, I don't much care; but I vow you make me bluſh.*

Corydon. Bluſh not, my *Celia*, for I will not name it; come ſit thee down, my *Celia*, upon this green Bank; and now we have an opportunity, let us make uſe of it in diſcourſing of matters of Love.

Celia,

Celia. *I know not what you mean,* Corydon, *but I will ſit down a little while with you; for I cannot ſtay; my Mother charged me not to ſtay too long.*

Corydon. Why, thy Mother does not know that I am with thee.

Celia. *No, indeed, I think not; for if ſhe did, it would be a wee-day with me; for ſhe cannot abide you, becauſe you talk of Love to me.*

Corydon. Well, but I hope thou wilt love me ne'er the leſs for that, wilt thou, *Celia?* I am ſure I love thee well.

Celia. *No, indeed I love you well enough; but methinks better now than ever I did before.*

Corydon. I thank thee, *Celia*; but I have other Queſtions to ask thee concerning Love.

Celia. *What are they,* Corydon? *Prithee be not too tedious, for I cannot tarry too long; you know my Mother will chide me.*

Corydon. Thou ſay'ſt thou loveſt me, *Celia*; But how well?

Celia. *Why, a great deal, is not that enough?*

Corydon. Well, But doſt thou love me well enough to be my Wife, and to be married to me?

Celia. *Why, how muſt I be married to you,* Corydon?

Corydon. Why, we muſt go to Church together, and the Miniſter, after ſome Prayers ſaid, joins our Hands together, and then we are Man and Wife: Why didſt thou never ſee any married yet?

Celia. *No not I, never in all my life: But what muſt we do after Marriage,* Corydon? *prithee tell me.*

Corydon. Why that very Night we muſt go to Bed together, and lie together ſo long as we live.

Celia. *O ſtrange! why then I muſt not marry with you; for that was the only thing that my Mother charged me to have a care of; and not to lie with you,*

nor

nor any other Man in the whole World, and I dare not do it if you would give me Six pence: No, no, I muſt have a care of that, for I know what I know.

Corydon. Why what doſt thou mean, my Love? when we are married, I will get thee brave Boys and Girls of thy own: Child, what doſt thou think of that?

Celia. *Oh fie! oh fie! now you have named it all that my Mother has forewarned me againſt: How dare you name ſuch Words? ſure God won't bleſs you,* Corydon: *My Mother told me, that God would not bleſs me if I did but think of ſuch things, much leſs dare to act them.*

Corydon. That is to ſay, before Marriage, *Celia,* you ought not to act ſuch things; but Marriage makes it lawful with your own Husband, and not only lawful, but honourable it is to be a Mother of Children.

Celia. *Say you ſo,* Corydon; *but my Mother will never yield to this, I am ſure on't.*

Corydon. Well, but thy Mother will have nothing to do with thee; after we are married, thou art at thy Husband's diſpoſing then, no bodies elſe.

Celia. *Well, I'll go home and tell my Mother what you ſay, and ſee whether ſhe will give her conſent that I ſhould do all theſe things with you, as you have named, or no.*

Corydon. No, no, my ſweeteſt *Celia,* by no means do not acquaint her with it yet.

Celia. *Why ſo?*

Corydon. Becauſe you know that ſhe does not affect me ſo well as I do you; and therefore you and I muſt never marry nor ever meet again, if you tell her of any thing that I have ſaid to you.

Celia. *Why what would you have me to do then,* Corydon?

Corydon. Why doſt thou love me well enough to be my Wife?

Celia.

Celia. *Yes truly,* Corydon, *you have almoſt perſwaded me to't, if my Mother was but willing.*

Corydon. Why then I'll tell thee, *Celia,* we will marry firſt, and I'll warrant thee we will pleaſe her well enough afterward.

Celia. *Think you ſo,* Corydon? *Well, but muſt I have Boys and Girls too? What will ſhe ſay to that?*

Corydon. Why what ſhould ſhe ſay, my Dear? ſhe will rejoyce to ſee thee have Children, which, when they come to bigneſs, will ask her Bleſſing.

Celia. *Well, but I ſhall be aſham'd to have Children; I vow I ſhall,* Corydon.

Corydon. Prithee don't talk ſo childiſhly, my Dear, 'twil be an honour to thee to have Children.

Celia. *Well, but how ſhall I do to get to Bed to thee; I'll ſwear I ſhall not have the Face to go to Bed to a Man.*

Corydon, Well, well, we will do well enough for that; meet me here to Morrow Morning, *Celia,* and we will go and be married: till then farewell.

Celia. *Nay but ſtay,* Corydon, *I can afford to ſtay a little while longer now, to talk about having of Children, and going to Bed after we are married.*

Corydon. Canſt thou, indeed, poor Rogue! well I love thy Innocence, and to Morrow, at Night, thou ſhalt be ſatisfied in every thing that thou doſt deſire to know; and with this ſweet Kiſs at preſent I take my leave, not willing to detain thee too long to day, for fear thy Mother's Jealouſie ſhould ariſe, and gueſs the truth of what we have deſign'd, and ſo fruſtrate all our hopes and expectations, by keeping thee a cloſe Priſoner in her Houſe, and not ſuffer thee to ſtir abroad any whither, nor let me come to ſee thee: therefore, deareſt *Celia,* be careful, and ſay not a Word to her of what we have been talking of; for if you do, I am ſure our Loves for ever will be ruined.

Celia

Celia. *I'll warrant thee,* Corydon, *ſhe ſhall never know the leaſt through me, I can keep my own Counſel well enough; and that ſhe ſhall find to her anger and vexation.*

Corydon. 'Tis a good Girl: well, Fare thee well once again. My Deareſt, Remember what thou haſt to do to Morrow.

Celia. *Adieu, dear* Corydon: *Farewel, my loving Shepherd.* —— *Yes, ſurely, I ſhall not forget the time and place of meeting, my Eyes no reſt ſhall take this Night; my Mind will be employed another way: The Thoughts of what I have to do to Morrow, will buſie me enough 'twixt this and then:*

A Virgin pure I'll to the Temple go,
And there the Marriage Rites of Hymen *know.*

DIALOGUE III.

A Diſcourſe betwixt Two Gentlemen as they were riding on the Road together.

Tiberius, GOod Morrow to you, Sir.

Rowlandus, *A good Morning to you, Sir.*

Tiberius, How far do you ride in this Road, Sir?

Rowland. *As far as I can, Sir, to Day.*

Tiberius, That's as much as to ſay, as far as your Horſe will carry you to Day; for poſſibly you may be capable of riding farther in a Day than he is able to perform.

Rowland. *You ſay right, Sir; but I love my Horſe too well to wrong him by over-riding him.*

Tiberius, You are the better Maſter, Sir.

Rowland. *Yes, and by conſequence be the better Horſe, Sir.*

Tiberius,

Tiberius. All this I muſt confeſs, Sir; but pray now let me know how far you ride, Sir, this way; for I ſhall be more than a little glad of your good company, if you will be pleaſed to accept of mine?

Rowland. *Sir, your company will be an honour to me, therefore you need not make any intreaties; for I ſhall be very forward to conjoyn my ſelf with ſo good ſociety as I find you are; and to anſwer your queſtion, I ſhall tell you, Sir, that I intend to reach as far as* Dunſtable *to night, and there to lie, being in my Road to* Weſt-Cheſter, *whither I am bound.*

Tiberius. In a happy hour I have ſet forward on my Journey, for I am travelling within ten miles of *Cheſter*; therefore I hope I ſhall enjoy your company ſo far.

Rowland. *With all my heart, Sir.*

Tiberius. Your Horſe goes very well, Sir; Pray what Price?

Rowland. *My Horſe is a Mare, Sir; and I think ſhe goes well enough, I am ſure ſhe pleaſes me.*

Tiberius. No doubt of it, Sir; there is no reaſon why I ſhould miſlike her if ſhe pleaſes you: But how do you like mine, Sir?

Rowland. *Why, Sir, for fear I ſhould make the ſame miſtake as you have done, I muſt tell you that be it Horſe, or Mare, or whatever the Beaſt is I cannot tell, but it goes very well.*

Tiberius. It is (to ſpeak after the jocoſe manner, as you have done) a double hol'd Gelding, a Mare, Sir, as we ſay in Engliſh, of the ſame Sex as yours is, but I think not altogether ſo ſtately.

Rowland. *Well, we'll make no compariſon [illegible] but I believe they both may be very good: But [illegible] do you intend to Inn for this night?*

Tiberius. Why, Sir, I would willingly be directed by you; but I'll tell you where I us'd to lie.

Rowland.

Rowland. *Pray where's that, Sir?*

Tiberius. At the Sign of the *Two Travellers*; it is a very good Inn, and there we ſhall have good Entertainment for our Horſes and our ſelves; I name the convenience for the Horſe firſt; for if they fare well, I don't queſtion but we ſhall do well enough.

Rowland. *You ſay true, Sir; for they cannot ſpeak for themſelves, but we can, and I'll warrant you we will want for nothing, no more ſhall not the Horſes, for I'll take care of that.*

Tiberius. You ſay right, Sir, the Mares ſhall want for nothing; for our firſt care ſhall be for them, and then, Sir, I ſhall be at your Service.

Rowland. *Sir, I am at your Service: But pray what a kind of Hoſteſs have we?*

Tiberius. Nay, Sir, you ſay right; for we have a very kind Hoſteſs.

Rowland. *How do you mean, Sir?*

Tiberius. I mean honeſtly; a very good Woman to our Landlady, and I'faith ſhe rules the Roaſt.

Rowland. *I am glad to hear it, Sir; for we intend, I hope (at leaſt I do) to have ſome Roaſt: But pray have we never an Hoſt or Landlord there?*

Tiberius. Yes, yes, we have a Landlord, a very good Man, that is to ſay, a very merry Landlord, you ſhall ſee when we come there; but as I tell you, the Hoſteſs his Wife, *id eſt*, our Landlady, rules the Roaſt.

Rowland. *And ſo I would have her, Sir; for it properly belongs to that Sex to ſee after the Roaſt.*

Tiberius. Well, Sir, and ſo ſay I too: But no more of this till we come there.

Rowland. *Agreed, Sir; but I think we don't want much of it now.*

Tiberius. Sir, you ſay true: But ſhall I be honoured ſo far as to be a Supper-man with you, as well as a Fellow-Traveller?

Rowland.

Rowland. *I hope that queſtion is not to ask now; your Invitation was ſo fair, that I ſhould be a Churl, and a great one, if I ſhould deny you what ſo readily you have propoſed.*

Tiberius. Why then, Sir, let's take up our Quarters together; but not too faſt now we are nigh the Inn, but let's ride ſoftly, that our Horſes, *alias* Mares, may not be too hot when we come into our Inn.

Rowland. *Here Hoſtler.*

Hoſtler. Who calls?

Tiberius. Here, take our Horſes.

Rowland. *And rub them down clean; and come to us by and by, and you ſhall be informed what Corn we intend to give them.*

Tiberius. Will you be pleaſed to walk into the Kitchen, and ſee what's there you like for Supper?

Rowland. *Yes, Sir, I'll follow you; it ſeems you are acquainted with my Landlady; therefore pray walk firſt, and renew your acquaintance with her.*

Tiberius. Your Servant, Sir; I'll obey your Commands.

Landlady, your humble Servant; How have you done this many a Day?

Hoſteſs. Why let me ſee, who's this? Maſter *Tiberius*!

Tiberius. The very ſame.

Hoſteſs. Lord! Is there ſuch a Man alive?

Tiberius. Yes, I am alive ſtill, Landlady; and this Gentleman, and I, do intend to be your Gueſts to Night.

Hoſteſs. Come, old Boys, I'll give each of you a Kiſs, if you'll meet me half way, and bid you welcome. ——— So; now you are welcome, Gentlemen.

Rowland. *Well, honeſt Landlady, What ſhall we have for Supper?*

Hoſteſs.

Hoſteſs. Troth e'en what you pleaſe, Gentlemen.

Tiberius. Well, But what have you got in the Houſe, Landlady?

Hoſteſs. Why you may have a couple of Capons, or a couple of Pullets, or a dozen of Pigeons, with two or three dozen of Larks; you know, Sir, that we live in the only Lark Country in *England*: But if you be not pleaſed with hollow Birds, you may have a Shoulder of Mutton, or a Loin of Veal, or any boil'd Meat, if you pleaſe.

Tiberius. Well, Landlady, you have nam'd Varieties enough; come, you know my old Cuſtom, give me a pint of your beſt Sack, and whilſt we are drinking that, we ſhall have time to conſider which of theſe Diſhes of Meat to pitch upon.

Hoſteſs. You ſhall have it, Sir.

Rowland. *We have a good jovial Landlady here, I perceive, Sir.*

Tiberius. Yes, Sir, ſhe will talk merrily; but I really believe it is only to pleaſe her Gueſts, for I am very confident that ſhe is honeſt.

Rowland. *No doubt of it, Sir; for you know we commonly find, that the greateſt Talkers are the leaſt Doers.*

Hoſteſs. Gentlemen, I'll make bold to begin, and preſent my Service to you both, and you are both welcome.

Both. Thank you, Landlady.

Hoſteſs. Mr. *Tiberius*, I'll preſent it to you firſt, becauſe you are my old Acquaintance.

Tiberius. Thank you, Landlady.

Sir, my humble Service to you, and I thank you for your good company.

Rowland. *Your Servant, Sir, I am glad of ſo good a Companion as your ſelf; come, Landlady, the t'other glaſs to you, and then we'll think what to have for Supper.*

Hoſteſs.

Hoſteſs. With all my heart, Sir: But Mr. *Tiberius*, Where have you been this many a Day?

Tiberius. Why about the World, Landlady, ſometimes in one place, and ſometimes in another: You ſee I am alive ſtill.

Rowland. *Well, Sir, now what ſhall we have for Supper?*

Tiberius. Pray, Sir, do you ſpeak.

Rowland. *Why I think a Shoulder of Mutton, and two or three Dozen of my Land'ady's Larks, ſince ſhe praiſes them ſo much.*

Tiberius. Agreed, with all my Heart.

Landlady, Pray take care that they be made ready preſently.

Hoſteſs. They ſhall, Sir: Will you be pleaſed to walk up into your Chamber?

Tiberius. Yes, Landlady, we will walk up; but though we Sup together, yet we muſt have two Chambers to lie in.

Hoſteſs. You ſhall, Sir.—— What will you be pleaſed to drink, Gentlemen?

Rowland. *Why let's taſte of your Ale and Beer, Landlady, will you?*

Hoſteſs. Yes, you ſhall, Sir. [*Exit Hoſteſs.*

Tiberius. Well, but pray, Fellow-Traveller, give me your abſolute Opinion of our Landlady.

Rowland. *Why, Sir, as I told you before, ſhe may be honeſt; for what I know by her, I am ſure ſhe is; but for your own part I believe that you know ſomething by her, by your redoubling the queſtion of what I thought of her; beſides that is not all the ground I have for ſuſpicion; for I have obſerv'd ſome-amorous wanton glances caſt towards you now and then, when we were in the Kitchen, and alſo ſince we came up into the Chamber: but what the meaning of it ſhould be, is beſt known to your ſelf.*

Tiberius.

Tiberius. Fie! Sir, Fie! ſure you miſtake your ſelf; ſhe did not look and ſmile on me, did ſhe?

Rowland. *Nay, I am ſure I am not miſtaken; for ſhe did ſmile, and caſt a wanton eye on you too.*

Tiberius. Well, well, Sir, how do you like her? Did ſhe not kiſs well?

Rowland. *In troth, Sir, I cannot tell, I took ſo little notice of it; 'twas only for faſhion's ſake that I kiſs'd her; not out of any deſire I had to it, but to fulfil the ancient Cuſtom.*

Hoſtler. What Corn will you be pleaſed to give your Horſes, Sirs?

Rowland. *Why give mine half a peck of Oats to Night, and the like quantity in the Morning.*

Tiberius. And let mine have the ſame.

Hoſtler. They ſhall, Sir.

Rowland. *Here, Hoſtler, take the Pot and drink.*

Hoſtler. Thank you Maſter.

Tiberius. Be ſure let them have their due.

Hoſtler. I'll warrant you, Sir.

Hoſteſs. Gentlemen, your Supper is ready, Will you have it brought up yet?

Rowland. *Yes, yes, by all means, Landlady, bring it up; for we think long till we be at it: I am ſure I do.*

Hoſteſs. You ſhall have it immediately, Sir: Will you be pleaſed to ſeat your ſelves?

Rowland. *So, here 'tis come now.*

Tiberius. Come, Landlady, ſit you down: Pray where's my Landlord your Husband?

Hoſteſs. Alas, poor Cuckold! Where ſhould he be? He is abroad about his Buſineſs.

Rowland. *How's that, Landlady! You do but jeſt, ſure.*

Tiberius. No, no, ſhe uſes to talk after this rate, I know; but I believe my Landlord is no Cuckold for all that.

Hoſteſs.

Hoſteſs. Well, come, Gentlemen, fall to, I have ſaid Grace for you.

Tiberius. Well ſaid Landlady, I perceive you are merry; but we will ſay Grace every one for himſelf.

Rowland. *So; now, Landlady, be pleaſed to help your ſelf, and we will cut afterwards.*

Tiberius. Well, Landlady, I know your temper; you cannot eat well without a Bottle or two of Claret.

Hoſteſs. Well, then if you know my humour, I hope you will let me have it; for I ſhall live the longer: and I know you would not have me dye yet, for you'll never meet with ſuch another Landlady.

Rowland. *Yes, yes, Landlady, if that a Bottle or two of Wine will prolong your Days, you ſhall have that Cordial to be ſure; and I am alſo in your opinion, That a good Supper cannot be made without a Bottle or two of Wine.*

Here, Boy, bring us up a Bottle of Claret.

Boy. By and by, you ſhall have it, Sir.

Tiberius. Come, Landlady, have we never a merry Jeſt at Supper?

Hoſteſs. Are you married, Sir?

Tiberius. Yes, that I am, Landlady.

Hoſteſs. Why then you are a Cuckold.

Rowland. *How do you know that, Landlady?*

Hoſteſs. Why, it follows by conſequence, that all Men that are married, muſt of neceſſity be Cuckolds, becauſe my Husband's one.

Tiberius. Suppoſe your Husband be one, muſt all Men therefore be Cuckolds, becauſe he is ſo? Surely all the Women in the World are not Whores.

Hoſteſs. Oh Fie, Mr. *Tiberius*, I had thought you could not have ſpoke ſuch a Word; I vow, I could find in my Heart to be angry with you: What, muſt all thoſe Women that make their Husbands Cuckolds, be called Whores? no ſure, I hope not.

Rowland.

Rowland. *Nay, but Landlady, ſetting all aſide, How do you call thoſe Women as make their Husbands Cuckolds? If they are not Whores, I am much miſtaken.*

Hoſteſs. Lord, Sir! I had thought that you had lived long enough in the World to know better things: Suppoſe I, or ſome other Woman, ſhould be willing to ſatisfie your Deſires in that way, rather than diſoblige you, methinks you would not call me, or ſhe, or whoever it be, Whore, for condeſcending to your Will.

Tiberius. Why, what would you have her accounted then, Landlady?

Hoſteſs. You may ſay ſhe is a kind Woman, or ſo; a good-natur'd Woman, or ſo: but the Name of Whore is ſo odious, that it deſerves not to be given for it, except the Party ſo called be a common Strumpet and Mercenary, proſtrating her ſelf to any ſort of Fellow, for half a Crown or under; ſhe indeed deſerves the Name of Whore, and no other Woman whatſoever.

Rowland. *Well, Landlady, it ſhall be as you ſay; come, one Glaſs of Claret to you, and all ſhall be well I hope.*

Hoſteſs. Sir, I'll pledge you; and now I hope you underſtand the difference betwixt a Whore and a kind Woman.

Tiberius. Well, well, Landlady, we are ſatisfied, and to Morrow Morning before we go, you ſhall be ſatisfied too.

Hoſteſs. I queſtion it not, Gentlemen. Good Night, Sir: Mr. *Tiberius*, if you pleaſe, you ſhall lie in another Chamber, and this Gentleman ſhall lie here.

Rowland. *With all my heart, Landlady. Sir, good Night to you; pray uſe my Landlady kindly.*

DIALOGUE.

DIALOGUE IV.

A Merry Diſcourſe betwixt Harry, *and* Doll, *in Country Phraſes.*

Harry. HOneſt *Doll*, well met in troth; Whither art thou going this Morning ſo early?

Dol. *Why, what is that to you, Goodman Coxcomb, I hope I am not to make you acquainted with my Maſter and Dame's Buſineſs; that would be a pretty Feſt indeed, if I ſhould do ſo; but I think the Fool has more wit in truth: Pray do you mind your Buſineſs, and I will take care of what I have to do; and ſo farewel.*

Harry. Nay, ſtay a little, ſweet *Dorothy*, ſtay, do not be ſo angry, that's my good Girl: What haſt thou piſs'd on a Nettle this Morning, that thou art ſo tuchy? Come, come, *Doll*, prithee be gentle, for I vow I ask thee for no harm.

Dol. *No harm, Sauſebox! What is't you ask me for then?*

Harry. Nay, ſweet *Dorothy*, be patient, and I'll tell thee.

Dol. *Well, come let me hear it.*

Harry. Why, it was not to enquire after any of thy Maſter or Dame's Buſineſs that I ſtopped thee; but becauſe I have a little Buſineſs of my own to tell thee of, if thou wilt hear me with patience.

Dol. *I wonder what I have to do with your Buſineſs; I'll hear none of your Buſineſs, by the Maſs not I, therefore pray let me go.*

Harry. Nay, ſtay a litttle *Doll*, you muſt hear me; I ſwear I ſhall cry if you are thus unkind to me, therefore prithee ſtay and hear me.

Dol. *How do you ſay! Shall you cry?*

Harry.

Harry. Yes that I ſhall, and die too, if you be not more kinder to me.

Dol. *Well, come fool, rather than you ſhall cry, and die too, I will ſtay and hear what 'tis you have to ſay to me, if that you'll promiſe me not to be too long about it.*

Harry. No indeed, *Doll.* I will not keep thee too long; I will be as brief as may be.

Dol. Come then begin; Why don't you begin, I ſay?

Harry. Nay, but hark ye, *Doll.* I do not take this to be a very convenient Place, being in a common Foot-path, and in the open Field.

Dol. *Why, whither now I trow?*

Harry. Why, I'll tell thee, *Doll.* on t'other ſide of yonder Field you know is a little River, and by the River ſide is moſt pleaſant Grove, where we may ſit and talk of our Buſineſs, and no body never ſee us, nor diſturb us.

Dol. *You tell me of Buſineſs, and Buſineſs; but I know not what your Buſineſs is.*

Harry. Come along, dear *Dolly*, come along, and I will tell thee preſently, to thy Satisfaction and Content.

Dol. *Well, I could find in my Heart to go along with you, but it muſt be upon theſe Conditions.*

Harry. What Conditions? What doſt thou mean, Sweetheart?

Dol. *Hey day! Pray how came I to be your Sweetheart? To my beſt knowledge I never ſaw you but once before, and then, I'm ſure you never talk'd of Love to me.*

Harry. 'Tis no matter for that, dear *Dolly*, the more's to come; but prithee, firſt let me hear what the Conditions muſt be that I am to ſubſcribe to, for indeed, *Doll.* I begin to be a little in haſt.

Dol. *Pray hay, I am not ſo haſty; however, I'll tell you my Conditions.*

Harry. Pray, ſweet *Dolly*, let me hear 'em then quickly.

Dol. *Yes, you ſhall; and theſe they are,*

Firſt, You ſhall ſwear, That you won't tell my Maſter and Dame, nor none of my Fellow-Servants, nor any body elſe that knows me.

Harry. What, muſt I not tell them, *Doll?*

Dol. *Why, I ſay you ſhall not tell any of them that I go to talk with you privately. And then, Secondly,*

Harry. Oh Dear, Secondly! Why what's next, *Doll?* The firſt I'll ſwear to willingly: But is there any more?

Dol. *Yes, yes: Secondly, I ſay, You ſhall not offer any Rudeneſs to me, when we are alone, you ſhall not——*

Harry. What doſt thou mean, *Doll?* Thou know'ſt I am not rude, but gentle: But prithee what do'ſt thou call Rudeneſs?

Dol. *Nay, if you interrupt me thus, we ſhall never have done. I ſay——*

Harry. What, what, dear *Dolly*, what doſt thou ſay? Speak out, Wench.

Dol. *But you will not give me leave to ſpeak, I think. Why, I ſay you ſhall not offer any Uncivility to me.*

Harry. What's that, *Dolly*? That's a hard Word; I'll proteſt it is a very hard word.

Dol. *That is to ſay, You ſhall not offer to do any thing to me, but kiſs me when we come there, and that not above twice or thrice.*

Harry. Oh law, *Doll*, thou talk'ſt ſtrangely: Why, what wouldſt thou have me do more? I intend to do nothing elſe, only to kiſs and talk of Buſineſs.

Dol. *Come, come, for all you pretend ſo much ignorance, I dare not truſt you, unleſs you ſwear.*

Harry. What wouldſt thou have me ſwear to, *Dolly?*

Dol.

Dol. *Why, if I muſt tell you plainly, I muſt: You ſhall ſwear that you will not put your Hands under my Coats.*

Harry. Why, what ſhould I put them there for, *Doll*, hey?

Dol. *Nay, 'tis no matter for that: Will you ſwear, will you ſwear,* Harry?

Harry. Yes, I can ſwear, *Doll.*

Dol. *Ay, ay, I don't queſtion that: But will you?*

Harry. Yes, I will ſwear, *Doll.* But what muſt the Oath be?

Dol. *Why the Oath ſhall be this: You ſhall ſwear by your* ——

Harry. By my what, *Doll?*

Dol. *Why you ſhall ſwear by your Honeſty, and by your Maiden-head, that you will not abuſe me.*

Harry. How can I abuſe one that I love ſo well? No, no, that cannot be.

Dol. *Well, but however you ſhall ſwear as I have told you.*

Harry, Yes, yes, I will ſwear boldly *Doll*, by my everlaſting Honeſty; but what's the t'other word that I muſt ſwear by, *Doll?*

Dol. *Why by your Maiden-head I told you.*

Harry, Prithee what's that, *Doll?*

Dol. *Nay, if you know not, I ſhall not tell you.*

Harry, Why, then I'll ſwear on at a venture.

Dol. *Do ſo then, if you will.*

Harry, Why, then by my pure Honeſty, and by my Maiden-head, which I know not of, I will not miſuſe thee.

Dol. *Well, come then, I don't much care if I go along with you.*

Harry, Come on ſweet *Dolly*, prithee give me thy Fiſt, and we will walk lovingly together.

Harry. Pray, ſweet *Dolly*, let me hear 'em then quickly.

Dol. *Yes, you ſhall; and theſe they are,*

Firſt, You ſhall ſwear, That you won't tell my Maſter and Dame, nor none of my Fellow-Servants, nor any body elſe that knows me.

Harry. What, muſt I not tell them, *Doll?*

Dol. *Why, I ſay you ſhall not tell any of them that I go to talk with you privately. And then, Secondly,*

Harry. Oh Dear, Secondly! Why what's next, *Doll?* The firſt I'll ſwear to willingly: But is there any more?

Dol. *Yes, yes: Secondly, I ſay, You ſhall not offer any Rudeneſs to me, when we are alone, you ſhall not——*

Harry. What doſt thou mean, *Doll?* Thou know'ſt I am not rude, but gentle: But prithee what do'ſt thou call Rudeneſs?

Dol. *Nay, if you interrupt me thus, we ſhall never have done. I ſay——*

Harry. What, what, dear *Dolly*, what doſt thou ſay? Speak out, Wench.

Dol. *But you will not give me leave to ſpeak, I think. Why, I ſay you ſhall not offer any Uncivility to me.*

Harry. What's that, *Dolly*? That's a hard Word; I'll proteſt it is a very hard word.

Dol. *That is to ſay, You ſhall not offer to do any thing to me, but kiſs me when we come there, and that not above twice or thrice.*

Harry. Oh law, *Doll*, thou talk'ſt ſtrangely: Why, what wouldſt thou have me do more? I intend to do nothing elſe, only to kiſs and talk of Buſineſs.

Dol. *Come, come, for all you pretend ſo much ignorance, I dare not truſt you, unleſs you ſwear.*

Harry. What wouldſt thou have me ſwear to, *Dolly?*

Dol.

Dol. *Why, if I muſt tell you plainly, I muſt: You ſhall ſwear that you will not put your Hands under my Coats.*

Harry. Why, what ſhould I put them there for, *Doll*, hey?

Dol. *Nay, 'tis no matter for that: Will you ſwear, will you ſwear,* Harry?

Harry. Yes, I can ſwear, *Doll.*

Dol. *Ay, ay, I don't queſtion that: But will you?*

Harry. Yes, I will ſwear, *Doll.* But what muſt the Oath be?

Dol. *Why the Oath ſhall be this: You ſhall ſwear by your* ——

Harry. By my what, *Doll?*

Dol. *Why you ſhall ſwear by your Honeſty, and by your Maiden-head, that you will not abuſe me.*

Harry. How can I abuſe one that I love ſo well? No, no, that cannot be.

Dol. *Well, but however you ſhall ſwear as I have told you.*

Harry, Yes, yes, I will ſwear boldly *Doll,* by my everlaſting Honeſty; but what's the t'other word that I muſt ſwear by, *Doll?*

Dol. *Why by your Maiden-head I told you.*

Harry, Prithee what's that, *Doll?*

Dol. *Nay, if you know not, I ſhall not tell you.*

Harry, Why, then I'll ſwear on at a venture.

Dol. *Do ſo then, if you will.*

Harry, Why, then by my pure Honeſty, and by my Maiden-head, which I know not of, I will not miſuſe thee.

Dol. *Well, come then, I don't much care if I go along with you.*

Harry, Come on ſweet *Dolly,* prithee give me thy Fiſt, and we will walk lovingly together.

Then away they did walk
To the fine ſhady Grove,
Where no body could them eſpy:
There *Harry* did tell her
The Pleaſure of Love,
And I'll tell them to you by and by.

Though he was a Clown,
Yet he well underſtood,
That Women do love to Embrace:
He gave *Doll* a green Gown
In the midſt of the Wood;
'Twas a pretty convenient Place.

But liſten a while,
And you'll hear their Diſcourſe,
How *Harry* proceeds in his wooing:
He made *Doll* to ſmile,
Who needed no force,
Though *Harry* began to be doing.

Dol. *Well, now we are come to the Place, I ſuppoſe, which you told me of.*

Harry. Yes, ſo we are, *Dolly*; and now in this pretty ſhady Place, under thi Tree, we will ſit down and diſcourſe about the Buſineſs.

Dol. *Yes, prithee do, let's hear this Buſineſs that has been ſo long a bringing out.*

Harry. Why then this it is, *Dolly*; I muſt tell you that I Love you, and not a little, but a great deal, *Dolly*; I vow I do.

Dol. *Well, and what then,* Harry?

Harry. Why then let's Kiſs a little; nay, again and again too.

Dol. *Nay, but hold,* Harry, *you remember your Oath you ſwore, before I conſented to come hither with you;*

which

which was, that you ſhould be civil, and not kiſs me above once or twice, or three times at ſartheſt.

Harry. I'll ſwear, *Dolly*, I had almoſt forgot that; but if I have exceeded a little beyond my bounds, you won't be angry, I hope, will you, *Dol?*

Dol. *Nay, I don't know what you mean; methinks you tempt me ſtrangely.*

Harry. I'll warrant, Girl, I'll do thee no harm; don't fear it: Come, t'other Kiſs, and then——

Dol. *And what then,* Harry? *Well, but you ſaid you Loved me; but how much, or how little, or for what, I cannot yet tell.*

Harry. Oh, oh, I'll tell thee that preſently.

Dol. *Nay, but I muſt know juſt now?*

Harry. Why, I love thee abundantly, *Dolly*; even ſo much, that I could find in my heart to——

Dol. *To do what,* Harry?

Harry. Why, to kiſs thee again, and to hug thee lovingly.

Dol. *Is that all? But don't you intend to marry me too* Harry?

Harry. Marry thee! Yes, yes, Child, I'll marry thee by and by, even juſt now.

Dol. *Yes, I do ſo; therefore let me have no Excuſes, but make me your Wife forthwith.*

Harry. Then it ſeems you are in as much haſt now, as I was before! Well, ſatisfie thy ſelf, *Doll.* for I will make thee my Wife, and will prove an honeſt, careful Husband to thee; what can'ſt thou deſire more?

Dol. *Nay, if you prove as good as your word, I ſhall not need to deſire any more; but when will you appoint the time, that I may make ſome ſmall preparation?*

Harry. I leave that to thee, *Dol.* but be private in it, and conceal what is paſt; for People you know will make the worſt of any thing they hear.

Dol. *As for my Secreſie, you need not doubt it, for the making of this our Meeting known, would reflect upon me as much as on your ſelf, and rather more.*

Harry. Thou ſayeſt true, *Doll*; therefore prithee let's make an end at preſent, and do thou name the day when we ſhall meet again, and I will marry thee without delay, hoping that thou wilt prove an honeſt, kind, and vertuous Wife to me.

Dol. *I will ſo, and for ever be obedient to thy Commands; and ſince you leave it to me to appoint the time, I think juſt this Day-week, at the ſame hour we met to day, will be a very good time, if you think it ſo.*

Harry. I do agree to it, and I will be ſure to meet thee that Morning in the ſame Place where now we are, and from hence we will go to the Church and be married privately, and then return to our Services again, where we ſhall ſtay till our Years are up, and then I care not if all the World do know that we are Man and Wife.

Dol. *A Match, my deareſt Love; this Kiſs ſhall part our Bodies for this time; yet ſurely know, that though I am gone, thou beareſt away my Heart; my Body to my Heart ſhall ſhortly go.*

Harry. Sweet *Dolly* fare thee well, till next we meet,
Ten thouſand Kiſſes, Kiſſes that are ſweet
I'll give thee here at parting; do but gueſs
The number till I make them numberleſs.
Rejoyce, my *Dolly*, for our Wedding-day
Will quickly come, Love's time makes no delay.
Prepare thy ſelf, and every thing provide
Againſt that Day to meet me, not with Pride,
But bleſt Humility, and loving Charms,
Such a become a faithful Bridegroom's Arms:
Fear nothing *Dolly*, for I will requite
All theſe paſt Favours on our Wedding-night.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE V.

A merry Diſcourſe betwixt Two Poets, meeting with one another accidentally in the Street.

Will. BRother *Tom*, well met; How goes the Affairs of the World now-a-days?

Tom. *In truth*, Will, *very dull, mighty dull; I'll ſwear, methinks all the World is dull but we; and Faith we ſhall be dull too, except we can get more Money: I ſpeak for my own part, I know not how your Pocket ſtands affected, I'm ſure mine finds a mighty* Vacuum *of late.*

Will. Prithee now don't ſay ſo; I know you cannot want Money except you are covetous, and ſo want by conſequence; according to that old Adage, which tells us, that *ſemper avarus eget.*

Tom. *Prithee*, Will, *don't ſpeak Latin, for I cannot underſtand a word ſo long as* Ægrotat Crumena; *beſides, I have drank dever a drop of Sack, nor no other Wine; therefore how canſt thou expect that I can ſpeak or underſtand a word of Latin.*

Will. Come, come, Brother *Tom*, we live by our Wits; we muſt not want Money, for my part I have Money enough: Come, come along with me, I'll revive thy Spirits with ſome of the *Heliconiun* Liquor, and you know *Fœcundi Chalices*, *Tom*, will inſpire our Brains, and make our Muſes ſing ſuch delightful Strains, that ſhall charm the Uſurer's Gold to fly into our Pockets, and ne'er repine for being bountiful.

Tom. *On my word*, Will, *you are very brisk: But what Tavern ſhall we go to? methinks I cannot turn my head on neither ſide, but my Noſe ſmells Sack ever*

ſince you talk'd of going to the Tavern, for I'll ſwear I have a very empty Cavern; therefore prithee, Will *name the Place quickly, and we will diſcourſe of all things there, as we ſhall think fit.*

Will. Prithee, *Tom.* go whither thou wilt, for my part it is all one to me; but I think we had as good go to the *Devil*, becauſe we are juſt by it.

Tom. *No,* Will. *I don't care for going to the* Devil *now, for there I ſhall meet with a ſmall Debt: It is no great matter, I owe five or ſix pounds, or thereabouts.*

Will. Well then avoid *Satan*, we'll not come near thee; but name ſome other Place, *Tom.*

Tom. *Why there is a Glaſs of as good Wine at the* Roſe, *and there whatever we ſay ſhall be under the* Roſe, *and that's as nigh as the other; beſides, the head Drawer is my very good Friend, he never lets me pay a Farthing for Tobacco.*

Will. Prithee don't talk of ſuch pitiful Things as not paying for Tobacco: If he will draw us a Bottle of good Wine, that ſhall be all we expect from him, *Tom.* we muſt keep ſuch Fellows as Drawers are at a diſtance, leſt they grow ſawcy.

Tom. *But I am forced to make them my Familiars ſometimes againſt my will; but it's no matter for that: Come, let's go.*

Will. Come along, *Tom.* I'll lead the way.

[*A Drawer comes to them at the* Roſe.

Drawer. You are welcome, Gentlemen; will you be pleas'd to walk up Stairs?

Tom. *Yes, honeſt Drawer, we will follow you up Stairs as faſt as we can.*

Drawer. What Wine will you be pleas'd to drink, Gentlemen?

Will. Hearkyou, Are you the head Drawer?

Drawer. Yes, Sir.

Tom. *Yes, yes, this honeſt Drawer knows me well enough.*

Will

Will. Well, honeſt Drawer, ſince he calls thee ſo, prithee, bring us up a Bottle of the beſt Canary in the Cellar; be ſure let it be good, and thou ſhalt loſe nothing for thy civility.

Drawer. Your Servant, Sir; I'll warrant you rare good, Sir.

Tom. *Do you hear? bring up ſome Tobacco with you alſo; ſuch as I us'd to ſmoak when I come here.*

Drawer. You ſhall have it, Sir.

Tom. *We ſhall want a third Man to help hold a Diſcourſe, ſhall we not? What do you think of a third Man,* Will? *I know where to ſend for one.*

Will. A pox of a third Man; tell me of no third Man: I'll warrant thee that we'll find Diſcourſe enough betwixt our ſelves.

Drawer. Here's a Glaſs of rich Canary, Sir.

Tom. *Give it me,* Will. *give me thy Hand: Come, a good Health to the Muſes our Siſters, and our old Sire* Apollo.

Will. Well bowl'd Boy; Come, give me a Rummer, I'll pledge thee.

Drawer. Does the Wine pleaſe you, Gentlemen?

Tom. *Thou art an honeſt Lad; 'tis very good Wine, and I'll remember thy Box for it.*

Drawer. Your Servant, Sir. [*Exit Drawer.*

Will. Come, *Tom.* fill the other Glaſs and drink to me, I'll warrant thee this will put thee out of thy dull Humour: Come be merry, old Soul; Lets quaff whilſt we may, None knows who ſhall live to be merry next Day.

Tom. *Nay, if thou beginſt to be inſpir'd already, what ſhall we be before we go? Come,* Will. *God bleſs the King.*

Will. Prithee, *Tom.* drink off thy Glaſs. What! thou doſt not begin to ſtart already? Come, ſuck him off, and I'll pledge thee a Brimmer.

Tom. *So, now I hope I have pleas'd you,* Will?

Will. Yes, ſo thou haſt, *Tom*; and I'll do the like, I'll warrant thee, Boy.

Tom. *I think we had beſt to call for the other Bottle before we begin to ſmoak.*

Will. Do ſo, *Tom*; do you call, becauſe you know the Drawer.

Tom. *Well, I'll knock. Here, Drawer, Boy.*

Drawer. By and by, I am coming, Sir.

Tom. *Prithee draw us a Bottle of the ſame Wine.*

Drawer. You ſhall have it, Sir.

Will. Come, *Tom*, now let's ſmoak it a while.

Tom. *Agreed: But ſtay, let's do nothing raſhly; let's take each of us another Glaſs firſt. Is this the ſame Wine, Drawer?*

Drawer. The very ſame, Sir. [*Exit Drawer.*

Tom. *Come*, Will, *here's my Miſtreſs's Health.*

Will. Drink it off, *Tom*, and pledge mine, and then—

Tom. *Ay, and then, as thou ſayeſt*, Will, *we ſhall be fit for Diſcourſe.*

Will. So, now let it reſt a while, and prithee tell me how thou haſt ſpent thy time of late: Upon what new Subject haſt thou exercis'd thy Fancy of late?

Tom. *Why, I'll tell thee*, Will: *But t'other day there comes to my Lodging a Briſk and Lively Blade, a good Sack-drinker, but a younger Brother; and he like other Men now adays (I won't ſay, thee and I*, Will, *becauſe he was no Poet) had more Wit, than Money. This young Gentleman had found out a Female Creature, that had more Money than Wit, whom he thought were a very fit Match for him: He told me, that he had often made his Addreſſes to her; and ſhe not giving him a Flat Denial, he was perſwaded, that his own Wit, with the Aſſiſtance of a ſmooth Poem in praiſe of her Perfections (or Imperfections, all's one in the Greek you know*, Will.) *might win her, and work upon her fooliſh*

foolish Good-nature, so far as to accept his Suit.

Will. And how then, *Tom*?

Tom. *Nay, I must drink the other Glass before I can proceed any further with my Story.*

Will. Well, drink and be hang'd, you love this Sack, I perceive.

Tom. *Faith*, Will, *'twas well said: Let me drink before I am hang'd; for I love Sack better than hanging, by far.*

Will. Well, but go on with the Story.

Tom. *Then I told him*, Will. *that I could fit him to a Hair with a Copy of Verses, but I expected to have something in hand, and a promise what I should have after I had done. The young Fop, heighten'd with the Thoughts of good Success; gave me a Guinea in hand, being all the Money he had, I suppose; and a promise of four more, if he married the young Gentlewoman: which I gladly took, and could not in conscience but give him a Glass of Wine out of it.*

Will. Well, and you did give him Sack out of his Guinea, did you not *Tom*?

Tom. *Why yes, I tell thee, I did make him drink for his Money; we had two Bottles of Claret, and that look'd more gentile than one Bottle of Sack, though I must confess, that I love Sack far better than French Wine*, Will. *and so here's to thee.*

Will. Nay, I believe that you love Sack well enough without swearing to't; for you signifie as much by your present drinking. Well, now you have took off your Glass, I hope you will proceed with your Narration concerning the Poems you were to make.

Tom. *Yes, I will so; But had not we best to drink another Glass a-piece first? I vow this is excellent good Sack*, Will.

Will. Yes, yes, the Sack's good enough; but prithee be not so greedy of it, *Tom.* but go on with thy Story.

Tom.

Tom. *Well, here's one Glaſs to thee,* Will. *and then*——

Will. And then I think thou'lt be drunk, *Tom.* Come prithee make haſt then, for I am impatient of thy Tedioufneſs.

Tom. *Well, if thou wilt not Pledge me,* Will. *I'll ſet it by a while, and proceed with my younger Gameſter, which was after this manner: I bad him come again that Day-week he gave me the Guinea, and he ſhould have the Poems.*

Will. Why, thou waſt not a Week ſure in Compoſing a Copy of Verſes in Praiſe of a Lady's Beauty?

Tom. *No, indeed, I was not,* Will. *I wonder how thou happeneſt to ask ſuch an impertinent Queſtion?*

Will. How do you make it an impertinent Queſtion? Did you not ſay, that you bid the Gentleman come that Day-week, and he ſhould have his Poem?

Tom. *Yes, I did ſay ſo; and do ſay ſo ſtill, and ſay the Truth too,* Mr. Will. *and yet that is no good ground for you to ſay that I was a Week in making them. I'll ſwear if you were not my Brother Poet, I would call thee Fool. Why, doſt thou not know that I had a Guinea?*

Will. Yes, I do remember you told me ſo; But what then?

Tom. *What then! Why art thou ignorant ſtill? Doſt thou think that the Guinea would not require ſome time in ſpending?*

Will. 'Tis right, *Tom.* I blame my preſent dulneſs of apprehenſion in not underſtanding thee at firſt? I muſt confeſs, that I might have imagined that thou couldſt not reſt, or ſettle thy ſelf to any thing till the Guinea was conſumed and melted away.

Tom. *Yes, as thou ſayeſt,* Will. *I did melt it in a ſhort time, but not all at one time; for I would ſtudy and compoſe three or four Lines, then to the Tavern for half*

half a pint of the beſt Canary; and having drunk up that, I could make a ſhift to go home and compoſe two Verſes and a half more, and then to the Tavern again. But now I think on't, this Wine that ſtands by me, will be flat if it ſtands any longer, therefore, Will. *here's to thee.*

Will. What again! Why ſure enough, I ſhall be troubled to get thee home by and by.

Tom. *Yes, it may be ſo. Here, Drawer, Boy.*

Drawer. By and by, Sir; I am coming. Did you call here, Sir?

Tom. *Yes, prithee bring us a Bottle of the ſame Wine, and bring a Chamber-pot with thee.*

Drawer. You ſhall have it, Sir.

Tom. *We ſhall have the other Bottle, ſhall we not,* Will?

Will. Yes, it ſeems we muſt have it, now you have call'd for't.

Drawer. *There are Muſicians below, Gentlemen, who deſire to know whether you will permit them to play to you, or no?*

Will. Hang 'em, Rogues, we have nothing to do with Fidlers, our Sack will make us more merry than their ſcraping.

Tom. *Thou ſayeſt right,* Will. *and now I love thee, and here's to thee.*

Will. Come drink, *Tom.* and let me hear what Verſes thou mad'ſt the young Man for his Guinea; I know thou haſt a foul Copy of them about thee ſtill, Haſt thou not, *Tom*?

Tom. *Why, what if I have, or have not, muſt I needs tell you,* Will? *Or, Is there any neceſſity that I ſhould ſhew them to you, if I have 'em about me?*

Will. No, no, *Tom.* I do not Command you to ſhew me, but I deſire that Kindneſs of you; therefore don't be angry.

Tom. *No, no,* Will. *angry! I ſcorn to be angry; Come here's to thee.*

Will. Well, but will you ſhew me the Poem that you made for the Gentleman?

Tom. *No, in troth won't I; but I'll read it to you, if that will ſatisfie you; if not, you muſt deſiſt to ask me further: for I will not part with them out of my own hands, to never a Man in* England; *yet I muſt confeſs, that I love you well,* Will. *but you muſt pardon me for that.*

Will. Why are they ſuch excellent Ones that you are afraid that I ſhould take them away, and ſo make uſe of them, ſome other time upon the ſame occaſion?

Tom. *'Tis no matter for that; if you will hear them you ſhall,* Will.

Will. Well, prithee let's hear 'em then.

Tom. *Why, you ſhall; but here's to you firſt, I begin to be dry.*

Will. Well, prithee drink, and read 'em if thou wilt, or ſay thou wilt not.

Tom. *Yes, I will, and theſe they are; pray give Attention.*

Madam, your Beauty, hang me like an Elf,
I need not praiſe, for that will praiſe it ſelf:
I cannot flatter you, yet muſt confeſs,
That I could love you well, if you had leſs:
For what I love you for, I know you gueſs.

Will. How's that? How's that?

Tom. *Nay, if you interrupt me, I ha' done.*

Will. Proceed.

Tom. I love you, Madam, more than Pig or Pye,
And if you love me not, I'll ſit and cry,

An

And curſe my cruel Fate and Deſtiny,
Until I waſte, and pine away, and dye?
And if my Mother ask the Reaſon, why?
Then, Madam, you muſt bear the Shame, not I,
Becauſe you work my Woe by Cruelty.
But if you're kind, and grant my Suit, I'll flie
Into your Arms with Joy, and there I'll lie,
And kiſs and hug to Perpetuity,
And nothing want that's underneath the Skie:
Then be not Coy, not ſoftly ſay, Fie! Fie!
If that I lie as cloſe as Pig in Sty.

Will. Oh, wonderful! wonderful Wit! I never heard the like in all my Life! So many Rhimes of one ſort I never heard in all my Life-time!

Tom. *That's the Rarity of it,* Will.

Will. Yes, ſo I perceive, *Tom.* What did you conclude your Elegant Poem after this manner?

Tom. *No, there is two Lines more, and that is all; which are theſe:*

Thus, Miſtreſs, hoping you'll not count me Rude,
Until anon I ſee you, I conclude.

Will. Oh, admirable *Tom*! I could not have thought that any Man alive had ſo much Wit in him! Well, go thy way for a Compoſer of Poems: So excellent a Fancy I never heard before.

Tom. *No, nor no body elſe, except it came from thoſe that are good Sack-drinkers, like my ſelf: Come here's to thee,* Will. *let's drink a little touch now.*

Will. I'll pledge thee, *Tom.* a Brimmer: Drawer, Bring the t'other Bottle, and tell us what's to pay?

Drawer. You ſhall have it, Sir.

Tom. *Come,* Will. *prithee tell me what new thing thou haſt made of late, ſpeak* Will. *and briskly; to be dull I hate.*

Will.

Will. This Sack has witty Charms, I do perceive
It Fools inspires, I aptly do believe.

Tom. *Then give us Sack, give us Sack;*
'Tis pity we should ever lack.

Will. Drink stoutly, *Tom.* thou shalt not want,
I find it helps the Ignorant.

Tom. *Come, Drawer, quick, and bring some Smo*
To drink more Wine it will provoke.

Will. I value not the *Indian* Funk,
It rather causes to be drunk.

Tom. *Fie,* Will, *none can be drunk but Sots,*
That in an Ale-house tope black Pots;
Wine only does transform our Souls,
A Block-head's witty with full Bowls.

Will. I am apt to think thou tell'st me true,
Then prithee, *Tom.* take thou thy due:
Thy Guinea Poem wanted Wine,
Thy muddy Brains for to refine:
Let's cease to Rhime *ex tempore,*
We'll drink and laugh, and merry be.

Tom. *Thou sayest true,* Will. *we had better leave*
Rhiming in vain, for why should we waste our Stock
Wit upon each other, when we have no occasion for it
we have enough to trouble our Brains when we have
Guinea Subject to work upon. In troth, Will. *I beg*
to be troubled with a short Cough, I don't know wh
they call it: Prithee give me another Glass of Sack, a
try what that will do with me.

Will. Ay, ay, the t'other Glass, prithee drink it of
and begin another to me, that we may make an en
for it begins to be late.

Tom. *Thou sayest true,* Will. *and here's to thee.*

Will. So, now we'll call for a Reckoning. Here
Drawer, what's to pay?

Drawer. Eight Shillings Wine, and Six Pence To
bacco.

Will

Will. Here's Nine Shillings, take thou the remainder. *Drawer.* Your Servant, Sir; you are welcome, Gentlemen.

Tom. *Well, fare thee well,* Will. *the next Treat ſhall be mine.*

Will. Adieu, honeſt *Tom.* let me ſee thee ſometimes. Farewel.

DIALOGUE VI.

A Merry Dialogue of Love, betwixt an Old Rich Cuff, and a handſome brisk Damſel.

Old Man. MY Cocky, my pretty *Nancy* Cock, how doſt thou, my Sweeting? In troth, aw, I am glad to ſee thee with all my heart. Come, ow haſt thou done this great while? What, art hou marry'd yet, my Girl? Haſt thou got thee a ood Husband yet?

Maid. *Your Servant, Sir: I hope your Worſhip's in ood Health.*

Old Man. Yes, in good troth, Girl; I thank my od I am in good Health, and am as lively and luy, as e'er I was in all my Life: But prithee tell e, *Nancy*, Art a Wife, or a Maid? Tell me truly, on't bluſh.

Maid. *I am a Maid, an't pleaſe you, Sir.*

Old Man. In good time, my Sweeting: But I wonr thou haſt not got thee a Husband all this while.

Maid. *I hope he is got already.*

Old Man. Well, well, pretty one, you know my eaning: I tell thee, I wonder ſuch a pretty ſweet-'d Rogue has not a Husband yet.

Maid. *Becauſe I can get no body to have me, Sir: However, I think it is time enough yet; for I am young in years, nd may be brought too ſoon to know the Sorrows of a edded Life.*

Old

Old Man. Be not mistaken, Sweetest; there no Pleasures in the World like to those which man People receive when they are joyn'd together by consent, and where there is no want of an Estate keep Love warm; for I must confess, that Pove often makes Love grow cold, and want of Nec ries makes Quarrels arise; but where there Sufficiency and Plenty of all things, together wi loving and kind Husband, I think that Woman a happy Condition: What think'st thou of this, *Nancy*? Come, answer me now, my Girl.

Maid. *Why truly, Sir, such Husbands are hard found; but if I knew where to have such a Man, I s be willing enough to alter my Condition; for I must fess that I have had a longing mind this half Year to married Wife; for something, but I know not ye what, I had so strong a desire.*

Old Man. Alas, poor Rogue! pretty inno Girl! The Truth on't is, I do believe that thou a pure Virgin, and by'r Lady, my Cocky, I give thee one Salute.

Maid. *How, Sir!*

Old Man. Nay, my Cocky, be not ashamed: prithee don't blush.

Maid. *Pray, Sir! what do you mean? I hope will not degrade your self so much as to kiss such as I: Pray, Sir, forbear.*

Old Man. I-feck Hussy, thou art a sweet-l Rogue; and let me tell thee, that I must do than kiss thee.

Maid. *I hope you are not in earnest: You will me any harm, will you, Sir?*

Old Man. Hurt thee! No, my Chuck, I do intend to hurt thee: I love that sweet Face of too well to hurt it.

Maid. *Nay then I care not, Sir, what you do to*

ou don't hurt me: Pray tell me then what you mean to do?

Old Man. Why I intend to love thee.

Maid. *To love me! And what then, Sir?*

Old Man. To kiſs thee, and hug thee, and to lie with thee all Night.

Maid. *Marry God forbid that I ſhould lie with a Man! Indeed, Sir, I dare not do ſuch a thing for all the World; for my Mother has often told me, that I muſt not lie with a Man, except I had a Husband.*

Old Man. Ha! ha! ha! my pretty thing, no more thou ſhalt not lie with any Man but thy Husband.

Maid. *Why, Sir, you are not my Husband, and yet you talk of lying with me.*

Old Man. Well ſaid, ſweet Face: But what do'ſt think of being my Wife? Could'ſt thou find in thy heart to love me, and prove a vertuous, true and kind Wife to me all the days of thy Life: Now, Cocky, ſpeak, for in troth Law, I am in earneſt, and do Love thee above all other Maids in the whole World.

Maid. *Do you ſo, Sir? But you are Old, are you not, Sir? Pray tell me.*

Old Man. Why, what if I am, Child?

Maid. *Why then you'll die before me, Sir, and I ſhall Love you ſo well when I am married to you, that it will break my Heart, if you ſhould die before me.*

Old Man. Pretty Heart, ſay'ſt thou ſo? Is that all thou doſt object againſt me?

Maid. *Is not that enough, Sir? What would you have me ſay more?*

Old Man. I muſt confeſs, dear Heart, that I am older than thee; but you muſt know, Cocky, that we all muſt die, both young and old, but we cannot tell who ſhall die firſt; therefore be not diſcomforted upon that account, for thou may'ſt die as ſoon as I, if not before me.

Maid.

Maid. *Would you not cry then, Sir, if I ſhould before you?*

Old Man. Yes, pretty Rogue; I ſhould be ſorry thy death; but thoſe things muſt be left to the diſ ſal of kind Heaven, which orders all things of nature in its own due time and ſeaſon.

Maid. *Say you ſo, Sir: But you are older than I, I very much fear* ———

Old Man. What doſt thou fear, pretty One? Sp boldly, do not fear to tell me.

Maid. *Why, Sir, can't you gueſs.*

Old Man. Why yes, fair One, perhaps I may.

Maid. *Pray tell me what you think then?*

Old Man. Well, I believe thou think'ſt that beca I am in years, I may not be capable of thoſe Du which belong to a new-marriage Bed.

Maid. *Why what are thoſe, Sir?*

Old Man. Pretty Innocent: Well, thou ſhalt kn when we are marry'd, and till then thou muſt contented.

Maid. *Well Sir, I ſhall be contented: But pray tell if we muſt marry, how I ſhall be maintained; for Mother will not look after me then.*

Old Man. Pretty Fool, take no care for that have got more Gold and Silver than thee and I ever ſpend whilſt we live; and when we die, leave enough for our Children after us.

Maid. *What, muſt we have Children too.*

Old Man. Two! Yes, Three or Four, I'll warr thee: Altho' I am old in thy eyes, yet I am as yo ful and vigorous in thoſe Concerns, as a young at One and twenty; the Enjoyment of thee will m me forget my Age, and become a Boy again.

Maid. *Nay, then I care not, Sir; for I ſhall lo ſee you look young.*

Old Man. Come and kiſs me then, my *Nancy.*

Ma

Maid. *With all my heart, Sir. And now I'll ſing you a Verſe of a Song.*

Old Man. Come let's hear it, Girl.

Song.

hen a young Woman to an old Dotard is wed,
Let her honeſtly live if ſhe can,
is a thouſand to one but with Horns he'll be ſped,
By ſome pretty wanton young Man:
en his Wife with Diſgrace he ever will ſhame;
t the wiſeſt young Gallants will free her from Blame

Maid. *Pray, how like you this?*

Old Man. Very well, very well, *Nancy*; Prithee, o taught thee this Song?

Maid. *My Mother, Sir; and ſhe ſaid it was a very ne one.*

Old Man. No, no, fair One, it is not true; there o honeſt Woman will wrong her Husband's Bed, ſhe have never ſo great Temptations.

Maid. *I hope you will not be jealous, Sir: I'll pro- e you I will live as honeſtly as ever I can; what would have me do more?*

Old Man. No, no, thou ſayeſt well, Girl; I will be jealous, and I fancy that I ſhall pleaſe thee ſo ll, that thou wilt have no cauſe to make me a ckold; and we will live together as merry as Cup d Can.

Maid. *Well, what would you have me ſay more, Sir? ſpeak, and tell me quickly; for I am weary of this courſe, I had rather be in action.*

Old Man I commend thee, my Love, and ſo had I : Well, tell me then, wilt thou have me to be Husband?

Maid, *Yes, if you pleaſe, Sir.*

Old

Old Man. Enough, now I have my Desire, and thou shalt have thine, I'll warrant thee: And now I will go and make preparation against to Morrow, which shall be our Wedding-day; and with this Kiss at present I take leave.

All things prepar'd, they marry'd were in haſt:
The Old Man fails, and Cuckold is at laſt.

DIALOGUE VII.

A Merry Dialogue betwixt a young Gentleman and an Old Widow.

Gent. MAdam, the various Reports that go abroad in the World concerning Matrimony make me ambitious to try an Experiment upon the ſame; and having heard ſo great a Fame of your Ladyſhip's good Life and Converſation, have preſum'd now to tell you, that I am, Madam, Your humble Servant.

Wid. *Sir, I can do no leſs then give you thanks for your Civility towards me, but I wonder that you ſhould attack me with the Matter of Love. I ſuppoſe you underſtand my preſent State and Condition, how that of late I have bury'd a good Husband: How therefore can you think that I will admit ſo ſoon of a ſecond Addreſs: In the firſt place you muſt either think that I had but ſmall Kindneſs for my former Husband; or otherwiſe you muſt imagine, that I am a fond old doting Fool, apt to be carry'd away with every wind of Doctrine that is preach'd to me by every ſimple Ideot, that has only a Proſpect into my Eſtate or Fortune, but has no regard to my Perſon. Come, young Gentleman, theſe thing's won't take.*

Gent. Madam, I hope I have given you no Offence; if I have, I moſt humbly beg your Pardon.

Wid.

Wid. *I am no Pope, Sir?*

Gent. But, Madam, you muſt give me leave to tell u then, that if Love can be call'd an Offence, I uſt confeſs that I have offended; for now and ermore I muſt tell you that I Love you, and none t you in the whole World; therefore, dear Madam, ok not ſcornfully upon me, but grant me my hum- e Requeſt; which is, To give me Love for Love.

Wid. *Why ſure young Man you are not in earneſt?*

Gent. Yes, Madam, indeed I am; and ſo you ſhall d me.

Wid. *Why what would you have me to do? Would you ve me match my ſelf to a young Boy?*

Gent. Madam, you'll find a luſty Boy of me; me- inks I begin to write my ſelf Man —— being w about Twenty: I'll warrant you, Madam, a good d-fellow.

Wid. *How ſhall I know that?*

Gent. Try, Widow, try, there's nothing like it; ith ne'er fear it, I have that you want; come, let's ow familiar now.

Wid. *Are you in earneſt, Sir.*

Gent. Yes, by this Kiſs, I am.

Wid. *Nay hold, you are Rude; fie for ſhame! What ain!*

Gent. Again! yes, and again and again too.

Wid. *Why ſure you won't, young Man; you'll be ty- d anon?*

Gent. No, no, Widow, I ſhall never be weary of ll-doing.

Wid. *Do you call this doing well.*

Gent. Truly I muſt confeſs there is not much action this; for it is only an Invitation to a farther Bliſs Happineſs, which the Wits of our Age call Enjoy- ent. Ah, Widow! Enjoyment, Enjoyment; that's

Wid.

Wid. *Prithee what doſt thou mean by Enjoyment? don't underſtand ye.*

Gent. Well, well, Widow; I ſhall ſpeak in plain Engliſh, when you and I are in Bed together; however, I am fully perſwaded that you know my meaning by Enjoyment, tho' you have had but little; for I am ſenſible that your Husband was a ſilly feeble Sot, and ſcarce ever ſhew'd you what Enjoyment was; but I, Widow, I'll clear the caſe, and ſhew you what it is immediately, if you pleaſe.

Wid. *Why you will not ſurely, will you? Methinks you are a little too haſty for me; and yet* ——

Gent. And yet I know that cannot well be; for having once but ſmelt of the Spit, you will love a good Joint ever after: And to tell you in plain terms I muſt not flatter you; but proceed according to the old Song, which is this:

Song.

He that will win a Widow's Heart,
Muſt bear up briskly to her:
She loves the Lad that's free and ſmart,
And hates the formal Woer.
She loves the Lad that's free and ſmart,
And hates, &c.

Gent. What think you of this, Widow?

Wid. *Well, well, young Man, you may go on; and ſee what you'll get by't.*

Gent. Go on! yes, ſo I intend, and get you by't.

Wid. *What do you mean by getting me.*

Gent. Why, I mean by the way of Love, to make you my Wife, Widow: What do you think of that, Lady?

Wid. *Why ſure you don't think ſo: Are you and I an equal Match?*

Gent.

Gent. Match; ha, ha, ha, yes Widow I'll match ye, I'll warrant ye; come give's your Hand, is't a Bargain or no?

Wid. *What you are in haſte then?*

Gent. Yes, yes, in great haſte, Widow.

Wid. *Very well; but do you conceive that my Age and yours agree?*

Gent. Yes, yes, we and our age too, will agree well enough: ſuppoſe I am twenty, and you are forty, what a buſineſs is that? Let me tell you Widow, that if you joyn with me, our Ages ſhall be both equal.

Wid. *How can you make that out, Sir?*

Gent. Why thus Widow, by way of Infuſion; for let me tell you, that I ſhall infuſe ſo much young Blood into you, that in one weeks time you will become twenty years younger: Do you hear me now Widow, what think you of this?

Wid. *Go, go, you are a Wag.*

Gent. Yes, yes, ſo I am; and I'll tumble thee about as long as thou art able to wag.

Wid. *You won't hurt me, will you?*

Gent. No, no; you don't fear that, Widow?

Wid. *Not much I muſt confeſs.*

Gent. Well then, ſpeak freely; wilt thou be my Spouſe, or no?

Wid. *I could find in my heart Sir, but it muſt be upon certain Conditions.*

Gent. Well, well, name your Conditions; they are good ones I'll warrant ye.

Wid. *Why theſe they are: In the firſt place, whereas I am poſſeſs'd with an Eſtate valued at Three hundred Pounds* per annum, *you ſhall not have any thing to do with that Eſtate, not ſo much as with the yearly Rent; but it ſhall be all at my diſpoſing.*

Gent. Very fine; have you any more Conditions pray, like the firſt?

Wid. *Yes, I have one more, and this it is: You ſhall not take into your Poſſeſſion any Money of mine, either Gold or Silver; nor make any Enquiry how Rich I am: but be ſatisfied and contented with what you have already.*

Gent. So, what's this all?

Wid. *Yes, Sir, upon theſe Terms I do agree, and am contented to become your Wife.*

Gent. Are you ſo? Thank you for nothing. Fare you well, fare you well, Widow.

Wid. *Why are you gone, Sir?*

Gent. Yes, I am going, Forſooth.

Wid. *Hark you, Sir, ſtay a little; nay pray ſtay: Come, I'll moderate the Buſineſs, I know your Diſeaſe.*

Gent. Well, be quick then.

Wid. *Will all my ready Money ſatisfie you?*

Gent. No, no, Widow; if you'll be my Wife, you muſt give up Life, Body, Soul, Eſtate, and all you have into my Poſſeſſion.

Wid. *Well, come then, if it muſt be ſo, it muſt; I cannot deny you any thing, for I think long to be made young again.*

Gent. A Match, Widow; now the Bargain's ended: Come, we'll away to the Church and be marry'd immediately.

He that a Widow wooes, muſt never Flatter,
But with a ſprightly Carriage make up at her.

A Brief

A Brief Deſcription of

TRUE LOVE.

TRue Love *is a precious Treaſure,*
A rich Delight, unvalu'd Pleaſure;
Men's Hearts like a Maze entwining,
Two firm Minds in one combining:
Foe to faithleſs Vows perfidious;
True Love *is a Knot Religious.*
Dead to the Sins that flaming riſe,
Through Beauty's Soul-ſeducing Eyes.
Deaf to Gold inchanting Witches,
Love's for Virtue, not for Riches.
Such is True Love's *boundleſs Meaſure,*
True Love *is a precious Treaſure.*
This is Love, and worth commending;
Still beginning, never ending.
Like a wily Net enſnaring,
Like a Round, ſhuts up all ſquaring:
In and out, whoſe every Angle,
More and more doth ſtill entangle.

Keeps a Meaſure ſtill in moving,
And is never light but loving.
Twining Arms, exchanging Kiſſes,
Each partaking others Bliſſes,
Laughing, weeping, ſtill together,
Bliſs in one, is Mirth in either.
Never breaking, ever bending:
This is Love, *and worth commending.*

In Praiſe and Diſpraiſe of *LOVE.*

NOw what is Love, I will thee tell
It is the Fountain and the Well
Where Pleaſure and Repentance dwell
And it is like a Paſſing-Bell,
That Tolls all into Heaven or Hell.
Now what is *Love*, I will thee ſhew,
A thing that creeps where it can't go,
A prize that paſſeth to and fro:
A thing for me, a thing for mo;
And he that tries, ſhall find it ſo.

EX

EXAMPLES OF LETTERS AND COMPLEMENTS,

Of all sorts,

both Jocose and Serious; fitted for Business, as well as Recreation and Delight.

A Father's Letter to his Son at School in the Country.

Dear Child,

AS it is my Fatherly Care to provide for your future Good, in bringing you up to Learning, as well as my present Endeavours to see that you want nothing in the me of your Minority; so I expect that you by ing dutiful and diligent, should make me amends all my Costs and Charges. Be sure you mind ur Book, and consider, that you alone will receive

the Benefit: Let not too much Play ſteal away yo
Mind from Learning, for you can never receive a
good thereby, but harm does often happen by ove
heating your ſelf, which will dull your Memory, a
make you incapable of attaining what your Mal
ſhall ſet before you; ſo that you will cheat bo
your ſelf and me: Your ſelf of Time and Knowled
and me of my Money and Expectation. When y
have a little Leiſure from your Latin, I would ha
you practice Writing, which will be a Recreation
you; for to be always upon one Exerciſe, doth d
the Senſes of any one, whether Young or Old, and
would be a Comfort to me to have a Letter from y
now and then, to hear of your Welfare. Be care
how you ſpend your time, and you ſhall want for n
thing that I can help you to, that may encoura
you to be a good Boy; and the way to be ſo, is to Li
in the Fear of God, and to Keep his Commandmen
then will his Bleſſings for ever attend you, and y
will be a Joy and Comfort to me and your tend
Mother in our old Age. Both our Loves remembr
to you, and your Maſter and Miſtreſs. I am

Your Loving Father,

A.

The Son's Anſwer.

Honoured Father,

*AFter my humble Duty preſented to you and my M
ther; Theſe may let you underſtand, That throu
the Bleſſing of God I am in good Health, and will to
Lives end be dutiful and obedient to You and my go
Mother; taking your Advice and Counſel in every thi
knowing that you wiſh me well, both for my preſent a
futur*

future Happineſs. My Maſter is very kind to me, and careful of my welfare in every reſpect. Pray be pleas'd to accept of my ill writing at preſent, and I doubt not but in a ſhort time I ſhall mend my hand and write better, though as yet I have had but little time allowed me, to learn to write. My kind Love and Service to all my Relations and Friends is all at preſent that I have to trouble you with, who am

Your dutiful and moſt obedient
Son, till Death,
C. B.

A Citizens returning his Friend kind Thanks for his Entertainment when he was in the Countrey.

Kind Sir,

THe great and manifold Kindneſſes which I have often received from you and your Wife, do ever call upon me, and put me in mind of making an Acknowledgment, as ſome part of Satisfaction; but moſt of all thoſe infinite Favours which you were pleaſed to confer upon me when I was laſt in the Country muſt not, nor can never be forgot whilſt I live: I know not how to make you amends to my own content, in no way but deſiring your good Company in *London* at my Houſe, where you may be ſure of a Welcome from him who is, Sir,

Your loving Friend and humble Servant,
E. G.

The Country Gentleman's Anſwer to the Citizen.

Sir,

IT is not my Buſineſs to complement my Friends with fair Words and eloquent Speeches, but to tell them in

down-right and in plain Language, they are welcome; and not only to tell them so in Words, but to let them find they're welcome by their Entertainment: which if you found worth your Acceptance, I wish you had stayed longer; for I'll assure you Sir, your Company was most delightful, and most pleasant to me all the while you were in the Country, insomuch that I cannot be contented to be long without it: therefore since you would not tarry with us, I do intend to come very speedily to London, *and give you a Visit, where I do purpose to remain till you are weary of my Company, and I weary of the City, but how long that may be, I cannot tell: in the mean time, Sir, I present my Service to your self and good Brother* Thomas, *wishing you all Health and Happiness, I remain,*

Your truly loving Friend,

J. S.

A merry Letter to invite a Friend to the Tavern.

Honest Tom.

FAith I have designed this Afternoon to be merry in, and want nothing that can be helping to my Delight, but your good Company: my desire is, that you would meet me at the *George* Tavern, in *White-Fryers*, about two of the Clock; and I will get together two or three more of our old Companions, and there we will soak our Souls with good Sack and Claret, till our Brains are inspired with that Heavenly Liquor: then we will sing each of us a merry Catch, and drink our Mistresses Health; crying God bless the King, again and again: then toss off a Brimmer of *Bacchus* his Blood, which will make us, like *Mars*, be couragious and valiant: and cause the fair *Venus* to fall on her Back, though the black Limping

ing Cuckold old *Vulcan* ſtand by. Never think of the Reckoning, for I'll pay the Shot; and if I have not Money, the Vintner ſhall truſt: thus expecting your coming, I impatiently remain,

Your true Friend, and toping Companion,

D. F.

The Anſwer.

Honeſt Soul,

YOu are always ſo obliging, and your Company is ſo delightful, that you may aſſure your ſelf I will not fail to meet ſo true a Friend, you know my Diſpoſition is ever enclin'd to Mirth and good Drinking; Sack and brisk Claret will command me at Midnight, to fight under their Banners ſo long as I can ſtand, but if by their Charms it happens that I am overcome, one jolly ſweet Song, ſung in a high Strain, will awaken each Senſe, and recover me to Life again: then curſing the Drawer for being ſo ſlow, inſtead of calling for one Bottle, we will make him bring up a Dozen together, till at length we are fitted for Venus *indeed, then heigh for a Miſtreſs, a Girl of the Game, that by her rare Art will eaſily quench thoſe Flames in one half hour, which we have been kindling with the Spirits of* Bacchus *the ſpace of a whole Day, all which being done, we will ſeek our Repoſe by ſleeping a while to regain us freſh Courage; and with this Reſolution I'll be ſure to meet you, who am*

Your now too ſober Friend,

T. B.

A Gentleman to a young Lady, whom he Courted to Marry.

Honoured Madam,

SInce laſt I had the Happineſs to ſee your fair Face, *Cupid* hath wounded my Heart with thoſe Arrows which he borrowed from your Eyes; and unleſs you will be pleaſed to give Relief to my Miſeries and Pain, which I thereby do undergo both Night and Day, alas! I ſhall be of all Men moſt miſerable: My humble Suit which now I beg is this, That you would be pleaſed to make me for ever Happy, by giving me Admittance into your ſweet Company, and meet my honeſt and lawful Deſires with Smiles upon your Brow; I ſhall not Court you out of Complaiſance, but tell you, Madam, honourably and plainly, that with your good Liking, I intend to make you my Wife, which if you accept of my ſerious Propoſition, I ſhall for ever be bleſt, and you, Madam, I hope, will never have cauſe to repent your Choice. Thus expecting your kind Reply, I for this time begging your Pardon, do humbly take my Leave, and remain,

Madam,

The humbleſt of your Servants,

R. G.

The Lady's Anſwer.

Sir,

I *Cannot but bleſs my ſelf with Admiration, that ſo wiſe a Man as your ſelf, ſhould talk ſo idlely to ſay, that my Eyes have wounded your Heart: I muſt needs tell you I think you talk of Impoſſibilities, and that want of*

Reſt

Reſt occaſions this diſtraction of mind: You pretend to be no complemental Courtier, yet appear to be the greateſt that ever I met with, by this your Letter you ſent me; I muſt confeſs according to Equality of Fortunes you outdo me, and I am not of Birth ſo highly deſcended, therefore you may preſume, that a few Words from a Perſon of ſo much Worth as your ſelf, may win ſo filly a Woman as I am; but flatter not your ſelf with that, for I'll aſſure you, I think as well of my Virginity, as the beſt of them all do, and ſhall be as loath to part with it except it be upon a good Conſideration; therefore if you are real, as you pretend concerning Marriage, your Suit may be accepted; but if otherwiſe, you take your Aim amiſs. This, till I know you better, I hope may ſuffice from her who is

Your Servant, on honourable Terms,

S. C.

A Country Farmer's Son to one of his Neighbour's Daughters.

Dear Betty,

I Muſt confeſs, ever ſince you and I drank together laſt Warm-Love Fair, I have had a great Affection for you; inſomuch that I cannot reſt at Night for thoſe ſweet Kiſſes we then had together, when we drank the laſt half Pint of Whitewine and Sugar: I then perceived that the Company of a Woman-kind was far better than a Man's; and truly, now I begin to think my ſelf Man ſufficient to have a Wife; and if you think ſo well of me, as I do of you, we will make no long Buſineſs of it; for to tell you the truth, I am a little in haſte, having ever ſince I ſaw you, had ſome ſtrange Thoughts and Fancies: Fits of Love I ſuppoſe they be; if not, I'll ſwear I can-

I cannot tell what to call them: Sometimes I dream too, and to be ſure it is of you; therefore I think the beſt way to give me Eaſe is to marry quickly, and after we have ſeen one another once more, I think it will be time for the old Folks to meet to conſult about the Bargain; in the mean time I ſwear I Love you dearly.

Your Loving Friend,

R. L.

Betty's Anſwer.

Honeſt *Ralph*,

I *Muſt confeſs you were very kind to me at our laſt; and I took it ſo; yet I would not have you think me fond, for a young Maid as I am, may go to the Tavern with a Neighbour's Son at a publick Fair, and kiſs a little too, and yet not be accounted fond, I hope, to tell thee truly, ever ſince that time, I have found a ſtrange Alteration in my Body and Mind; for when I think of you (which is very often) I cannot forbear ſighing, inſomuch that our folks take notice of me, asking me what's the matter? but indeed they ask me more than I can anſwer them; only now you put me in mind on't, I am verily perſuaded that it is Love that People ſo much talk of; yes, it muſt be Love I am ſure of it: I alſo dream in the Night, and ſuch ſtrange Dreams, that I ſhall not name till we are married, which if the old Men our Fathers do agree, ſhall be as ſoon as you pleaſe, till then I am,*

Your loving Wife in conceit

E. L.

Let-

A Letter to court a young Widow, who had lately buried her Husband.

Honoured Madam,

TO ſay your Beauty only moves me to Love you, would only be to flatter you, or to ſay your Wiſdom was a ſecond cauſe, I ſhould belye my ſelf; though this I needs muſt tell you, Madam, that I know you are both Fair and Wiſe, and that beyond an ordinary compariſon, both which are excellent Ornaments of Nature; but I look further, Madam, into your Actions, and find them carried on, and guided by that precious Jewel called Vertue, the Beauty of the Soul, an Excellency by far tranſcending all Endowments; and for that, Madam, I Love and Honour you. 'Tis pity, Madam, ſo much youthful Worth ſhould any longer be clouded under mourning Weeds, what though your Husband was a kind and loving Man to you in his Life-time, the Memory of him ought not to be a Trouble to you after his Death, for he receives the Comfort of all his good Deeds which he did in his Life as a due Recompence of a good Chriſtian: therefore Madam, your Sorrows ought to ceaſe, becauſe he rejoyces in another World; revive your Spirits, Madam, and bethink your ſelf that we muſt live by the quick, and not by the dead; therefore we ought to make the beſt uſe of our time, not knowing how ſoon we may be call'd aſide, and it would be a great pity, that we ſhould dye and leave the World behind us, without ſome Enjoyment of thoſe Delights for which we are created to partake of. My humble Suit is, Madam, that you would be pleaſed to accept my honeſt Love, and grant my Requeſt, which is, that you would think ſo well of my Perſon, as

to

to ſmile upon my reaſonable Demands; which are that you would become my Wife, and throw aſide all theſe melancholy Thoughts of your dead Husband: and for my further Satisfaction, Madam, concerning your Affections, I beg that you would ſend me my Sentence either for Life or Death, in the mean time, I remain,

Your deſperate Lover,

T. W.

The Widow's Anſwer.

Sir,

I *Muſt confeſs you began to Court and Complement very Learnedly, and in my Opinion (if I may be my own Judge) in the beginning of your Letter, you writ nothing but the Truth: for my Beauty cannot move any one to love me, neither will my Wit or Ingenuity be attractive to any Man that is endowed with ſuch ſuper-excellent Wiſdom and with ſo quick an Apprehenſion as your ſelf: yet I have ſo good an Opinion of my ſelf, as to think that I have Beauty enough to ſerve any Man in turn, that is leſs handſome than I am, and Wit enough to know when I am flattered, and how to avoid the Deluding Temptations of the Flatterer, and that I count ſufficient for any Woman of ſo ordinary a quality as my ſelf: as for my Virtues, I hope I have my ſhare amongſt the reſt of my Sex, for which I give God the Praiſe: neither am I proud, that you think or call me vertuous, however, I have thus much Knowledge, as to underſtand that Vertue is an Ornament far excelling all Beauty, or any other natural parts which are but momentary, and like a ſhadow which now appears, and on a ſudden vaniſhes away: 'Tis true, my former Husband which is now dead, was an honeſt Man; that you, and all the World that knew him muſt*

must confeſs, which is a rare Principle amongſt you Men to be ſo, as well as ſo to be accounted: but I know more than this, he was to me both loving and kind, as well as honeſt, and ſo kind, that I ſcarce believe he has left his fellow behind him; therefore do not think that Sorrow ſits ſo ſlightly on my Brow, as to be blown off with two or three fair Promiſes: Oh no! I cannot ſo ſuddenly forget ſo good a Man, and pitch my Mind upon a ſecond Husband, though I muſt confeſs, that my youthful Age will not permit me to deny my ſelf a ſecond Husband, but whoever that ſhall be, that likes me ſo well as to marry me, muſt ſtay a while longer, and then without doubt I may be eaſily entreated if I like the Man; which I know nothing to the contrary, but you may be he, if I find you love me as you ſay you do. I am Sir,

Your Servant in Sorrow,

S. T.

A Letter to diſſwade a Friend from marrying.

Loving Friend,

I Am informed by a Friend of yours and mine alſo, that you are about to commit Matrimony, I mean to betake your ſelf to Houſe-Keeping, and to furniſh your Houſe with that monſtrous piece of Houſhold-ſtuff called a Wife; which if true, I am wonderfully ſorry for you, that for want of better Judgment, or at leaſt without more Conſideration and Conſultation, you will put your ſelf to that unneceſſary Charge: truly in my opinion, one of thoſe Utenſils or Commodities, which you pleaſe to call them, may very well ſupply three or four Families; and you living amongſt ſuch good Neighbours, it is no queſtion but you might borrow one of ſome of them for without doubt when you are married they will make bold

bold with you upon the ſame account, for Conveniencies ſake; thus far I think I have ſpoke to the purpoſe: now let me adviſe you a little farther before you undertake this bold Attempt, and give you ſome ſtrong Reaſons to diſſwade linking your ſelf to ſuch a Serpent that will bite you a thouſand Ways; to name them particularly would be a Task too great for me to undertake; that is to ſay, all of them one by one, but ſome few of them I will demonſtrate to thee as a dear Friend: Firſt, Her Tongue will command your Will and your Humour, and if there ſhould be any Oppoſition to her Deſires; then ſhe ſtudies how to plague you by her Actions: firſt, her commands will be for Money, and more than a neceſſary Summ muſt be had for ſuch uſes as you muſt not know of; and if you make an enquiry, there ſhall be no Peace in the Houſe for a Month together: Perhaps her Laſcivious Deſires may lead her to ſome Merry-meeting, with ſome of her Neighbouring Goſſips, and with them having a while pretty well booz'd, and ſoak'd their Souls with good brisk Wine, then in ſteps a Man of the Times, a brave Gallant, who ſeeing your Wife to be Young, and ſomething Amorous, amongſt the reſt of this Jovial Crew he ſingles her out, and taking her into ſome more convenient place; where with a few flattering Words he entices her to make you a Cuckold, which he calls being kind to him; and thus ſhe revengeth her ſelf on you, for not ſubmitting your ſelf to her Will in every thing; and 'tis forty to one, but ſhe being full of youthful Deſire does from that very Hour conceive with Child by her luſty Gallant, and you forced to Father the Brat of another Man's begetting. But to judge more favourably upon that ſcore, ſuppoſe that ſhe amongſt that ſmall number of her Sex ſhould prove honeſt, yet you muſt be ſure to expect

from

from her a certain Charge and Trouble, but an uncertain Profit and Contentment: You muſt be ſure to maintain her fine, and in gay Apparel, beyond her Quality and the ſtrength of your Purſe; elſe will ſhe turn her Back-ſide to you in Bed at Night, and if ſhe be not given to ſcold and rail, then will ſhe be ſullen and dogged for a whole Week together, and will not ſpeak but frown upon you till you grant her Requeſt: Women for the moſt part being as proud as *Lucifer*, muſt be deck'd up with gorgeous Apparel, to be accounted fine and handſome by the reſt of their Neighbours, not regarding how mean and ſluttiſh they are cloath'd when they are at home with their Husbands. Then for your Houſe, tho' it be made never ſo convenient for your uſe, yet when the Wife comes, ſhe pretends to eſpy a thouſand Faults in it, and will not let you reſt till you have made ſuch Alterations as ſhe ſhall think fit, though it be to the pulling down of the third part of it, and ſo build it again according to her Form: and then for your Furniture, alas it will appear too mean for her Ambition; ſhe muſt have Tables and Chairs, and Bedſteds with Curtains, and all manner of Houſhold Goods after the new Mode; and if you deny to do it, ſhe will pick your Pocket and buy them her ſelf, or do ſomething elſe that is worſe. Thus as a Friend I thought fit to admoniſh you, hoping that you will take it friendly from me: more might be ſaid upon the ſame Subject, but let this ſuffice from

A Well-wiſher of your Happineſs,

S. T.

The

The Young Man's Anſwer.

Honeſt Tom.

IN *good earneſt, I am ſorry to hear that thou haſt great an Averſion to Matrimony, and canſt give greater, nor more ſubſtantial Reaſons why thee and I bu ought not to marry and live honeſtly: In my Opinion, th mighteſt have beſtowed thy time a great deal better, th to have wrack'd thy Brains (as I imagine) no leſs than whole days time if not more, to frame a debauch'd A gument againſt an Honeſt and Vertuous Woman call'd Wife, and under pretence of giving me good Advice a Counſel, thou rather doſt admoniſh me to practice th Rude Courſe of Debauchery, Adulterating other hone Mens Wives; but dear* Tom *have a care of thoſe things for I cannot think otherways by thy Letter, but thou a guilty of that Crime which thou ſo readily perſwadeſt m to commit: and now to acquaint thee with certain News I muſt tell you, that I am married, and therefore can th better confute thy too ſilly Suppoſitions, knowing of certain, that all thoſe Fictions which thou haſt rais'd againſt Marriage, are falſe and of no moment: Therefore for thy better Inſtruction, I ſhall deſire thee to give a dili gent Attention, whilſt I ſoberly vindicate a married Life, and contradict thy fooliſh Objections gradually as thou haſt ſtated them. Firſt, I ſay, her Tongue cannot, neither is it deſired that it ſhould command my Will, no further than I ſhall upon all Occaſions think fit and reaſonable; if it happens at any time that there is a Diſpute between us about the management of any ſmall Concern, and ſhe perhaps thinks her way the beſt to effect it, and I think mine beſt; ſhe preſently then replies,* Prithee Sweet-heart do it how thou pleaſeſt, I only thought good to tell thee my Opinion of it. *With theſe and ſuch like Expreſſions ſhe ſubmits to my Will, which I think is far from*

com-

commanding or uſurping Authority, as you term it, but I rather receive Comfort by her Tongue than ſuffer Damage; beſides, Tom. *I muſt tell you that my Wife ſings well, and pronounces her Words with ſuch a becoming Grace, that ſhe never ſpeaks nor ſings but ſhe Raviſhes my Soul: So much for the Tongue. And now concerning Money a little touch: Be it known to you, Sir, ſhe never wants that, for ſhe has the Keeping of all I have, therefore hath no occaſion to ask me for any; neither does ſhe go to Taverns with Goſſips, for we have Wine in our Houſe, and every honeſt Neighbour is free to drink of it; and thou,* Tom. *ſhalt be welcome to a Glaſs of brisk Claret, or what Wine thou likeſt beſt, if thou wilt come and ſee me; neither am I in the leaſt jealous of being a Cuckold, for I am ſure I pleaſe her ſo well my ſelf, that ſhe will have no occaſion to try any other Man: It is enough for Old Men, and thoſe that are feeble and ſickly to be jealous of their Wives Honeſty, becauſe they know themſelves not able to give them their due Benevolence; I cannot believe that a Woman will make a luſty young Man a Cuckold, if ſhe does, in my Opinion, ſhe deſerves to be hang'd: So much for that. And now to ſum up all the reſt of thy Objections which thou haſt made againſt Marriage, in few Words, I muſt tell thee, That my Wife, and every honeſt Woman, is contented with her Condition in every reſpect, and will not covet new Fangles, as thou believeſt, but is well ſatisfied with what is decent and comely, according to her Husband's Quality; and let me acquaint thee,* Tom. *with what I have experienced ſince I have been married, that there is ſo much Comfort, ſo much Delight and Pleaſure in a Woman when once ſhe is made a lawful Bedfellow, that I would not be unmarried again for all the World. Thus hoping thou wilt follow my Example, I am*

Thine to my Power,

J. B.

An

An Angry Letter ſent to his Friend for an Affront given him at their laſt Meeting.

Sir,

I Know not what Reaſons move you to be ſo uncivil when you were laſt in my Company, I am ſure I gave you no Occaſion to be ſo Rude, nor to abuſe me in ſuch ſcurrilous Language before all the Company that was there preſent; I expect that you ſhould give me Satisfaction, by acknowledging your Fault, or elſe ſhew me the grounds whereon you founded your opprobrious Diſcourſe; which if you do, I may ſtill continue the ſame good Opinion of you as I have hitherto had; but if otherwiſe you remain perverſe, and will not make me no Satisfaction for what is paſt, from henceforward I do proclaim my ſelf to be your utter Enemy, and ſhall endeavour to make my ſelf amends the next time that you and I ſhall meet, let the Place be where it will; expect no Favour from his Hands, who is

Yours, as you deſerve,

G. B.

The Anſwer.

Sir,

WHen I opened your Letter, it looked ſo big upon me, that had I not had as good a Heart as he that writ it, it would have fright'ned me into a deſperate Fit of the Ague; but conſidering a little with my ſelf, and plucking up my Spirits inſtead of trembling, my Blood began to burn, and with as great a Fury as your ſelf, I took my Pen in hand to let you know, that what I ſaid at that time, was only in a merry Humour to recreate my ſelf, and you ſitting next to me, it ſeems happened to be the Object of my Diſcourſe, ſome of which I

am

am apt to think was very true, the reſt was only Focoſe; but be it true or falſe, or what it will, I am not much concern'd about it; if this Anſwer will not give you Satisfaction, you muſt expect no other from me: However, I ſhall not fear to come into your Company at that Place where I us'd to find you.

Yours as you pleaſe to think,

R. S.

A Letter to Chaſtiſe a near Kinſman who is given to Extravagancies.

Couſin John,

THe daily Noiſe which rings about the Country of your Extravagancies and great Debaucheries, cauſes me at preſent to write to you, not in Anger, but by way of Advice; deſiring that you would ſee your own Folly, and learn to be wiſer before it be too late: I had thought truly that the Univerſity had qualified you better than I perceive it has, for inſtead of growing better as you grow older, you now grow worſe ſince you went to *London*: I muſt confeſs I have nothing to do with your Concerns, only as a Relation, and inſtead of a Father, which indeed you want to give you good Counſel, and to deſire you in time to forſake bad Company, for they in the end will Ruine both Soul and Body; and truly your Eſtate will ſoon decay, if you hold on ſpending as you begin, though at preſent it is large enough: I wiſh that Women and Wine be not your Maſter, which if you avoid, I ſhall not doubt in the leaſt but you will do well enough: How many fine young Gentlemen have I ſeen, that by over-drinking themſelves have been brought to Ruine and untimely Deaths? For when their Brains are intoxicated, and the Blood enflam'd with high Drinking, then are they fit for all

all manner of Vice; ſome in that mad Humour run to Common Strumpets, where they get the Foul Diſeaſe, ſometimes uncurable, to their everlaſting Shame and Diſgrace; others in that heat of Blood, engage themſelves by Oath to kill the next Man they meet, he not giving them the leaſt Affront, which brings them deſervedly to the publick Place of Execution to ſuffer Death, the due Reward of ſuch crying Sins: Therefore, dear Couſin, let the Thought of theſe Things reflect upon your Soul, that they may appear odious and terrible in your Eyes and Apprehenſion; and that God may turn your Heart, and let you ſee the Evil of your Ways, is the Prayers of

Your ever-loving Kinſman,

R. W.

The Young Man's Anſwer.

Good Couſin,

I Received your Letter, wherein I hear you find ſcandalous Reports of me in the Country; I admire who ſhould be the Meſſenger that brings this ill News to you; I find my Reputation is very much abuſed, and if you will be ſo kind to me as to let me know the Author of it, I ſhall make bold to require ſuch Satisfaction of him, as ſhall become a Gentleman to demand. I am apt to think that you ground thoſe ill Characters you give me upon Suſpicion; for certainly no Man nor Woman can be ſo audacious, as to blaze abroad ſuch infamous and undeſerved Calumnies, without the leaſt ground for their ſo doing: However, I am not the firſt that has been abuſed in this nature. I thank God, I know my ſelf clear of thoſe great Enormities which are alledged againſt me, and laid to my Charge, which is a real Satisfaction to my ſelf, though not to you and the reſt of my Friends; and if I may be believed

believed before thoſe inſinuating Sycophants, who value not to ſtain a Man's Reputation for a Meals Meat. I think I am as little given or addicted to keep ill Company as any Gentleman in Town: I cannot deny but that I do drink Wine, and will do it if I can get Money to buy it, and I hope I ſhall not want ſo much as will purchaſe a bottle or two all my Life-time; but perchance I do, I muſt then leave it off, and not before: yet thus much I can ſafely ſay, that I never drank ſo much, that I was thereby deprived of my Sences, though I know there is too many which are guilty of that Crime. But as for common Strumpets as you call them, I defie and hate like the Devil; neither am I a great Admirer of any Womankind, though never ſo honeſt, therefore free from thoſe Debaucheries you lay to my Charge. However, I give you many Thanks for your good Admonition, and deſire that you will be ſatisfied that I am not the Man that Report ſays I am, but

Your Loving Kinſman,

J. S.

A Letter from a Citizen to his Friend in the Country to ſend him up an Apprentice.

Loving Countryman,

I Being now made a Freeman of *London*, have taken a Houſe and Shop, and my greateſt Want at preſent is a Country Lad that would willingly put himſelf an Apprentice to our Trade; I do not queſtion that if you will be ſo pleaſed to make a ſmall Enquiry amongſt ſome of your Neighbours, but that you may hear of an honeſt Boy that will be for my turn: The uſual Rate which we commonly have, is Forty Pounds, and Seven Years Service, ours being a good Trade and not very laborious; beſides, for our

our Credits ſake we muſt keep our Servants in ordinary Apparel, as ſome other ſmall Trades. I leave it to your Diſcretion to give ſuch a Character of me as you ſhall think I deſerve, and none think can give a better Account of my Life and Converſation than your ſelf, you having known me from my Childhood. When you write to me, direct your Letter to be left for me at the *Wind* in St. *John's-ſtreet*; thus, with my Love to your Wife and ſelf, I am

Your Ever-loving Friend,

T.

The Country Man's Kind Anſwer.

Loving Friend,

I *Am glad to hear that you are ſettled in the World, and according to your deſire, have made a diligent Enquiry for a Boy to ſerve you as an Apprentice, and now at laſt have heard of one, that I hope may be for your Turn, he comes of very honeſt Parentage, and ſeems to be a ſober Lad; his Father has brought him up to Learning all his time, inſomuch that he is reckoned a very good Scholar of his Age; he is Sixteen Years old, and pretty well grown, but all that they ſcruple about is the Money; they like the Trade well enough, but are not very willing to give Forty Pounds with him; however, they are reſolved upon the good Character I have given you, that the Boy ſhall come up next Week, and be a while with you upon Tryal; and afterwards, if the Boy like you and the Trade, and you approve of him, I do not much queſtion but they will agree with you upon thoſe Terms which you have propoſed. No more at preſent, but wiſhing you Proſperity, I am*

Yours in all Friendly Kindneſſes,

S. D.

A Letter of Advice for Health.

Kind and Loving Friend,

I Am very well ſatisfied that you are ſeldom well in Health whilſt you live in *London*, and if I may be a competent Judge, I ſuppoſe I know the grounds and reaſons of your Sickneſs, which are two-fold; in the firſt place, I imagine that the City Air is not agreeable to your Conſtitution, and not only with you, but it is diſagreeable to Thouſands more, and eſpecially to thoſe that are not naturaliz'd in it, and bred up there, it choaks them up. Another Reaſon is, that becauſe you have but little or no Employment, you are forced to be continually in Company, which draws you to drinking either at the Tavern or the Ale-houſe; by reaſon whereof, you loſe your Stomach, that you ſeldom have an Appetite to eat, which much diſorders your Body; therefore let me adviſe you, for your Health's ſake, to betake your ſelf to a Country Life; you know you may be welcome to me at all times, who am

A Well-wiſher to you upon all Accounts,

S. F.

The Gentleman's Anſwer.

Moſt Dear and Loving Friend,

I *Muſt confeſs that you have always been ſo generous and obliging to me, that now it remains on my behalf to ſtudy ſome way to gratifie all thoſe unmerited Favours which I have received from you, and your good Wife; and truly I am apt to think, that you like a skilful Doctor, have found out the principal Cauſes of all my Grievances, and have preſcribed a moſt ſafe and courte-*

ous Remedy for my Cure, and should I refuse to make use of your kind and free Proffer, I should be found injurious to my self, and basely ungrateful to so good a Friend; therefore so soon as I have dispatch'd some small concerns here in Town, and taken leave of my Friends, you may expect me in the Countrey; let me beg the Favour of you to send me up a Horse, for I cannot endure to ride in the Coach: thus with my humble Service to your self, and second self, I am

Your most obliged Servant,

F. S.

A Letter to his Friend in Praise of his Mistress.

Honest Schoolfellow,

LOng time have I rambled about this vain World, and have visited most of those Nations and Illands to which our Merchants Traffick, and the chiefest of my Business hath been to find out a Woman that I could like well enough to make her my Wife; to tell you a long Narration of my Travels, and of the dangerous Voyages I have undergone, where I have seen grim Death come tumbling to me in a monstrous Wave, ready to devour me in a Moment; or if I should tell you of a Thousand more Difficulties which I have escaped, 'twould fill a Ream of Paper instead of one Sheet: therefore omitting all those doleſome Histories, for brevity's sake (though had I a convenient time, they would be worth repeating) I shall only proceed to tell you, that at length I have obtained a Mistress, one that I intend to marry and make my Wife, and now I will begin to make a Description of her Beauties: She is a Woman, and a Fair One too, and so fair she is, that all that ever saw her, admire her Beauty; her

her Features in her Face are so Excellent, that should the best of Painters strive to draw them out to the Life, he would wrong her Beauty much; for all his Art could never form so rare a Creature: her Cheeks with Red and White so neatly deckt, that you would think the Lilly and the Rose did strive in them which should have the Victory, till at length they both being Conquerors, conjoin together, and center there to make one perfect Beauty: Her Eyes, like two refulgent Diamonds, are placed above, to cast a splendant Lustre on her sweet comely Face: Her Coral Lips that close her pretty Mouth, are of an equal size, neither too thick nor yet too thin; Her Teeth more White than is the Ivory, like to two Rows of inestimable Pearl, stand in a decent order in her Mouth, none striving for preheminence above their Fellows. Her Hair, which on this Globe of Wisdom grows, more White than is the best of Flax by far, and softer than the unwrought Silk that comes from the Bowels of the labouring Silk-worm, like to the smallest Threds of Silver hangs two handfuls down below her slender Waste; Her Neck an Ivory Pillar is, on which this Globe doth stand, but whiter is by far; her Arms two Branches are, which do proceed forth from the bottom of her Neck, for to defend and keep secure that curious Piece her Face; Her Breasts like to two little Hills, are placed on either side of a most Fruitful Valley: Her Belly round and smooth, but not too big, and underneath, Oh there, dear *Jack*! oh there the place of Pleasure grows: but hold rude Pen, forbear to nominate or once to mention any more of that, for fear great *Jove* should be my Rival too, and on his *Ganymede* come hovering down and take away my Jewel of such Worth. Now last of all, to let you understand that this lively Fabrick is not Mute nor Dumb

ſhe has a Voice, that ſhould you hear her ſing, raviſh'd with Admiration, you would think the Spheres conjoyned with Heavenly Harmony to lend you Muſick to delight Mankind: Thus take her altogether, I leave you to judge whether ſhe may not compare with *Venus*, if not Excel her; this is the Miſtreſs of my Heart and Soul, and though I have tarried long to find her out, yet I cannot chooſe but think my time well ſpent, having met with this fair Jewel now at laſt: And now, dear *Jack*, to conſummate my Happineſs, I invite you to my Nuptials, where you ſhall take a view of my all-charming Bride, and for once bleſs your ſelf at the ſight of Natures moſt adored Maſter-piece: Next *Monday* we have appointed to be our happy Wedding-Day, that we may begin our Joys in the beginning of the Week. I ſhall expect your good Company, therefore pray do not fail me, for I ſhall think my ſelf much honoured in your Preſence. Thus with my humble Service preſented to your dear ſelf, with the reſt of my good Friends that live with you, I, begging your pardon for this tedious Epiſtle, do take my leave, and ſubſcribe my ſelf

The humbleſt of your Slaves,

T. R.

His Friend's merry Anſwer, praiſing his Foul Miſtreſs by the Contraries.

Dear *Tom*,

I *Received your large Epiſtle, wherein I underſtand that you have been a great Traveller ſince I ſaw you, to ſearch after a handſome Woman that you could fancy well enough to make her your Spouſe; I am heartily glad that you have been ſo ſucceſsful at length to meet with ſuch an Angel-like Beauty, which if all be true as you have*

reported

reported to me, she is to be admired above all the Women in the whole World; but however, if she should not be altogether so amiable and glorious as you relate her to be, I cannot so much blame you; for it is but verifying the Proverb which we use here in England, *which is,* That Old Men and Travellers may Romance by Authority, *I will not say Lye,* Tom. *for that is a gross Word, and I very well remember that my Master once did whip me severely for giving one of my School-fellows the Lye, which will be a* Memorandum *for me as long as I live; for you know that, according to another Proverb,* The Burnt Child dreads the Fire: *so much for that. Now I will also give you a full Description of my Mistress, which I have pick'd up in your Absence, if you will: I did not go far to seek her, for she had such a monstrous Love for me, that she began to declare her Affections to me first, after this manner: Kind Sir, quoth she, tho' it is not the Custom among us English Women to make our Application to Men for any thing, though we have never so much mind to it, yet I think it is a great wrong to our whole Sex; for we may stay long enough before you will proffer us any Kindness now-a-days; I am sure I can speak with Sorrow upon my own account, that I have been marriageable above these twenty Years, and never yet was ask'd that reasonable Question by any Man; I know not what should be the Reason of it, I am not so much deformed, but that I may be beloved: however, what I want in Beauty I am sure I can make good in Estate, for I have Lands and Livings, with Bags of Gold and Silver innumerable; therefore my Suit to you, dear Sir, is, That you would be pleased to take pity on a distressed Virginity, by making of me your Lawful Wife, for now I begin to hate a single Life. I hearing of this Voice, which did something imitate that of a Scritch Owl, and looking in her ruful Face, knew not at present what Answer to return my Gentlewoman; at length,*

Tom, *considering of those infinite number of Bags of Gold and Silver, besides a visible Estate in Houses and Land, I faith I began to make much on her, and taking her to a Tavern, I treated her with a small Collation, where I could perceive that she would Tope stoutly; however, to prosecute my Design concerning the Bags,* Tom, *I humour'd her in every Thing; insomuch, that I promis'd her Marriage upon these Terms: That she would make a full Discovery of all her Bags, and give them me in my own Keeping; and also, that she should give me a clear Possession of all her Houses and Lands the next Court-day, delivering up all Writings into my Custody; all which she willingly granted; and after the Court was past, and I made Possessor of all she had, the next day I married with her privately, giving the World leave to laugh at her Deformity, whilst I make merry with my pretty young Doxy abroad. But to shew that I am not asham'd of her,* Tom, *I'll describe her Shape and Features to you, and afterwards you may compare your Spouse with mine if you can: Her pretty Cheeks not round, nor red, nor white, but long and broad, inclining to the yellow: Her rowling Eyes like those of a fine Calf, which I have seen of six weeks old, but bigger: her Nose in comely-wise, like to the Beak of a lovely Owl, bends down unto her Neck, which well-made Neck you scarcely can perceive, for her loving Shoulders do support her Chin; her Breasts like to the well stretch'd Dugs of that fine Beast my Father's old Py'd Cow, when home at night she comes with a full Bag: Her Waste and Belly both together are---that when I went to hug her, both my Arms could not span round my pretty little Spouse: And now below her Belly* Tom, *I come——— for I know you'll long to have a touch at that: O there is Pleasure,* Tom! *such Pleasure just as* Ixion *had when he embraced a Cloud! And now, dear* Tom, *I have acquainted you with all her Excellencies, if you long for*

any

any part about her, come over and take it freely; for I will be ſure to come to your Wedding, where I ſhall expect the ſame freedom.

Yours in all Love,

J. D.

A Letter full of Compliements.

Moſt worthy Friend,

I Being ſo infinitely obliged to you for thoſe innumerable Favours which you from time to time have been pleaſed to confer upon me; in common Gratitude, can do no leſs, but make an humble Acknowledgment in token of my great Thankfulneſs for thoſe unmerited Kindneſſes; having no other way to retaliate them at preſent, but by telling you, That your unworthy Servant will be always ready at your Command, to obey and ſerve you to the very utmoſt of my poor Power and Ability, my daily Prayers ſhall be, That you may be ever proſperous in this World, and that you may receive the due Reward of your Charitable Acts and good Hoſpitality in the World to come; what elſe I can ſay or do, which may conduce to your Happineſs, and add to your Contentment, I ever ſhall be ready to act and pray for: Thus deſiring that at preſent you will be pleaſed to accept of my well Wiſhes and this ſmall Token which I have ſent you, which is a Barrel of Oyſters, I heartily recommend you to the protection of the Almighty, who is the only Keeper and Preſerver of all Men and all things, I take my leave, preſuming to write my ſelf,

Yours to ſerve you by night or day,

W. W.

The *Sommerſetſhire* Man's Clowniſh Anſwer in their own Country Language.

Zir,

I Received a piece of Paper from you, which I think Volks call a Letter, but when I pull'd it open, I am zure I could not tell woxe Letter in it; I gave it to woxe of our Neighbours; that is to zay, one of our Town; that is to zay, woxe that dwells within two or three Doors of our Door, a little thick way; and he being a better Scholard than my preſent zelf, made hard ſhift to pick out the Words, but the devil a bit of Zenſe can I vind in it: You talk of Obliging and Vavours; in my Conſcience, Zir, you be not like me woxe jot, nor do I vavour you at all: You alſo talk of Gratitude and Merits; I'll zwear I do n't know what to make of your Lingua, *my Neighbour tells me that it is Latin, and I wonder that you would write Latin to me, you know I cannot ſtand under it, and in troth you ſhall be no Zervant of mine, I will have no zuch Zervants: As vor your Writing, our Volks put it in the Vire; and vor thoſe Shells you zent, I know not how to call them, I e'en mended our Door with them, and zo I thank you vor 'em. When you come again, you ſhall be Welcome to your old Friend,*

Dick Downright.

A Loving Letter ſent to a Gentlewoman.

Madam,

IN what a multitude of Sorrows I am involved ſince you went out of Town, no Tongue is able to expreſs, nor Pen to write: Had you commanded me with open Breaſt to have ſtood before you, whilſt

whilſt you had took my own Sword, and had pierced my now bleeding Heart, I could then more willingly have ſuffered a Death by your Hand; than thus long to undergo a continual Torment for want of your good Company. Ah, Madam! you know my Heart is with you; How can you be ſo cruel to make me heartleſs, and live thus long without you? Can you forget thoſe Pleaſant Evening-Hours which we together ſpent, beguiling time which gently ſlid away? the ſilent Night not daring to diſturb our harmleſs Mirth and innocent Delight; whilſt on my Knees you ſate, my loving Arms did circle round and gently graſp your ſmall and tender Body, you ſometimes would Raviſh all my Sences with a Song, whilſt I amazed at your warbling Notes, charmed to a Silence, and gaz'd upon your powerful ſparkling Eyes, whoſe double Luſtre would pierce a Heart more hard and more obdurate than is the Adamant: Then, Madam, then ſtealing of a Kiſs was not content, but robb'd you ſtill of more; I kiſs'd ſo long, that I at length perceived my ſelf to be the loſer; for all that time my Heart and Soul departed from my Breaſt, and vow'd they would poſſeſs a nob'er Room; then into your ſweet Boſom both did fly, and begg'd an Entertainment, which you gave, and ſeem'd to cheriſh them with warm Deſire: I was content, and was glad they had made choice of you to be their Guardian, provided I might be a Viſitant, to come and ſee they no Diſorders bred within your quiet Breaſt. But now, ala! dear Madam, you have left me Comfortleſs, I am left to ſigh and breathe my Paſſion out unto the open Air without Redreſs, and cannot Comfort find till you return: Then, Madam, (on my Knees I beg) return and give me Eaſe, unleſs you do intend to be my Death by ſtaying longer from me: Thus to the Powers a-

above I do commit you, desiring you to pity him, who is

Your Languishing Lover,

R. T.

The Gentlewoman's kind Answer.

My sweet Soul,

LEt not your Passion over-much disturb your Rest and Quiet: sleep secure, and know that I am an equal sharer of your Grief, do sigh and mourn in private all alone, not daring to disclose my unknown Woes to the open Air, for fear some Blast should whisper softly this my Discontent; I am therefore forced to hide my Miseries, and for a time conceal my inward Pain, rather than undergo the angry Frowns of an unkind Father; who I fear would count my loving you, a Disobedience: My study is to run a safer Course, and by degrees to penetrate the Breast of my indulgent Mother; telling her the Noble Love which I bear in my Bosom is placed on you, and none but you alone shall make her Daughter Bride; then on my Knees I'll beg of her to mollifie the Fury of my too rigorous Father, who hath forgot since he first trod the Paths of youthful Love: My hopes are still, that she will moderate his strict Severity, and make him yield to gratifie our Loves by his good Will, and make us ever Happy with his Blessing; Who knows but these my Hopes may take Effect? My Mother loves me with a tender Love, and when she sees my Resolution fixt to marry you, and with no other Man, I know she'll never rest, till she overcome my Father with Entreaties to be kind; then will our meeting be again with Joy: But if at last my Expectations fail, and that my Father will not give Consent we should enjoy each other, yet be sure I'll never leave my Dear, until cold Death shall seize my Body, and from thence divide my Heart and Soul which are not

in

in his power: them I'll bequeath to thee my deareſt Love, for they indeed are already thy own; I know I have thy loving Heart and Soul within my Breaſt, where they ſhall ſafely dwell: My Father's Cruelties ſhall not moleſt their happy Being, neither will I long detain them at this diſtance from my Love: For let my aged Parents frown or ſmile, within this Month I'll flye into thy Arms, and never part till Floods of joyful Tears have waſht away all Sorrows from our Hearts and Hands; that nought but Death ſhall part us. In true Conſtancy,

I remain thine alone,

S. V.

A Letter to Congratulate a Friend's happy Return from his long Journey.

Loving Friend,

A Thouſand Welcomes to your Native Countrey where every Heart, during that tedious time which you were abſent, felt no little Grief, but every one lamented their great Loſs in miſſing you our true and faithful Friend: Your preſence caus'd an awful Reverence, and made the vicious and obnoxious Man to creep and ſlink away his head in private; and now again, we on the ſelf ſame ſcore who are your Friends, at this your ſafe Return are bleſt with Joy and Gladneſs: But I, above the reſt of your Well-wiſhers, have double cauſe to thank auſpicious Heaven, who ſafely has conducted you at length to this our Shore; where being arrived, each Creature do's Congratulate your ſafe Return: I now can ſay I have a Friend and Father to give me Counſel when I ſtand in need of it. This Letter does but ſerve, dear Friend, to let you know that now I have notice of your happy Arrival; I would not only by my Pen bid you welcome home, but by my Words and

Actions

Actions, in your Preſence expreſs my Joy and humble Thankfulneſs to Heavens Divinity, in taking Care of ſo much Loyalty, and bringing back our Captain, which having miſſed and been without ſo long, we your poor Soldiers, languiſhing betwixt Hope and Deſpair, did fear you had been loſt; but now you are come, the Bells in a loud Harmony ſhall ring your Welcome home, all Day and Night; the Martial Drums ſhall beat aloud your Fame: The Silver Trumpets with ſhrill Notes ſhall ſound your Praiſe forth with Honour and Renown; thus ſhall you ride Triumphant through the Streets, until you come to your moſt ſumptuous Caſtle long deſolate for want of your Abode, where at your Approach the deep-mouth'd Cannon with their thund'ring Voice ſhall bid All Hail to you their valorous Maſter; thus praying, Sir, for your Continuance with us, I take Leave at preſent, and remain

Your much-comforted Friend,

R. D.

The Captain's Thankful Anſwer ſent to his Friend, expreſt with many Complements.

My Well-beloved Friend,

YOU cannot be more joyful at my ſafe Return, than I am glad to hear that yet you live, and living are in Health, that once again we may embrace each other with true Love and Friendſhip, ſuch as is inſeparable: Had I been a Woman, and unknown to you, your Rhetorick would have given me a ſufficient Cauſe to think and ſuſpect that you had flattered me; but being a Man, and knowing well your former Friendſhip and true Affection which you ever did bear to me, unworthy of ſo great Favours, muſt needs imagine that your Joys are real; and ſince that bleſſed Heaven now at length has

has ſafely brought me to my Native Countrey; the chiefeſt of my ſtudies ſhall be, to render my ſelf worthy of thoſe Praiſes which you have been pleaſed to put upon me, and make my Preſence acceptable to my honeſt Countrey-men, and more eſpecially to you, my dear Friend, whom I long to ſee; for Friendſhip at a diſtance, though never ſo real, cannot enjoy it ſelf with that true Happineſs and ſweet Content, as that which mutually conjoyns and meets together; then let me beg of you to make no Delay, but let me have your Company at my Caſtle, where you ſhall be my Gueſt for one Six Months; I alſo muſt entreat you not to come alone, but let your Vertuous Bride accompany you, with your good Son, where you ſhall be ſure to find the ſame Welcome as you give me at this my ſafe Arrival: And when we are together, I will give you a true and perfect Account of all my Travels, what Dangers I have eſcaped, and what Recreations I have had, ever ſince I left you, and departed from my dear Country. Thus expecting your coming, I at preſent remain

Your Friend in Expectation,

S. F.

A haſty Letter to his Couſin.

Good Couſin,

I Am informed that you intend to Lett your Houſe, and put off all your Stock, and betake your ſelf to a private Lodging; I much wonder what you mean and intend by ſo doing; I doubt you go unadviſedly about thoſe Concerns, I know not how the Caſe ſtands with you: However, I imagine that a little good Counſel in this Matter would have done you no harm, but good; you know it is an old Saying, *That it is good to Look before we Leap*, and not to

to run precipitously hand over head, and not regard what you are going about: However, if it prove well, I shall like it well, and all will be well; but if it succeed contrary to your Expectation, blame not me nor any body else, but your own self: However, now you cannot contradict, but that according to the Latin Proverb, *Præmonitus præmunitus; Fore-warn'd, fore-arm'd:* And this is all that I can say to you at present, who am in haste,

Your loving Cousin,

W. V.

The Answer in haste.

Good Kinsman,

IN haste I thank you for your hasty Letter, and though my present Business be in haste, concerning my hasty Removing from my House, yet not quite so hasty, as not to consider what I am about to do: I do not much question but that I have had the Approbation of as Wise Men as your self, concerning the Management of this Business, and they with me do all of them agree, that I have enough to live upon without incumbring my self with a multiplicity of Business, and get but little by it; besides, if I should continue House-keeping, I should be Ruined, for there is such a Gang of Flatterers and Dissemblers of my Kindred, and others that haunt my House, that in a short time they would eat me out of House and Home; therefore I think it is better to betake my self to a private Lodging in haste, than by delays to stay longer where I am, and be undone by them. I am

Yours, hastily in haste,

R. *Hastings.*

A Let-

A Letter sent to a Friend, condoling his long-continued Sickness.

Dear Friend,

I Am very sorry, and much grieved to hear that you thus long have lain Languishing on the Bed of Sickness; my Heart participates of your dolorous Miseries, feeling by way of Sympathy the self-same Torment which you undergo; but that, alas! I doubt won't give you Ease, though 'tis a seeming Comfort (or rather I may say a Satisfaction) to be pittyed by our Friends. Let me admonish you to take the Advice of the Best, Learned, and most Eminent Physician that you know of; and be not concerned for parting with your Money, though Sickness I know is very chargeable, yet well you know now by sad Experience, that the perfect Enjoyment of your Health is far more pleasant and delightful than Bags full heaped with Gold and Silver; therefore be not sparing of your Coyn, so far as it may be available and conducing to the procuring of your Welfare: And that you may recover your former Strength, shall be the Prayers of

Your most affectionate Friend in Sorrow,

S. T.

The Sick Man's Thankful Answer.

Dear Friend,

THe very sight of your most Cordial Letter did give some Ease to my distressed Miseries, for which you have the kind and hearty Thanks of a sick and almost-dying Man: 'Tis long since I considered that Worldly Wealth is but dross; neither do I esteem of it as

any

any Comfort, only to procure those Necessaries, which while we live on Earth we stand in need of: For well I know, that when my Breath is departed from me, and my Blood grown cold, and Death hath brought my Body to the Grave; that then the Wealth of Crœsus *will not avail me any thing, nor stand me in any stead: My Heart is fixed now upon a better Subject; which is, that after Death my Soul may find Rest and Comfort in another World, whither now I am going, endeavouring to repent of all my past Sins, consulting with my Maker, concerning my Happiness; for he is the best and only Physician that can give Ease to these my sore Afflictions. This a Farewel to you I do send, who am,*

Till Death gives Ease,

Your Friend in Torments,

B. D.

A Letter to perswade a Friend to betake himself to Business.

Loving Friend,

WHen I consider the many Inconveniences that are incident to those that live remiss and have no Employment, it puts me in mind of your Life and Conversation; and to deal plainly and honestly with you, like a Friend, I am very sorry to see that Idleness has taken such Possession of your Mind that you will betake your self to no Business, but just like a Swine you eat and drink what is set before you, but never endeavour to get Money to buy more: Suppose you have enough barely to live upon in time of your Families Health, that ought not to be all the Care that you should take; for it behoves every Master of a Family to provide and lay up something against a Rainy Day, as they say

th

that is, againſt Sickneſs or any other Caſualty that may happen to you before you die; beſides, already you have two Children, pretty Babes, and it may pleaſe God to ſend you more; which when they come to Bigneſs and Ripeneſs of Age, will expect that you ſhould give them a Portion according to their Education, which muſt be Gentilely for your own Repute and Credits ſake; all which will coſt you no ſmall Summ of Money, and when your Eſtate comes to be divided amongſt three or four, it will be but a ſlender Maintenance for them all; my Advice is therefore, that you forthwith employ your Stock of Money in ſome honeſt way which you underſtand, and that will improve your Fortune by careful Induſtry, with ſome ſmall Pains, which will be very Advantageous for your Bodily Health; for always to ſit ſtill, and do nothing but eat and drink, and ſleep, corrupts the Blood and will impair your Health. I know you underſtand the way of Malting well; now I ſhould think that it would be a fine Recreation to you for to ride up and down the Markets to buy in Corn at the beſt Seaſon of the Year, and ſo keep Men to manage your Buſineſs at home; thus might you buſie your ſelf, and reap the Fruits and Benefits of your own Labour: Beſides, it would be highty commendable and credible for you, to be accounted a Man of Buſineſs, and if perhaps this way of Dealing does not anſwer your Expectation as to matter of Profit, you may ſoon lay it aſide, and betake your ſelf to ſomething elſe that you fancy will be more advantagious to you; for there is a thouſand ways for a Man that has ready Money to improve it, and gain more by it, than at the Rate of 6 *per Cent*, to let it out to Uſury; beſides, if you get never ſo little by your Employment, yet I would have you follow it, for it will keep you from Idleneſs

neſs, which is the Mother of Shame and Beggary more might be ſaid of that, but I ſuppoſe you derſtand enough of thoſe things, if you would practice according to your Knowledge: Be ſure give your Children Learning, and when they are enough, put them out to Apprentice, for then th may live without your Aſſiſtance; where they h gotten a good Trade, if they prove good Husban they may obtain great Preferment. This, for yo Father's ſake, I adviſe you; for indeed upon Death-bed he deſired me to give you good Counſ who am

A greater Friend to you
than you are to your ſelf,

F.

His Friend's Anſwer in ſhort.

Dear Friend,

I *Kindly thank you for your good Advice, whet am guilty or not guilty of what you taſk me wi Nevertheleſs I judge charitable of you, and your W wiſhes, that I think no leſs, but that you write to me of pure Love; I muſt confeſs, that hitherto I have ſettled my ſelf to any publick Buſineſs, nor have I b concerned much in Worldly Affairs, being ſomething c tious how I diſpoſe of my Money; but ſince it is wiſe Opinion, that it will be for my Advantage to my ſelf into ſome manner of Dealing, I'll ſhew Willingneſs in being obedient to your Commands; next acquit my ſelf of that ignominious and reproac Companion, called* Idleneſs, *for it is a thing I hate, h an Employment whereby I might buſie my ſelf; for I h an active, not a ſluggiſh Soul: As for my Children, it behoves me to take Care of their Welfare, and it always my purpoſe to bring them up to Learning,*

afterw

terwards to put them to good Trades: However, I thank for your friendly Admonition, and remain

Your obsequious Friend to serve you,

H. J.

Letter from an Elder Brother to the Younger, reproving him of Extravagancies.

Loving Brother,

'Tis strange to me to see you run these Courses: Except a Man was mad, surely he would not make all the haste he could to his own Destruction; you are wise enough to know that those Extravagancies will certainly Ruine you, if you proceed and do not give a timely Check to your immoderate and immodest Desires; for shame leave off your Drunkenness before it be too late, whilst yet you have something left to maintain you like a Man, for when all is gone, you then perhaps may with Sorrow sigh and wish you had been wiser, and not mispent your time and Money; but you will find no Redress nor Pity from any body: As for my own part, if you will not take up and become a sober Man, I will not own you for my Brother, neither will I countenance nor assist you in the least, in any thing that you shall take in hand; but if you amend your Life, you shall assuredly find me to be

Your Friend and Brother,

J. K.

The younger Brother's Answer.

Good Brother,

I Am so far from thanking you for your Advice, that I must needs tell you, that I am wonderful sorry for your Ignorance; I bless God for those natural Parts he hath

hath given me, and next I thank my good old Fath
(which I hope is now in Heaven) for bringing me up
Learning, that now I can see above the reach of su
illiterate Asses as your self: Alas for you! that wh
you call Drunkenness and Extravagancy, I can make a
pear is the better part of Man; his very Life and So
it is to Converse with such Men that are airy and bris
those Men are full of Wit, Reason and Right Understan
ing: We, over two or three Bottles of brisk Wine, c
compass round the spacious Earth, or when we p
can give a Reason how to fathom the deep Gulf of t
Red Sea; or Soar aloft with Reason, and sound Judg
ment, and take a View of those Heavenly Constellation
taking the Circumference of the broad-fac'd Sun, a
track his pale-fac'd Sister in her Nightly Paths, a
give the substantial Grounds of her Monthly Mutabilit
taking the exact Magnitude of every Star, and tell y
which are fixed Planets, and which are moveable
calling them all familiarly by their Names. This
such Drinkers can perform and more, which should I na
you would think me mad indeed: And but only th
you are my Elder Brother, I should scarce forbear to c
you Fop, or Fool, who envy at those who practice th
which your shallow Brains are never able to attain t
but just like a Carrier's Horse, you have but one pa
a softly jogging on in the self-same Road which y
have trod in, ever since your Infancy: Neither will y
be put out of your Road nor Pace, but will continue
the old rate in spite of Reason and Discretion, who a
your utter Enemies, insomuch that you cannot abide the
but hate them with a perfect Hatred, nor will y
suffer them to come within your Doors. Oh blind Stu
pidity! 'tis well my Father left thee a good Estate, e
hadst thou been left to live by thy Wits, I am sure th
must have starved the first Week after his Decease
but he was a wise Man that did foresee those Infirmi-
ties

ins that you was born to, and ſo prevented Poverty from ming to thy Doors; yet thou with fear of Want canſt rcely reſt, and without Cauſe doſt thou pinch thy ſelf d thy Family, not having Wit enough to know one half that Eſtate which thou haſt left thee, nor how to make e beſt uſe of it; that ſo thou wilt miſerably live to thy wn End, though indeed thou canſt not want. Prithee, rother, let me adviſe thee to leave thy babling, in pretend-g to give me Counſel, and I think the better way will be come and live with me, or let me come and live with n, and leave but the Management of thy Eſtate to my poſing, I'll warrant thee we will live like Princes, and ver want any thing elſe that Money can obtain: and is I am ſure will be the beſt way for thee to live at con-nt, for now I know you live in fear; thus wiſhing that u would take my Counſel, is all at preſent from

Your Jovial Brother,

R. K

A Letter ſent from a London *Quaker to one of his Country Brethren.*

Friend George,

N the breathings forth of the Spirit I write unto thee, to let thee know, that bleſſed be the God all Power, I and my Family, with the reſt of our r Brothers and Siſters of thy Acquaintance are in nd and perfect Health, and do enjoy our Meet-s with Peace and Quietneſs, free from the diſtur-ce of the Enemy; our Aſſemblies do encreaſe eedingly: Our Friend *John* has been much with of late, being wonderfully carried forth in the iſtry to the Converſion of many Infidels; thou oweſt that he is a precious Heart, and in the Spi-of Meekneſs doth overcome their perverſe Na-

tures

tures: Salute me to our dear Friend, thy Wife; po
innocent Soul! my Bowels do yearn towards her, a
verily I have a great Affection for her; she i
pretty Lamb, and I long to visit her, for truly t
last Kindness which she shewed unto me when she
last in Town, cannot, nay must not be forgot;
thee, dear Friend, send her to Town again, an
shall be very free to entertain her, who am,

Thine in the Lord,

A

The Country Quaker's Answer.

Dear *Abraham*,

I Am rejoyced at these Tydings which thou hast sent in thy sweet Epistle, for it is a great Refreshing my inward Parts to hear of the Welfare of our Fri and Brethren, with our Holy Sisters; but more-especi I do rejoyce, that Truth encreaseth so much amongst I know our Friend John *is very powerful in the M stry, and verily we want him much amongst us, ha not seen him this six Months; insomuch that the Sis hood about us do bewail his Absence thus long; for thou knowest are often troubled with Failings, and to be strengthened daily with powerful Men: Howe I know he cannot come until the Lord doth send and then he will not tarry: I question not, be* George, *thy Kindness to my Wife, for she indeed signified so much to me, and does speak of coming u* London *within Six Days. Salute me to thy Wife Family, and to the rest of our Friends; and that is a present from*

Thy Brother in the Lord,

G.

A

A Letter of Excuſe.

Sir,

I Muſt beg your pardon that I could not be ſo good as my word in waiting on you yeſterday, for an extraordinary Buſineſs of great Importance fell out juſt as I was coming to you, and prevented me of the great Happineſs of ſeeing you, and enjoying your good Company: however, I know your good Nature will forgive what I could not perform, and on that rely, giving my ſelf an Aſſurance of a Smile and not a Frown when I ſee you next, which ſhall be the very firſt Opportunity I can ſteal from my urgent Affairs, having no greater Felicity than to be in your good Company, and do take it as a great Favour that my unworthy preſence is thought acceptable to a Perſon of ſo great Honour and Worth as your ſelf, but that is your Humility to condeſcend to my undeſerts. But leſt I ſhould ſeem to be too prolix and tedious in making my Apology, I for this time humbly deſiſt, and write my ſelf,

Your humble Servitor,

R. C.

The Gentleman's Anſwer.

Kind Sir,

YOu need not have given your ſelf the trouble to make Apology for your not coming to me according to your promiſe, for I have had too large an Experience of your Love and Friendſhip towards me, to believe that any frivolous Concerns could have detained you from making good your Word: neither am I ſo injudicious, but that I know full well that Buſineſs muſt not be neglected

neglected to visit Friends, nor would I be so injurio
to your Interest, to disoblige or hinder you from pro
cuting your earnest Affairs, though I must confess tha
take a great Delight in your Company; therefore I d
of you to be so kind to me, as to let me enjoy you
often as Conveniency will permit and give leave: I d
sign next Wednesday, *if Health continue, to go do*
to my Country-House and Hunt a Buck; and if you ha
Leisure from your own Occasions, pray favour me wi
your pleasant Society: Your Welcome, I hope, you w
not question from

Your Loving Friend,

T.

A Letter sent to a Gentleman in way of Petition.

Honoured Sir,

AMongst the rest of your Charitable Acts a Deeds, I humbly beg that you would be ple sed to grant me one small Boon, and for ever ma me happy, and obliged to pray for you; which that you would accept of me your unworthy Se vant so well, that I may succeed my Father in th Office, which whilst he was living did enjoy, w is now dead and buried: And I question not, b that I shall officiate and behave my self so well, th you shall not hereafter repent you, that you Countenance and shew me any Kindness in t Matter, but with all Humility I shall carry my s obliging towards you and the rest of those wort Gentlemen that are therein concerned. I know, S that it lies in your power to stand my Friend in t Business, and I hope you will be pleased to think capable of what I make my Request to you fo being Brought up and Educated under my F

th

ber in the ſame way: my Induſtry and Diligence with humble Gratitude ſhall ever attend you, whilſt am, Sir,

Your Servant in all thankful Acknowledgment,

P. Q.

The Gentleman's Anſwer.

Honeſt *Peter*,

Am very ſorry to hear of your Father's Death, the laſt time that he and I were together, truly I little ought or imagin'd that he was ſo nigh his End; though muſt confeſs that he was pretty well ſtricken in Years: ou may aſſure your ſelf, that for his ſake and your own ſo, I will do you any Kindneſs that lies in my Power; d though the Management of this Concern does not olly depend on my ſingle Choice and Approbation, there ing ſeveral other Gentlemen you know which are equal- concerned with me in the ſame Buſineſs, yet I do not eſtion in the leaſt, but that they will freely condeſcend my Propoſitions in your behalf; therefore reſt your ſelf emed for a while, and doubt not but that you may ceed your Father in this place; and when we meet to- her, you may be confirmed according to your Deſire. more at preſent, but remain

Your aſſured Friend,

R. S.

A Letter from a Gentleman to a Country School-mas[ter] concerning putting his Son to School with him.

Worthy Sir,

ALthough I have not had the Happineſs as y[et] to be well acquainted with you, yet yo[ur] Good Works have render'd you famous to my Opi[n]on, having partly underſtood ſome of your Exc[el]lent Qualifications in Educating Youth by ſome of m[y] near Neighbours, who have been concerned wi[th] you, by committing their Children to your Tuiti[on] and Government; which by evident Examples y[ou] have demonſtrated, that you have taken no ſm[all] Pains and Care in order to their Benefits; for I fi[nd] they have made a good Proficiency, conſidering th[eir] Time and Age: I have a Son, Sir, about Ten Ye[ars] of Age, that I intend to commit to your Charge v[e]ry ſuddenly, therefore I would deſire you to gove[rn] him according as you ſhall find him well or ill diſp[o]ſed, not with too much Severity, nor too much L[e]nity, and I ſhall be willing to anſwer any reaſonab[le] Demands as you ſhall deſire, both for his Board a[nd] Schooling; pray ſend me word if you pleaſe to a[c]cept of him, and I will ſpeedily come down alo[ng] with him, who am

Your Servant unknown,

J.

The Anſwer.

Sir,

I *Muſt confeſs you are a Stranger to me, nevertheleſs I am bound by the Rules of Civility to give you Tha[nks] for your good Opinion of me: However, I hope if you* c[ome]

ever make trial of what you have hitherto but only had by Reports, that I shall make good that Character which your Neighbours have given to your own Satisfaction and Belief. If you please to bring your Son down to me, Sir, I shall be very careful of him, as I am of all others which I take in hand, and I doubt not in the least, but that we shall quickly agree upon Terms: I have Conveniency enough to entertain him, and we live in a very good wholsome Air; I never had a Boy that lodged in my House return home sick since I kept School, which is now about Sixteen Years since; Yet I have entertained many good Mens Sons: As for his Disposition, I shall soon learn and find out what Temper he is of, and accordingly shall have an Eye towards him. Thus, till I see you, Sir, I remain

Yours in reasonable Service,

W. K.

A Letter to a Gentlewoman with a Ring sent as a Token.

Fairest of Creatures,

Here present you with the true Emblem of my Love. It is a Ring which represents my Love to you is endless, that though you frown upon me and seem to slight my proffered Services, yet still my Love endures as firm as at the first; neither can all your angry Denials to my long-continued Suit alter or change my loving Resolution. This Ring is Gold, the purest of all Metals, which signifies (if that you please to take it so) that my Love is pure, and the purest of all Love; not tainted nor corrupted with any Thoughts of Worldly Interest, but 'tis your Love alone, Madam, that I ask: How can you be so Cruel to your Adorer? one that takes no Delight in any

Creature living, but your ſelf. I dare not call yo
unkind, nor ſpeak the leaſt ill thing againſt you, fo
my Love is ſo great, that I cannot call your Diſda
Unworthineſs. Let Pity move you to Compaſſio
which if I find, I ſhall not doubt but that I ſha
quickly be a Conqueror; till then I reſtleſs live

The Object of your Scorn,

N. L

Her Anſwer.

Sir,

IF that you count it any Happineſs to be Beloved of m
ſo mean as I am, who hitherto have held you in Diſda
and laugh'd at all your Diſcontent with Scorn: Then bl
that happy Hour when you did buy that Ring you ſe
me for a Token; not for the Value of the Ring I L
you, but thoſe your kind Expreſſions which you writ
me in your laſt Letter, have moved my Heart to Pity
You then now may aſſure your ſelf a Conqueror; f
I do pity you, and not only ſo, but I love you too for y
true Conſtancy: Had you been Fickle, and had took D
nial in a ſhort time, I never would have granted you w
now I do. Then now be comforted, my Love, and caſt
Sorrow from thy Heart, for I am thine, and will be
my Death. Think not of any thing that has formerly paſ
between us, for I will love thee the better for the t
to come; and when you pleaſe to come and viſit me, y
ſhall be welcome to her, who is

Your Affectionate Lover,

J.

A L

A Letter ſent to a Gentleman as a Challenge.

Sir,

YOu may take notice, firſt of the Affront you gave me when we were laſt together; and ſecondly, that I am not of ſo mean and low a Spirit to paſs by thoſe your rude Actions without taking juſt Revenge according to the Offence: Therefore you being all Man laſt Night, I hope will not prove your ſelf to be leſs to Morrow Morning, about Four of the Clock in *Lamb*'s-Conduit Fields, with your Sword in your hand, where we will end the Diſpute which you contend about; but if you refuſe to meet me at the place and time which I have appointed, I ſhall poſt you up about the Town for an inconſiderable Fool and ſcandalous Coward, and ſhall make my ſelf Satisfaction ſome other way. This from

Your preſent Enemy, and diſobliged Friend,

F. D.

The Anſwer.

Good Mr. Huff,

WHat! Is that little Spark of Courage which has lain aſleep ever ſince you was born awakened now at laſt? In troth, I am very glad that I gave you occaſion laſt Night to rouze it up this Morning; but truly had I thought that you durſt have been ſo valiant as to have taken notice of what I had ſaid, I would have ſpoke ten times more to you than what I did: I will be ſure to meet your outragious Self at the Place aforeſaid, and inſtead of my Sword I ſhall only make uſe of my Scabbard, and bang your Sides ſufficiently, ſending you crying home to your Wife, juſt as you uſed to do when

you saw a couple of Mastiff Dogs fighting in the Street hard by your own Door, I scorn to defile my Sword with such cowardly Blood as thine is, but shall rather satisfie my self in giving thee a good sufficient Beating. This from

Your Derider,

S. N.

A Letter from one desiring his Friend to acquaint him with what News is stirring.

Kind Friend,

KNowing that your Affairs in the World are of no small Importance, and that you negotiating your self with Men of Foreign as well as Domestick Business, cannot but be acquainted with all the News that is stirring, both at home and also at places more remote: I should be glad to have some small Satisfaction from you by a Weekly Letter; if you would give your self the Trouble of writing, I would be at what Charge they should cost you in sending them, that I might a little please my self in hearing what Transactions happen on this our Earthly Globe of Mortality. For in our Countrey we hear no News, except perhaps I hear that our Neighbour *Prattle*'s Daughter's Belly begins to swell by eating too many Pease-pottage, or else some body has prick'd her there; or else at present we know not what. This, and the like Stories, is all our Divertisement. No more, but remain

Yours, expecting to hear from you,

R. T.

The

The Answer.

Good Cousin,

I Must humbly beg your Pardon for my long Silence, and now at length of writing upon such an insignificant Account as I now have done: Had there been any thing of News abroad worth the relating, and had it come to my Ears, I would have been sure to have made you acquainted with it e're this: As for Foreign Businesses and Affairs of State, I hear no noise, God be thanked; the Universe of Mankind is hushed into a quiet Peace for ought I hear, and Trading flourishes indifferent well amongst ingenious Men and good Husbands; but bad Husbands will always be finding fault of the Badness of Trade, when it is their Extravagancies which makes them sink and decline in the World. As for the News which you tell me concerning your Neighbours Daughter, I think it is almost universal; for young Maidens now-a-days are often troubled with such Swellings, but it seldom lasts them above Nine Months, and then it assuages again, insomuch that we scarcely take any notice of such-like Distempers: Now of late I may inform you this much, That the Building of St. Paul's *Cathedral in* London *goes on most expeditiously, and I am apt to think will be accomplished a great deal sooner than most Men could imagine so vast a Structure could be finished. Some other News I can acquaint you with, which though it be a little Jocose, yet it is very certain, that several Men of several Minds, of several Conditions, and several Qualities, do wear the Bull's Feather upon their Heads, and yet they know not, some of them, that they wear it there; but others do, and count it a great Ornament, supposing that their Horns were Tipt with Gold; neither will they matter if their Neighbours call them Cuckold; for if they do, they'll ask them to shake*

Hands; all the difference between them being this, the one knows himself to be a Cuckold, and the other only thinks that he himself is none; and I believe you have some of this sort of Cattle in your Country. No more but I am

Yours upon all Occasions,

R. D

A Dunning Letter sent from a Creditor to his Debtor for Money.

Sir,

CONtrary to my natural Will and Inclination Necessity forces me to give you a timely Summons, that you may provide me some Money against the next Quarter-day, for I shall be very much necessitated about that time for Money, else I would not have troubled you as yet, though I ask you for nothing but what is my own: However, had I not received great Loss of late in my way of Trade, I would not have called in my Money from you, because I know it to be very secure whilst it is in your Hands; therefore pray be pleased not to take amiss these my lawful Demands, but let me have a speedy Answer from you, which may be effectual to my Desires, and I will for the time to come be always studious how I may again be Servicable to so good and sure a Friend as your self, which may assure you that whilst I live I am

Yours to the utmost of my Power,

G.

H

His Friend's kind Answer.

Kind Sir,

YOurs I received, and am very sorry to hear that you have suffered any Loss or Damage in the way of your Trade: I wish you may recover with Interest what you have lost, and am so far from being angry with you for sending for your own, that I am rather angry with you for questioning that which you might assuredly know, which was the Payment of that Money which you so kindly lent me: However, to shew my Thankfulness to you for those Favours, and my Willingness to gratifie so good a Friend, I have sent you by your Cousin all that Money which I owe you, both Interest and Principal, before the time, not knowing but that you may have a more saddain Occasion for it than you were willing to discover to me your Friend. Pray Cancel the Bond, and send it back by your Cousin; and also send me Word whether or no you shall have occasion for any more present Money; which if you have, I will be sure to furnish you with it, being ever as ready and willing to serve you, as you have been to oblige me.

R. W.

A Letter to Perswade a Friend to Marry.

Loving Friend,

IN considering your Welfare, and taking a short view into your present Concerns, I cannot but think that it is altogether inconvenient for you to lead a single Life any longer; for since you have betaken your self to House-keeping, and the ordering of a Family, I am sure that it would be very ne-

ceſſary for you to marry a Wife, whoſe Care (if ſh
perform her Duty) will be always within doors, an
ſee that thoſe Servants you keep do not waſte no
make laviſh of any Proviſion; or otherways, wh
Goods you ſhall commit to their Charge in your Ab
ſence, when you are abroad about your earneſt Co
cerns, expecting all to be well and carefully min
ed at home: But, alas! you may be miſtaken in
Houſe-keeper or Servant-Maid, for they oftentime
do combine and have ſelf-concerns with the Appre
tice, to the great Detriment and almoſt-Ruine of ſ
veral young Men like your ſelf, who have put Co
fidence in them: This as the Firſt and no ſmall A
gument I bring to diſſwade you from living ſingl
and to perſwade you to betake your ſelf to a Wife
The next Reaſon is this, which you muſt pardon, b
cauſe it is not ſpoken particularly concerning you
neither does it exclude you, but it may be very pr
perly attributed to any ſingle Man which is
Houſe-keeper: Suppoſe then this, That a youn
Man as you are, does at ſome time or other meet wit
ſome of his good Friends or former Companions a
broad as he is walking about his lawful Occaſion, ap
being glad to ſee each other, you cannot well par
without drinking a Glaſs or two of Wine together
thereby to ſignifie your mutual Loves and Friendſhi
which you mutually do owe, and having ſate a whil
in the Tavern, one Bottle many times begets two o
three, or may be more, and ſtill loth to part, till i
oftentimes is ſeen that the Wine doth predominat
over your Reaſons at that time, and you ſtay late
being elevated with thoſe charming Liquors, you a
length return home, and having no body to Enter-
tain you there but your Servant-Maid, it may be in
that humour (though not in the leaſt inclined to it
another time) you begin to be familiar with your

Maid

Maid, (and ſo familiar as is unſeemly for me to name, though you may gueſs my meaning.) This Maid, perchance, tho' honeſt heretofore, yet conſidering that you are her Maſter, and ſhe but of a low degree or quality, contrary to her natural cuſtom, may ſubmit her ſelf, and willingly condeſcend to what you ſhall earneſtly deſire to enjoy; which being granted you, on the Morrow, when 'tis too late, repent you of the Fact, and may perchance be brought to open Shame quickly after for ſuch your Deed as you have committed, or elſe forc'd to marry her whom you have already ſtrumpeted. This cautionally I adviſe you of, not that I know you in the leaſt guilty, but I am ſure a good Wife (of which ſort there are many) would prevent all theſe Miſcarriages of Youth, and be a great Comfort to you both Night and Day; therefore pray take my Counſel, and think ne'er the worſe of him who cordially is

Your real Friend,

W. P.

His Friend's Anſwer.

Loving Friend,

I Am apt to think you ſpeak experimentally as concerning youthful Vanities and Frailties: However, I muſt confeſs your Advice is good, and I ſhould be ungrateful if I ſhould not return you hearty Thanks for ſo good Admoniſion; but yet I muſt alſo let you know, that I am not guilty of thoſe Tranſgreſſions which you forewarn me of: for I ſeldom am long out of my Shop, but if I ſhould, the Apprentice could not wrong me much, for I take a narrow Inſpection into all my Concerns, that I ſhould ſoon miſs any particular Parſel that ſhould by any means be miſcarried; and as for being overcome with

with Wine, I think I never was beyond the Bounds
Reason; but were I never so much addicted to Drink
I should never be over-kind to my Maid; for to prev
that Danger, I keep one that is well stricken in Years,
so deformed, that she is a perfect Antidote against Lec
ry: However, I shall not tie my self from Marria
could I meet with a young Woman that was suitable
agreeable to my Condition and Temper, descended of
nest Parentage, and reputed to be a Vertuous, Civil,
Honest Virgin, and one that after Marriage would
defile my Bed, neither had she in her single Condi
stained her Virginity, by yielding her Body to be spo
with any lascivious Companions, but had behaved
self, in all her youthful Days, unspotted, according to
strictest Rules of Modesty: With such a one, if I co
meet, I say, it should be the first thing I undertook
marry with her; but truly there are so many that I
miscarry when they marry, that I am something fear
how I tye my self for Term of Life, to that thing wh
for ought I know, may be my perpetual Ruine; but
you used to tell me, that I must venture, For Nothi
venture, Nothing enjoy, I am therefore resolved, e
long, to take your Counsel, and good Example, w
am

Yours as my own,

R. L

A Le

A Letter complaining of ſuch long Silence in his Friend's writing no oftener to him.

Loving Friend,

WHen I conſider the Ability and Strength of your Fancy, together with the Dexterity of your Pen in writing; as alſo the Benefit and Advantage I reap and receive in reading your Learned and Well-compoſed Epiſtles: I can do no leſs but blame you for not writing oftner to your Friend. I am ſure and very confident that it cannot be in the leaſt Burthenſome to you to take Pen in Hand, and write to me ſome few Lines, that I may hear of your Welfare, which would be very great joy and comfort to your faithful Friend, and a Recreation to your ready Muſe: I know not wherein I have offended you, or acted any unworthy action towards you, that you ſhould ſlack your Hand from Writing; but if you will let me know my Fault, I will endeavour to make Satisfaction for my Mildemeanour. Thus deſiring to hear from you, I am

Yours in expectation,

W. N.

The Anſwer.

Dear Friend,

YOu muſt Pardon my long forc'd Silence in Letters, for I have been ſorrowfully employed another way: It hath pleaſed God to viſit my poor Family with great and heavy Sickneſs; inſomuch that I have buried two of my Children, the Eldeſt and the Youngeſt, and my Wife now lies deſperately Sick of a Fever; whether ſhe may eſcape or no, I cannot tell, for ſhe

is

is very weak: you might imagine that some extraordinary Business or other had befallen me, else I should not have been so long in silence from so good a Friend as your self. I hope you will not question the continuation of my wonted custom of writing to you, so soon as it shall please God to blow away these storms of Afflictions that hang over our House thus long, and cause a Sun-shine once again to appear; for be assured that I am

Yours, till Time's Hour-glass is run out,

J. M

A cunning Letter sent to a crafty Friend, to borrow Money.

Kind Sir,

YOur obliging Qualities have ever been so great and manifold to me, who have never merited the least Favour from you, that your Goodness makes me presume once more to beg a Kindness of you; which is, that you would lend me Ten Pounds between this and *Thursday* next, and accept of my own Bond for your Security but for Three Months time, and you shall then be sure to be repaid it with the Interest as shall be then due, and my humble Thanks shall ever requite you with this Friendly Assurance, That if ever you should stand in need of the same Kindness, though your demands should be Ten times more, that I shall be proud in obliging you on the same Terms: Your answer by this Bearer, if without Excuses, will be my present Satisfaction; and my study for the future shall be for a Requital.

Your Faithful Friend to serve you,

R. N.

Hi

His Friend's Answer.

Kind Sir,

I Am very sorry that I cannot oblige you according to your Expectation, for at present I have not so much Money to spare by me, nor shall not have any such Summ within that time as you have mentioned; you seldom could have asked me at such a time, for seldom it is that I am unprovided of so small a quantity, and if I had it, you may assure your self that I would make no denial of it to so good a Friend as you are, and have been to me, but should be glad that I could oblige you in any thing whatsoever; therefore pray let me beg of you not to take it unkindly; for it is my nature, and ought to be the free Disposition of every generous Soul, to communicate his Assistance to his Friend in every Respect, to the utmost of his Power: But these your present Demands (laying aside all formal Excuses and flattering Compliments) are beyond the reach of my Capacity: However, I will subscribe my self, Sir,

Your assured and faithful Friend,

S. D.

A Letter to his angry Sweetheart.

My Love,

YOur Frowns have so eclipsed my wonted Comfort and Consolation, that without the speedy Sun-shine of your Smiles, my future Hopes which I promised my self, will be utterly blasted; you know you have my Heart, and all that ever I could call my own at your disposing: Therefore let me beg of you to be kind before it be too late, left certainly you

you hear that I died through your Neglect and Cru
ties, who am

Your Afflicted Lover,

M.

Her Short, but Loving Answer.

Sir,

I *Fancy when you wrote to me last you were in a Dre*
or else not throughly awake; for how can you tax
with unkindness, that have no pleasure but in your C
tent and Comfort: If you have undergone any Sorrow
your own Imagination, I am very sorry for it; for,
assure you, my Heart participates of all your Troub
Your Love to me I mutually accept, giving you mine ag
with this Assurance, that I am

Yours, without Dissimulation, whilst

S. G

A Letter upon the Delay of a Courtesie desired.

Kind Sir,

AMong the rest of my Friends you have ha
no small share of my good Esteem; therefo
I thought you would have had greater Care in pre
serving your Promise, and not have dealt so disinge
nuously with me, who have been always so ready t
serve you. Pray let me desire you not to feed m
any longer with fair Words, but let Performance
speak your Mind, or frustrate my Hopes by a fl
Denial.

Your Dissatisfied Friend,

M.

The Answer.

Sir,

YOur Friendship, I must confess, hath been variously shewn to me, for which I must give you abundance of Thanks: Pray call not my Delays, Uncivilities nor Forgetfulness; for believe me, Sir, my Promises which made you, shall be speedily performed according to your desire, and the best of my Power: And instead of justifying my self, I beg your Pardon for Non-performance, hoping 'twill be granted by your worthy self.

Yours,

D. F.

A Letter of Counsel from a Father to his Son.

Dear Child,

I Have heard that you are given to Alchymistry, which is a great Charge to many, but profiteth few; employ your time so, that you may not lose by the Bargain. What a Grief it is to want, I pray God you may never know; therefore eschew Prodigality, which quickly makes a poor Man. I have sent you Twenty Pounds, I hope you will make good use of it; and when you need more, send to me for it: after the Term, the Vacation will call you into the Country, where, knowing your Father's House, you may make your own Welcome; you must not from me expect a flattering Welcome, nor take it unkindly that I forewarn you of what may prove to your Prejudice. Above all things, Serve God, and keep a clear Conscience towards all Men. Converse not with Fools; for in so doing you will lose your Time. Beware of Drunkenness; for it is a Beastly Humour. Take heed of

of Knaves, for they are much to be feared. All which my Advice if you purſue, you may expect God's Bleſſing; which is

Your Father's Prayers,

H. D.

The Son's Dutiful Anſwer.

Honoured Father,

AS touching the Study of Alchymiſtry, I have heard much, but believe little: However, I will not waſte your Lands to make a new Metal. I know it is not long to the next Vacation; which being come, I will not be long from you, and if at my coming I find you well, that ſhall be my beſt welcome: As I will not flatter my ſelf with your Love, ſo I cannot but joy in your Kindneſs, whoſe careful Counſel I will lock up in my Heart as my beſt Jewel; for to ſerve God is the Duty of every Chriſtian, and no longer let me live than in the Care of that Comfort; as for Fools they cannot underſtand me, and Knaves ſhall not trouble me; as for Drunkenneſs, never doubt me, for it is a thing moſt loathſome in my Nature; as for your Money, I humbly thank you, and I hope to beſtow it according to your good liking. Thus, with my Prayers for your long Life, Health and Happineſs, I remain

Your dutiful Son till Death,

H. D.

A merry Letter, after the old Faſhion, ſent to a Maid.

Dear Joan,

AFter my Love remembred unto you, truſting in God that you are in good health, as I was at this preſent writing, with my Father and Mo-

ther.

ther, and my Brothers and Sisters, and Uncles and Aunts, and the rest of my good Friends, thanks be to God for it. The cause of my writing to you at this time is, That I hear, *Joan*, since my coming from *Thetford*, when you know what Talk we had together there at the Sign of the *Horns*, and how you did give me your hand, and swear that you would not forsake me for all the World; and how you made me buy you a Ring and a Heart that cost me Two and twenty Pence, and I left them with you, and you gave me a Napkin to wear in my Hat, and a small Feather, I thank you, which I will wear to my Dying-day; and marvel, if it be true as I hear, that you have altered your Mind, and are made sure to my Neighbour *Pigsny*'s Son: Truly, *Joan*, you do not well in so doing, and God will plague you for it; and I hope I shall live well enough if I never have you, for there are more Maids in the World besides you, *Joan*; and truly I count my self worth the whistling after: I am sure there are some young Maids about us will accept of me, and be glad to leap at me, to have such Honey-Kisses, *Joan*, as I used to give you; therefore be not so high and so proud, *Joan*, and so scornful; for if you will have none of me, I will have none of you, but will be as stout and as coy as any handsome Maid in *England*; for you know my old Grandsire has left my Father good House and Land, and my Father will give it to me his own Son, I am sure; and therefore praying you to write me your Answer by this Bearer, my Friend, touching the Truth of all how it stands with you, I commit you to God.

From Willow-Green,
the 11. May 11. 1675. *F. S.*

Joan's

Joan's Answer.

INdeed, sweet John, *I did not expect such a Letter from your Hands; I would have you to know I scorn it. Have I got my Father's and Mother's Ill-will for you, to be so used at your Hands! I perceive, and if you be jealous already, you would be somewhat another Day: I am glad I find you so, that you can believe any thing of me; but it is no matter: I care not, send me my Nag and you shall have your Ring and your Heart; for I have enough, if I never see you more; for there are more Batchelors than* John, *and my Penny is as good Silver as yours; and seeing you are so stout, e'en put up your Pipes, for I will have no more to do with you, and so unsaying all that ever hath been said betwixt us, pray make your Choice where you list, for I know where to be beloved, and so farewell.*

A Letter from a Father to a Son at the University.

Dear Son,

I Am sorry to tell thee, That I hear thy Diligence doth not answer my Desire, and I would gladly wish it otherwise; but I hope a kind Admonition will suffice to work on good Nature, and therefore will rather hope the best, than doubt the contrary; and in the love of a Father, let me entreat thee to avoid the Company of a lewd Fellow, as rather an Enemy than a Friend. The Feminine Sex are dangerous to affect; for as they will be a loss of time, so, with hindrance of Study, they will produce Expence. The Exercise of thy Body I admit for thy Health, but let thy Love be in thy Learning, else wilt thou never

ever be a good Scholar; for Desire and Delight are the best Masters both of Art and Knowledge, whilst vertuous Reason makes Understanding gracious: Therefore, not out of the bitter Humour of displeasure, but the careful nature of Affection, I write unto thee for your own Good; and as nothing can joy the Heart of a Father more than the Obedience of a loving Child, so can there be nothing more grievous than the stubborn Spirit of an ungracious Son: I speak this to thee, knowing thy Years and Understanding able to digest the Consideration of my Desire, which, in sum, is my Joy in thy Good. For let me tell thee, my Estate thou knowest, and how much I have strained my Credit for thy Advancement; to which, Learning being a speedy and an assured good Means, I would be glad to see my Comfort in thy Profit, in such Fruits of thy Study, as, with the Blessing of God, may hasten thy Preferment. Therefore be industrious and diligent for thy own Benefit, and thou shalt not want a Father's Encouragement to the very utmost of his Ability. Thus praying to God for thee, whom I beseech daily to bless thee, with my Heart's Love to the Lord's Blessing, I leave thee, who am

Thy Loving Father,

S. D.

The Son's Answer.

Loving Father,

After the Bands of humble Duty, my good Father, I have received your most kind and loving Letter; in which, how much Joy I have received, I cannot express, fearing rather your sharp rebuke than loving Admonition; but God himself, who can and doth work more in some Natures

Natures with a kind chiding, than in others with m
Stripes. I know you are not ignorant of the Inclina
of Youth, and therefore thus kindly touch the Hur
Unheedfulness, for which how much I do humbly th
you, I hope the Care of your Counsel, in time, shall p
singly tell you; therefore, for what Ill you have he
grieve not; and of the Good you may hear, doubt
but believe me; for I will not abuse your Trust, what
Vanity soever I have seemed to affect: My Book h
been the Mistress of my Love, in which how much I
labour, and from which, what Profit I will ga
your Hope shall see in the effect of God's Blessing; wi
out the which, how dangerous are many Studies to
Understandings of ungracious Spirits! I would it w
not known in any, and I pray God that none may k
it in me. My Preferment I leave to God's Pleas
who best knows how to dispose of his Servants, and
your Contentment, that it may be in my Obedience. Y
Health, as the World's Happiness, I pray for; mine o
moderate Exercise, with abstinence from Excess, do
with God's Blessing, hold me in good state. And for t
Feminine Sex (though I would be no Hypocrite) I h
rather read of them than be acquainted with them, for
allow of your Opinion touching them. Thus hoping
e're long, that you will receive as much Content of m
Courses, as you have ever doubted the contrary; in t
Duty of my humble Love I take my leave for this tim
but rest always

Your Dutiful Son,

S.

A Drugg

A Daughter's Letter to a Mother.

Honoured Mother,

I Muſt acknowledge, in all Duty, that your care of me hath been ſo great, that my Prayers ſhall ever petition Heaven for your Long Life and Happineſs, and will always move in Obedience to your Commands: I have no other ways to expreſs my filial Duty and Love, but by conforming my ſelf in all Things to your Commands; and I ſhall think all the Endeavours of my Life well beſtowed, to gain your Bleſſing and Love which I have hitherto enjoyed: Let me beſeech therefore, and beg of you, that there may be a Continuation of your kind Love and good Affection towards me, and I will endeavour, all the Days of my Life, more and more continually to Ingratiate my ſelf into your Favour, whilſt I am

Your Obedient and Dutiful Daughter,

J. P.

The Mother's Kind Anſwer.

My Dear Child,

I *Received thy Kind and Dutiful Letter, which was no ſmall Comfort to me; pray God continue thy Duty and Obedience to thy Loving Mother; and if thou doſt Fear Him, I am ſure he will incline thy Heart to Wiſdom, which is, To Fear the Lord and to Honour thy Parents with humble Reverence, and will be the only way to Prolong thy Days on Earth; and after Death hath ſeized upon thy Body, and ſent thee to the Grave, yet thy Name ſhall live after Death to Immortality, and all that ever knew thee ſhall Lament thy Loſs after Death, ſaying, Thou liveaſt and didſt die a Good Woman, and a Good Chriſtian; which*

will

will be a Comfort to thy Friends that hear it, and a eternal Joy and Conſolation to thy ſelf in the World to come. Thus to the Protection of him that made thee, I recommend thee, who am

Thy Loving Mother,

J.

A Letter of Comfort to a Friend in Adverſity.

Sir,

WEakneſs is preſently Diſcomfitted when a Calamity doth befall them; but I doubt not but you are ſtrong enough to oppoſe your unfortunate Sorrows, and to make ſuch good uſe of them, that they ſhall rather confirm than diſcourage you in the way of Vertue. I know you can look upon Adverſity with an Eye of Conſideration, diſcerning therein the Hand of Providence: Look to then, and ſee from whence all Troubles do ariſe; there is a Bleſſing annexed to them, if they be ſuffered with Patience; your Vertue that ſtands inward may now be made apparent to the World, in bearing your Sorrow, Miſery, or any Worldly Affliction which refine good Men to a greater Perfection: I know you need not my Counſel, being ſtrong in your ſelf; yet pardon my Love, my Compaſſion, and my Counſel, and accept them from

Yours, bound to ſerve you,

N. C.

The Answer.

Kind Sir,

Like as the Rain doth fall from a wandring Traveller when he comes dropping in, even so at the Receipt of your kind and cordial Letter I felt my Sorrows waste and vanish from me, being presently refreshed by your good Counsel; and all my Sorrow is in this my Adversity that I have nothing to requite your Love withal, but the poor and slender Payment of Thanks. It is common with others, whom we reckon in the number of Friends, to fall off, when they see their Friends is fallen into any Calamity; but such are no more to be accounted of, than the flattering Shadow that walks before us in the Sun-shine, whilst your Love being built on the constant Foundation of your Goodness, cannot be shaken with the unfortunate Chances of your Friend: In all Estates your Love doth know no Change; and this in the midst of my Troubles shall bring me store of assured Comfort, that I am blest with a Friend so faithful unto him, who is

Your Friend in the same Fidelity,

C. B.

A Letter sent to a Friend, perswading him that he was a Cuckold.

Honest Charles,

THou knowest I love thee well, and ever have done, since our first Acquaintance: In troth I am sorry that I must now write to thee about such news as I believe will be unwelcome to thee; which, to be short and plain, I hear thou art a Cuckold, whether do I ground my Belief upon the vulgar Re-

port of others that say thy Wife is a Whore, but have seen so much by her own self, that thou must needs be a Cuckold, by those Actions which I have observed by her in our Market-Town, she not thinking me to be so near her: Watch her a little more narrowly for the future, and I believe thou wilt soon be satisfied of the Truth of this matter. I do not write this to make thee Jealous without Cause, but because I would not have thee Rock the Cradle while another Man got the Bastard. This is all from

Thy Real Friend,

H.

The Answer.

Honest *Harry,*

I Must confess that thou tellest me strange News, neither is it in the least welcome to me; yet as I would not be too credulous in believing any thing that may touch or stain the Honour and Reputation of my Wife, who hath been my Bedfellow thus long, so in like manner I will not be blinded with fair Speeches, to believe her honest that is a notorious Strumpet: for, as thou sayest, Harry, by that means I may indeed Father the spurious Issue of unknown Progenitors; yet however I will not be jealous before I find a Cause; and when I have found a Cause I will not be Jealous long after; for I will watch her as warily as ever a Cat watch'd a Mouse, that she shall not stir, but I will Incognito *attend her, and then I shall quickly perceive how she behaves her self abroad; and not mistrusting of my Suspicion, will not proceed so cunningly as otherwise she might, but will continue in her wonted Course without all doubt; which if it should be in the Ways of Wickedness (as God forbid it should) I should be very sorry, and would soon separate my*

from her; and if I am a Cuckold, I am certain, Harry, *you know, and are acquainted with several others as may shake Hands with me. You know 'tis said that Cuckolds are Christians; and truly I am apt to think, that it is many an honest Man's Lot: And also many a Knave's deserved Fortune to be Cuckolded by his own Wife at home, at that very instant of time that he is Cuckolding his Neighbour abroad. As for my part,* Harry, *if it be so, it shall not much trouble me; but I am resolved to know the Truth on't: For I know thy honest Love and Kindness to me is such, that thou would'st not give me any disturbance without some Grounds; and for thy Love I give thee hearty Thanks, who am,*

Thine to my Power,

C. D.

A Fantastick Letter to a Friend, to try both his Wit and Patience.

Sir,

I Would be glad to see you for fear of losing my Eye-sight; but for hearing of you, except it be to preserve me from Deafness, I assure you it never troubles me: For when I know no Good to expect from you, I wonder what I should do with you; except to learn Ignorance out of Idleness, or to make Work to no purpose: yet for old Acquaintance, knowing this Bearer coming near you, I thought it good to tell you how well I love you: yet lest you should misconstrue my meaning, let me assure you that he which doth truly know you, will accordingly esteem you; but if you know your self, it will be the better for you: I am no Schoolmaster, and therefore will read you no Precepts, but would wish you to observe

Time's progreſs, and to hold a Friend as a Jewel, and a Fool as Loſs of Time; which if you take notice of, it will be the better for you.

Your down-right Friend,

J. L.

The Anſwer.

INdeed, Mr. Coxcomb, you have made a very learned Epiſtle, only it reliſhes of a little too much Maggot, which worked ſo ſtrongly and ſtrangely in your Lunatick Brain, that I find the effects of her labouring and toyling thus long there to be prodigious; inſomuch, that ſhe has cauſed you to write a monſtrous piece of Nonſence, which you your ſelf cannot underſtand; and there is alſo ſo much of Fool *into the Bargain, that had I not known that you were living, I ſhould have bleſs'd my ſelf to think from whence it ſhould all come: I verily believe that thou art no School-maſter, for thou never learnedſt beyond the Teſtament; and whereas thou adviſeſt me to have a care of keeping Company with Fools, I ſhall take thy Counſel in that, and be ſure to avoid Thy Company; for I am ſure in Converſing with thee I ſhall certainly loſe time, therefore I bid thee* Farewel.

R. C.

A Conceited Letter from a Country School-maſter, who thought himſelf to be a good Scholar.

Sir,

BY all the Nouns and Pronouns in the Eight Parts of Speech, if you do not ſend me up the Eight Pounds which you owe me for your young Son Mr. *Quibus* his Feeding at my Table, and Tumbling in my Sheeps Feather-bed, with a *Horum harum*

horum,

horum, I'll bring you before 'um, where *Amo amas amavi*, if you do not pay me, I am ſure they will not ſave ye; therefore I ſay *Cave*, for *per Deum* they ſhall have ye; for the Conſtable with his *Fuſtis* ſhall take you before Sir Juſtice. Sir I do not love to flatter ye, nor yet to uſe many Words; for you may remember that *Vir ſapit qui pauca loquitur*, which for fear you ſhould not underſtand, I Engliſh it thus, *That Man is wiſe that ſpeaketh few things or words.* I have done what I can for your *Juvenis*, or young Man, which you pleaſe to call him; therefore pray be Civil to me your *Ludi-Magiſter*, or School-maſter,

Rodolphus Ignoſus.

The Gentleman's Anſwer.

Good Mr. *Ignoſus*,

BE not ſo Fiery for your Money, for I think your Quarter is not out till to Morrow at Night: However, rather than you ſhould be angry, and throw your Latin about after this manner, I'll hereafter be ſure to pay you a Week before-hand; and I'll aſſure you, that you ſhall never have occaſion to have me before a Juſtice for my Money, that ſhall at any time be due to you from me for my Son's Board. However, ſince I underſtanding by you that he lies upon a Sheeps Feather-bed, which may be Engliſhed a Flock bed, let me deſire you for the future to let him lie upon a Gooſes or Hens Feather-bed. And inſtead of Vir ſapit qui pauca loquitur, *I will have it* Vir loquitur qui pauca ſapit, *which I Engliſh thus*, The Man ſpeaketh that underſtands but little; *but I do not mean you, Sir. Therefore I hope you will not be angry with him, who is*

Your Loving Friend,

E. Quibus.

A cautional Letter from a Husband to his young Wife in the Country.

Loving Wife,

NOtwithstanding the great distance that is at present betwixt our Habitations, yet the inward thoughts of my Heart and Mind are continually with you: I desire that you may be careful of your Honour and Reputation; for that once lost, which we call our Good Name, cannot easily be repair'd again: I hope you are vertuous, and so guarded with Chastity, that you are always armed against all such Temptations as may be offered to a young Woman as you are, especially having such opportunities as you have at present: However, if you do but call to mind, first how great an Offence it is, to God Almighty to Adulterate and defile your [illegible] being a Breach of the Commandment; and secondly, the great and abominable Wrong you do your Husband by such Transgressions; I am sure, upon these Considerations well weighed, you will be careful of committing any such notorious Crimes; withal assuring your self, that those which at any time do yield and prostrate themselves illegally to their lustful Desires, though they do it never so privately, even when they may think themselves secure enough, being it may be some Hundreds of Miles from their honest Husbands, who are careful all their Life to maintain them handsomely, and see that they want for nothing; those I say that do offend in such a manner, though never so obscurely, yet these Actions, like those of Murther, will at one time or other be discovered and made known: Fame flies with nimble Wings, and swiftly spreads abroad the evil Actions of every bold Offender; the very Birds will

whistle

whistle forth the Injuries the Wife commits against her honest Husband, This, my dear Love, I write, not that I am jealous, but only as a Caution for thee to take notice of, now thou art so far from me; therefore prithee be not angry with him who is

Thy Truly-loving Husband, till Death,

A. B.

Her Answer.

Sweetheart,

I Received a Letter with your Name to it, and directed to me; but sure if it came from you, it was never intended for me, but for some other Woman, but yet not satisfied that you could make such a Mistake; I, upon a second Consideration, do fear that you are fell distracted: for surely, had you that natural Sence now that you had when I departed from you, the Letter you sent would not have been directed to me, but to some Mistress or mall Harlot of yours, whose Fidelity you so much doubted and feared that she had to do with more Cullies besides your self: but to come a little closer to the Business, I partly smell out your Design when you writ that Letter, you are jealous of me, though without cause, yet fain would hide your Jealousie, under the Pretence of giving me Good Counsel: In troth, Husband, you know I am young; but not so much a Child, but I can perceive what you aim at: Alas, poor Man! what does your Head ach before you have any occasion for it? I am sorry for your Mistake; and truly, now you have put me in the Mind, how brave an Opportunity I have here in the Country to make you a Cuckold! I am like enough to take notice of it so far as to make the best use of my time, and not to let it slip; for I can judge no less but that you have got some homely Doxy or other to supply my place

during my abſence, which makes me cry out Whore ſir, but 'tis no matter for that, now I think on't Husband I will be honeſt, pray think ſo, I would fain have you think ſo, and then it will be the better for my Deſigns I mean honeſtly; indeed I do, Husband; therefore pray believe her, who is

Your Vertuous Wife,

J. B

A Letter to Invite a Friend to a Wedding.

Honeſt Ned,

MY Sweetheart and I have juſt now conſider'd on't, and have concluded together to make a jovial Wedding, and in troth I am a little in haſte too, I muſt confeſs, and know not well how to ſtay any longer; for I have ſuch pretty Thoughts come into my Mind concerning the Wedding-night, and then, *Ned!* and concerning the Sack-Poſſet, and then, *Ned!* and when the Candle is taken away, and then, *Ned!* but what then is to be done, I do but gueſs, *Ned*: But I vow and ſwear, and will take my Oath on't, that I long till that time is come, that I may know, *Ned*; and 'faith, old Soul, to make up our merry Company, I invite thee to come and ſee us joyn'd together next *Saturday*, and thou ſhalt be as Welcome as any Man in *England*: I would have it on *Saturday*, *Ned*, becauſe we may lie in Bed all Day on *Sunday*; and that's all at preſent, *Ned*, but the more is to come.

R. H.

The

The Answer.

Honest Robin,

I Perceive by your ſhort Epiſtle, that you now think your ſelf to be Man good enough to venture on a Woman, and I am glad to hear you have got one into your Mind: Faith, Bob, *in my Mind thou art much to be commended, that thou doſt not make a fooliſh, long and tedious Wooing, for that ſignifies nothing: When they have done all, they muſt take one another* for better for worſe, *as the Parſon ſays; and if it muſt be ſo, it muſt; then heigh for a Boy or a Girl the very firſt Night! for I perceive,* Bob, *that thou art a little tickled with the Thoughts of it already: By my Mack, old Boy, thou needſt not queſtion my Coming; for I am reſolved to be there, and will pick me up a Spouſe of my own if I can; if not, I proteſt and vow I'll make uſe of any one that belongs to ſome body elſe; and ſo much for that.*

Thine,

E. P.

A Letter of Farewel ſent to a Friend from one that is going a long Journey.

Kind Sir,

SInce for ſeveral Years we have been converſant together, and have held a great Correſpondency together in way of Friendſhip, and alſo Buſineſs; I could not leave my Native Country, and betake my ſelf to Travel without letting you know of my Departure, Sir, which will be the next Opportunity I can have, for Tranſporting my ſelf and Family into the *Eaſt-Indies*, and I am informed that we may have a Conveniency of Shipping within this Month;

during my abſence, which makes me cry out Whore ſir but 'tis no matter for that, now I think on't Husband I will be honeſt, pray think ſo, I would fain have y think ſo, and then it will be the better for my Deſign I mean honeſtly; indeed I do, Husband; therefore pr believe her, who is

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Thine,

E. P.

A Letter of Farewel sent to a Friend from one that is going a long Journey.

Kind Sir,

SInce for several Years we have been conversant together, and have held a great Correspondency together in way of Friendship, and also Business; I could not leave my Native Country, and betake my self to Travel without letting you know of my Departure, Sir, which will be the next Opportunity I can have, for Transporting my self and Family into the *East-Indies*, and I am informed that we may have a Conveniency of Shipping within this Month;

within which time, if I may be ſo happy as to ſee you in Town, I ſhall take it as a great Favour; if not, Sir, I humbly recommend this to your Hands, which will let you know, that I give you a Thouſand Thanks for all kind Courteſies which I have receiv'd from you; and if it pleaſe God that I return again into *England*, I will be ſure to come and wait on you my ſelf, who am

Yours in all Places whilſt,

G. R.

The Anſwer.

Dear Sir,

YOur Letter at firſt ſight did very much ſurprize me to think that I ſo ſuddenly ſhould loſe ſo good a Friend; but afterwards conſidering that your Wiſdom would prompt you to nothing but what ſhall be to your Advantage and Preferment, I thought I had no reaſon to envy at your Happineſs, or to adviſe you to the contrary. I am very ſorry that I cannot perſonally appear before you to make an humble Acknowledgement how much I am your Debtor, for all thoſe kind Favours which I have receiv'd from you, time after time; I doubt I cannot get ſo much Leiſure from my urgent Affairs in the Country, as to come and wait upon you before your Departure: However, Sir, I ſhall beg of God for your ſafe Paſſage through Neptune's *raging Waves, and that in Safety you may again return, which if I live to ſee, I'll ſtrive to be the firſt that ſhall come and kiſs your Hand, who am, Sir,*

Yours, where ever I am,

N. D.

Hon

How to Begin and End LETTERS with New Complements.

Sir,

BEing sensible of all those former Favours wherewith you have obliged me, I could do no less but make an humble Acknowledgment for those unmerited Kindnesses which you have been pleased to confer upon me.

Sir,

Since the last time I saw you, abundance of Worldly Sorrows have surrounded me; insomuch that I have been uncapable of serving my Friends, of whom I reckon you the chief.

Sir,

Whatever Tongue can express, or Heart can wish of the Welfare of any Real and Beloved Friend, I wish and desire may always attend you; but setting aside all Ceremonious Complements, these may give you to understand, &c.

Sir,

I know your Discretion to be so great, and your Love so unfeign'd, that you will not Misconstrue any Mistake that I shall make in this Letter: Therefore I shall not be so curious, as at other times I ought to be, when I write to those that are more Critical, &c.

Sir,

In considering your manifold Obligations wherewith you have obliged me, it puts me in mind how much I am your Debtor, and how unable I am at present to make you Satisfaction: Thanks is too mean a Present for so much Worthiness; yet at present, Sir, may

may ſerve to let you know, that I am not ungrateful, &c.

Sir,

If I knew which way to gratifie you for all those Favours which you have accumulated upon my undeſerts, I would not all this while have remained your Debtor, &c.

Sir,

After a Recommendation of my good Wiſhes, and my hearty Prayers for your good Health and Preſervation: theſe may certifie you that, &c.

Madam,

Your Ladyſhip, I hope, need not queſtion my Faithfulneſs in ſerving you, but ſhall ever account it the greateſt Honour that can be conferred upon me, to be reckoned amongſt the Number of your Servants, and all my Comfort will be in being obedient to your Commands, though at preſent I muſt confeſs, &c.

Madam,

If loving you be reckon'd and accounted a Crime, then I am certain that I am the greateſt Criminal in the whole World; yet I am alſo ſure, that the Wretch that loves you not muſt be a Devil, &c.

Madam,

In the freſh Remembrance of thoſe pleaſant Charms I gain'd from your reſplendent Eyes at our laſt Meeting, I take bold Courage to ſalute your Ears with theſe preſumptuous Words, that I am your Lover, &c

Sir,

Sir,

Since our last Meeting, I very well can remember your unworthiness at that time; pray forbear to say you are my Lover, for I utterly disown your Suit: your Rudeness would have blunted the Edge of my Affection, if ever I had any for you; but that is more than you ever knew, *&c.*

Madam,

The humble Adorer of your excellent Beauty hath sent these submissive Lines to kiss your fair Hands; which Kindness if you smilingly please to grant, the Author of them will presume, e're long, to wait upon you, and with bended Knees prostrate himself before so much Divinity, *&c.*

Sir,

Vain Words will not advance you to your Aim; for 'tis not Flatteries that will avail or work your ends upon her that has past the Age of Twenty: Children may be deluded with fair Speech, but riper Years do look for more substantial Performances; therefore pray desist, *&c.*

Madam,

A world of Joys and Comfort flows from every Word I ever heard you speak; from every smiling Look you ever cast upon me: Madam, Look on, and speak again, making your Slave more happy than all others.

Sweetheart,

I humbly thank you for your last Kindness when I was at your House; and if ever I live to see you again, I hope I shall make you part of Amends, *&c.*

Kind Sir,

You need not have given your self the Trouble to have writ me those Thanks for those small Civilities which you received at our House: All I can say to you, is, That you were Welcome; and if you are

pleased

pleased to think your self so, pray let us have your Company again, *&c.*

Honest Will.

'Faith you know I love you, and that is better than all the Complements in the World: Downright dealing is most acceptable among Friends, for Flatteries are fit for nothing but to please Women and Children, *&c.*

Sir,

With humble Reverence I submit my self to your Discretion, not doubting but your Goodness will order my Concerns to the best Advantage, being more capable of discerning what may stand for my future Benefit, than any other Person living; therefore I wholly condescend to what you shall determine in this matter, *&c.*

Sir,

Your Wisdom has confounded my second Thoughts, therefore I referr my self to your better judgment; and I'll assure you, that on my part there shall no more Disturbances arise, that may anyways be Prejudicial to our mutual Society hereafter, *&c.*

Sir,

You may command me upon all accounts to serve you, being always ready to communicate my Assistance to a Person so much deserving as your self; therefore write but your Will and Pleasure, and it shall be done, *&c.*

Sir,

Wit in other Men seems to be but a florid way of speaking to set forth a bad Action with the greater Lustre; but in you it shews it self with so much gravity, that every Word which flows fro my ou, appears to me to be an Oracle, *&c.*

Madam,

Madam,

Let me beseech you not to condole the Loss of your blasted Beauty, since that your better Ornament does still remain inviolable, I mean your Vertue, which is a precious Jewel lodged in your Mind, which Time decyphering Wrinkles cannot wrong, but it will abide to perpetuity, &c.

Sir,

I must confess, the gay and glorious Blossom has its first time, which lasts not long, but withers and decays, and then we expect the more substantial Fruit to follow. Youth and Beauty may flourish for a while, but Age calls out for Act on to adorn the Mind and Soul of every Man and Woman, &c.

Sir,

When first I heard of those great Disasters which have lately befallen you, I equally shared in your Misfortunes; but since 'tis gone and past, let me desire you, instead of grief and mourning, to accept my Consolation, &c.

Sir,

Every thing underneath the glorious Sun, at one time or other, must undergo and feel the sense of Sorrow; some have a larger Portion than the rest; and none can truly say they live in quiet, but those that do enjoy a contented Mind, &c.

Sir,

Suppose I angry was at your Abuse; 'twas not only that you were Injurious to me, but that I might thereby let you see your own Folly, which being known, I hope you will amend, &c.

Madam,

Let me beg of you to be free, and not conceal the Love you bear my Friend any longer: for if Love have not its natural course and vent, like to the Flames of fire, which being suppress'd, may breathe and smother

ſmother undiſcovered for a time; but when it once breaks forth, it burns more fiercer, &c.

Madam,

You know your powerful Charms have no Reſiſtance, then be not Cruel when none dared contend; but when you find an Oppoſition to your Will, then uſe what Severity ſhall beſt become your Sex, &c.

Madam,

Nature has curiouſly framed your outward Shape beyond the Parallel of your Fellow-Creatures; then do not ſtrive to ſtain what ſhe hath made by an immodeſt and unſeemly Action: You know how Unkind you have been, &c.

Madam,

You have Honoured me ſo far, that it is beyond all Expreſſion: My Obedience to your Will ſhall be my preſent Acknowledgment; and for the future I will be ſure to hearken to your Command.

Sir,

You have tied me ſo ſtrong in the Bonds of True Affection, that they are impregnable to Envy to fall, though I know I have ſeveral Enemies abroad in this malicious World, that would be glad to cauſe a Separation of our Friendſhip; but it is beyond their Power, I now muſt tell you, Sir, &c.

Sir,

Let me beg of you once more to make us Happy with your good Company at *London*, where you ſhall find you are Welcome by your Freedom, and we ſhall know your Acceptance by your Continuance, &c.

Sir,

Your Letter I received, and am glad to hear of your Welfare: As touching the Buſineſs which you have commanded me to effect, it ſhall be done according to your Content; therefore reſt your ſelf ſatisfied with my Reality, &c.

Sir,

Sir,

Few Words among Friends are best: As for what you have heard, keep to your self; for it is very dangerous to be a Meddler in those Cases. I have other Business to Acquaint you with, *&c.*

Sir,

My humble Service I present to you and your Bed-fellow, wishing you True Joy, Long Life, and Health in this World, and Everlasting Joys in the World to come. We are all Well at present, I bless God: I would desire you to send, *&c.*

Sweet Sir,

I admire that I have never seen you all this while: I hope my Looks did not 'fright you when you were with at our House: If some of your Quality had but half the Invitation as I have given you, I should have seen them often in this time; but 'tis no matter, *&c.*

Ah, Madam!

Impute not my so long Absence to be any Neglect of mine; for had I been at my own disposing, I would scarcely have been ever from you; but Sickness, *&c.*

Madam,

If Love be Blind, as some Men say he is, I wonder how he come to hit my Heart so right: He has Wounded me, and 'twas in darkness too; and so, that none but you alone can Cure, *&c.*

Sir,

I wonder why so many young Men talk of *Cupid*, and his feather'd Darts that Wounds their Breasts, and yet they know not when. In my Opinion they are much mistaken; for Love proceeds at first from each others Eyes; and after that, want of Enjoyment of a Beauty once seen, may cause a kind of troublesome Passion to arise; and this is my Belief concerning Love.

Sir,

Sir,

Let me desire you, as you love your self, to fly from this infected Place, where nothing but Murthers and Rapes are daily threatned: I heard but the other Day, &c.

Sir,

You may imagaine that I love you, else I should not have carried my self in such a familiar manner as I did last Night to you, who were so much a Stranger to me: Perhaps you may think me wanton but, &c.

Sir,

Let me beg of you not to remember my past Faults, but forget and forgive them all, bury them in Oblivion; and for the future I will be more careful of Offending, &c.

Sir,

In Anger I write to you not to trouble your head with my Concerns, but mind your own Business; believe you will find enough to do at home: It may be I may find you some employment shortly, if you have none of your own: In the mean time, pray let me advise you to bridle your Tongue, or else, &c.

Sir,

Let me desire you not to regard the vulgar Report of the common sort of People, for they will say any thing: Neither do they regard who it is they wrong, exclaiming against any Person behind their Back, whom a little before they applauded before their Face; and this is their common course, &c.

Life of my Soul,

Let not my Absence provoke thee so far as to be jealous of my Inconstancy; for thus much assure thy self, that where ever I am, my Heart is with thee, and nothing but Death shall alter my Resolutions which are to make thee my Wife, &c.

Supplement

pplements, with choice Phraſes and Sentences to be uſed in the middle of Letters upon all Occaſions.

WHat elſe may be added to our good Succeſs in Proceedings of this nature, I leave your wiſer Judgment to conſider on.

After, Madam, I have ſaid all I can ſay, I muſt leave to your Goodneſs to make a good and favourable conſtruction upon my honeſt Intention.

I know, Sir, nothing can be more ſuitable to my preſent Condition, than your good Advice, which I will certainly be guided by; knowing, that whatever you admoniſh me to act or do, muſt, on neceſſity, be for my preſent and future Advantage.

You may remember, Madam, that at our laſt meeting, you promiſed me that I ſhould have a ſecond Happineſs, by meeting you next *Monday* Morning where we met before.

Let not Delays fruſtrate your Deſign; for you know they often prove Dangerous: therefore let me adviſe you to *ſtrike while the Iron is hot.*

Conſult with your Parents firſt, Sir, and get their good-Wills, and you ſhall ever find me to be according to my Promiſe.

I Expect no Flatteries from your publick Enemy; your Deſerts deſerve no Favour, but a juſt Revenge ſhall certainly be your Portion.

What I have ſaid is Cordial, and you may believe me and count me your Friend in telling you the truth of this matter, whoſe Effects without your care, will prove, I doubt, very Dangerous.

Never doubt nor fear, but firſt of all make Tryal: Experience is the beſt Miſtreſs; I doubt not but that ſhe will be kind, and that all things may ſucceed according to your Deſire.

Thou

Thouſands, you know, have miſcarried for w
of making a quick Purſuit in ſuch Concerns as yo
are: You know that a Place of good Preferment
ſoon catcht up.

Conſult with Reaſon firſt, and be not over-raſh
your Attempt, leſt you precipitate your whole
fi_n.

Love me then as you have begun, in ſpite of
their furious Anger: You know my Conſtancy
dear Affections will never alter, but remain for
firm.

I doubt not but you are diſpoſed to Melancho
therefore let me adviſe you to leave that loan
Place, and betake your ſelf to the City, where
will find diverſity of Subjects that will expoſe you
a harmleſs Mirth, and innocent Recreation.

Exclaim not, Madam, againſt your ſole Adm
one that adores your very Name like a ſacred De
one that hath *Atlas*'s Strength, to bear and unde
the greateſt Burthens that Affliction or Torment
lay upon him for your ſweet ſake.

I grant your Suit, Sir, if your Love be true;
firſt you muſt give me leave to make Tryal of y
Conſtancy.

I muſt confeſs that many have been Beguil'd
ſmooth Tongues, and flattering Speeches, but m
you have no Reaſon to miſtruſt.

Conſent not, Daughter, to their falſe Deluſio
for now-a-days, not one Gallant among ten is to
believed: Let your Love be grounded on what I
think Reaſon, then will you live a happy Life ne
after.

Your Father's Good Will, Sir, you firſt muſt
before I ſhall make my ſelf any ſurer to you;
this I will tell you, If what you demand be accordi
to his good liking, I can ſatisfie you, That I fancy y
above any other Man.

That Song you ſung ſo raviſh'd all my Senſes laſt ght, that I ſhall not think my ſelf happy till once in I hear it from your Mouth.

Then bleſs'd be that Hour that firſt I made the otion, ſince, according to my Deſire, you have anted my Requeſt; for I am obliged in Duty, Ma-, to make a more than verbal Acknowledgment. Your Buſineſs, Sir, I have carefully minded, which ceeds according to your Wiſh: The Man you told was your chiefeſt Witneſs I met in Town, and ſecured him till the Tryal ſhall be; and ac-ding to his Evidence, I queſtion not but that you our Suit will prove Victorious.

had ſooner been with you, Sir, had not my Horſe by the way; inſomuch that I was forced to ſtill Two whole Days, becauſe he was not able to orm the Journey.

Your Letters of Advice, Sir, came too late, for I then diſpatched the Buſineſs before their arrival. ever, if I can ſerve you in the like nature, I ſhall ly be Commanded by you.

No more your aged Father's Counſel diſreſpect, that I count it wilful Diſobedience: What I ad-you to, is for your own Advantage; as yet you the Power is in my Hands to make you happy, or ever miſerable.

hope you cannot juſtly tax me, Sir, with Diſobe-nce; for rather than I would prove Undutiful to good a Father, I would make choice of my ſharp-ted Sword to be my fatal Executioner.

know your Clemency, and well-diſpoſed Mind is er to forgive my Faults, than I can have the Con-nce to ask your Pardon: Pray, Sir, be therefore ſied in my Proteſtations, that I not only Love, alſo Honour you.

I ſhall

I shall endeavour so to use my time to the Advantage of my future Good, that you my Parents may have Joy and Comfort at all times, whenever you see my Face.

Learning, I know, is a most precious Jewel, not to be obtained without a careful Study and Industry Diligence shall therefore be, to the utmost my Power, to acquire to my self so rich a Gem, which is of that great Value.

You know that none shall ever reap the Profit your Learning but your self; therefore, my Child seek it, and thou shalt have it.

I am glad to hear that you are Merry, for it Sign that you are in Health; but let me advise Child, to have a care that Vanity take not up much room in your Mind and Heart, supplying Place which should contain profounder Knowle stealing away your Thoughts from following be things.

I always, Sir, do consult with reason in my Affa before I pitch upon any Design; therefore afte have had some small time to deliberate my Though I shall be ready and willing to give you my opin and best judgment in this matter.

Love is a thing that I never yet studied, there you tell me strange News about it; but I will sider on't, and if I find I can love any Man, it be you as soon as any body I know of.

But since our Parents angry are, and will not their Consents that we should marry together, resolved, if you will agree, to appoint a time privately we may make our selves happy, tho against their Wills.

'Tis true, I love, and that you know full well; willingly would have our Friends Good-Will, since you are resolved to take me at a venture, na

but the time, and I will ſurely meet you; for I had rather offend all my Friends, than in the leaſt to prove unkind or fickle to thee my deareſt Love and only Joy.

Admire not that I appear to be ſomewhat ſtrange to your Propoſitions, for I know that you have ever been unconſtant; therefore I ſhall be careful how I ſettle my Affections on a ſudden.

Stoop not ſo low as once to condeſcend to act ſuch Folly, for Ruine will attend all thoſe that without Conſideration match themſelves to ſuch Extravagancy.

I heartily could wiſh the time were come that both our Hearts and Hands might be united; I willingly would run a lawful Courſe, yet hardly can endure to ſtay ſo long: Why ſhould I be delayed from that ſweet Enjoyment which every Night I dream on without Redreſs? 'Tis Real Pleaſure that I want, my Dear.

Concluſions and Endings of LETTERS *of all Sorts, and upon all Occaſions.*

THus do I take my Leave, and ſubmit my ſelf to your Lordſhip's Pleaſure, who am

The humbleſt of your Servants,

A. B.

I never thought my ſelf more happy, than when I was buſie in proſecuting your Worſhip's juſt Commands; therefore let me beg of you to harbour no ill Opinion of him who is

The only Admirer of your Worſhip's Vertues,

B. C.

Thus

Thus, honoured Sir, I do commit my ſelf to you juſt Cenſure, knowing that you will be Favourable to

Your Diſtreſſed Servant,

C. D.

Much might be added, worthy Sir, upon this ſame Buſineſs, but Time will not give me leave any longer to inſiſt thereon: I therefore, at this time ſhall conclude, and only acknowledge that I am, and ever will be to my Death,

Your faithful Friend, and moſt humble Servant,

D. E.

But leſt I ſhould ſeem troubleſome in being too tedious in this my Letter, I ſhall only add this to my former Acknowledgment, that I am

Your moſt obliged and moſt faithful Servant,

E. F.

Conſider well on what I have writ you Word of, and meditate on it at your leiſure; which is all from

Your Affectionate Father,

F. G.

Whatever you have writ to me, ſhall ſo deeply be lodged in my Breaſt, that nothing but Death ſhall take it from thence; which, I hope, will be a Satisfaction to you, from, Sir.

Your Dutiful Son,

H. G.

My deareſt Soul, blame me not for my Suſpicion and Jealouſie of thy Unconſtancy; but rather pardon it, for it proceeds from the Abundance of Love to him, who is

The only Adorer of thy Beauty,

H. I.

And if your Suſpicion, Sir, be grounded out of your own Imagination, and all without cauſe, I ſhall not deſire that you ſhould adore me, but employ your time

time in learning to be wiſer, and that is all from her, who is,

Yours more than you deſerve,

J. K.

But to ſumm up all Complements in one Line, I am, Sir,

Yours till Death, in Death, and after Death,

K. J.

Now ſince your Folly I have pretty well diſcovered, I think it is time to leave off at this time, only telling you that I am

Your Friend more than you are your own,

L. M.

Therefore, Sir, let me deſire you not to queſtion my Fidelity in this Concern, but rely wholly upon,

Your moſt faithful Friend,

M. N.

Ah, Madam! what ſhall I ſay more that might move you to Compaſſion? A Thouſand Sheets of Paper would be too little to contain the full Deſcription of my Sorrows, which Night and Day I do undergo for want of the Enjoyment of your Love; 'tis nothing elſe I ask, dear Madam, but one Smile from your ſweet ſelf; which, if you would but grant, it would revive

Your languiſhing and diſconſolate Lover,

N. O.

That which you ask, dear Sir, I out of pity grant; for it never ſhall be ſaid, that I ſhould diſturb ſo likely and ſo hopeful a Gentleman as your ſelf, in denying him ſo ſmall a Requeſt: When next you pleaſe to ſee me again, I'll meet you with a Smile, and if that won't do, I'll ſmile again, and ſo continue till you ſhall be ſatisfied; then I hope you will be pleaſed with her, who is

Your compaſſionate and moſt loving Friend, M. P.

And *Joan*, I now have only this to tell thee, That in good truth I love thee dearly, who am called by the Name of

R. H.

And that I may end my Letter just as you have done, *Robin*, I must tell you, That I love you as well as you love me, which I had almost forgot, but I think such good Words do never come too late: This is all from her who is thine, and honestly known by my proper Name, being my Mother's Name who was born before me,

F. S.

Superscriptions for Letters, suitable for all Degrees and Qualities of Men and Women.

TO the most High and Mighty Monarch, His Sacred Majesty of *Great Britain*.

Or thus:

To the most Gracious and Victorious Monarch *Cæsar Augustus. Salutem.*

Nobility.

To the most Illustrious Prince.
To his Royal Highness, *James* Duke of *York*.

But to other Dukes, thus:

To the most Renowned Duke.
To the Right Honourable Earl of, *&c.*
To the Honourable Lord.

Gen'

Gentry.

To the Right Worſhipful, *R. T.* Knight Baronet.
To the Worſhipful *R. T.* Knight.
To the Worſhipful Eſquire.
To the moſt Impartial and Upright Judges.
To the moſt Wiſe and moſt Diſcreet States-man.
To the moſt Pious, moſt Grave, and moſt Religious Clergy-man.

To the Profeſſors of Liberal Arts and Sciences.

To the moſt Eloquent and moſt Florid Rhetorician.
To the moſt Skilful, moſt Learned, and Approved Phyſician.
To the moſt Crafty and moſt Subtle Logician.

To Poets thus:

To the Muſes beſt Adorers.

Or thus:

To the Laureated Society.

To Lawyers thus:

To the moſt Skilful and moſt Impartial Friend, *&c.*
To the moſt Skilful and moſt Airy Muſician.
To the Worthy and Noble, and highly Eſteemed Patron.

To Kindred and Relations.

To his Honoured and Well-beloved Father.
To his dear and tender Mother.
To his moſt Affectionate Brother or Siſter.
To his dearly-beloved Wife.
To her dearly-beloved Husband.
To his loving Uncle.
To the Honourable Colonel.
To the Couragious and moſt Valiant Captain.

To Lovers.

To the Life of my Soul, Mrs. *A. B.*

To the Miſtreſs of my beſt Thoughts, *E. C.*

To the fair Hands of the Honoured Lady.

To the fair Hands of the Honoured Lady, Madam, *R. S.*

To the Fulneſs of my True Contentment, Mrs. *S. L.*

To the Hope of my Fortune, Mrs. *F. P.*

To my Beſt Choice, Mrs. *P. P.*

To the only Joy of my Heart, Mrs. *D. D.*

To my Heaven upon Earth, Mrs. *F. P.*

To the faireſt and moſt Angelical Beauty in the whole Univerſe, Mrs. *R. T.*

To the adored and moſt venerable Demi-goddeſs, Madam *F. K.*

To ordinary Friends and Acquaintance.

Theſe to his loving and much-eſteemed Friend, Mr. *A. B.*

Theſe to his true and truſty Friend, Mr. *B. C.*

To his honourable Friend, Mr. *C. D.*

To her newly-diſpleaſed Friend, Mr. *D. E.*

To her beſt-reſolved Friend, Mr. *E. F.*

To her well-adviſed Friend, Mr. *F. G.*

To his loving and long-expected Friend, Mr. *G. H.*

To her moſt diſquieted Friend, Mr. *H. F.*

To his reſpected Friend, Mr. *F. K.*

To his approved Friend, Mrs. *K. L.*

To her moſt worthy Friend, Mrs. *L. M.*

To his well-experienced and moſt eſteemed noble Friend, Mr. *M. N.*

To his well-diſpoſed Friend, Mr. *N. O.*

To his much-diſordered Friend, *O. P.*

To his unkind and ill-adviſed Friend, *P. Q.*

To his perjur'd and laſcivious Wife, *R. S.* at her Lodgings in *Moor-fields.*

To

To the jealous Pimp and Cuckold, my Husband, *S. S.* at his Lodgings in *Whetſtone's-Park.*

To Mrs. *Twattle:* You may eaſily find the Houſe, For ſhe at Mr. *Woodcock's* do's carouſe.

To his ſuddenly-diſpleaſed Friend, Mr. *S. T.*

To her worthy Friend, Mr. *T. T.* Adventurer in *Barbadoes.*

To his true and truſty Friend, Mr. *C. R.* Factor in *Jamaica.*

Doctors in Divinity.

To the moſt Pious and moſt Learned Doctor, *S. P.*

Doctor in Phyſick.

To the moſt Eminent and moſt Skilful Doctor, *A. B.*

To a Biſhop.

To the moſt Holy, moſt Learned, moſt Benevolent, and moſt Reverend Father in God, *John* Lord Biſhop of, *&c.*

POSIES for *Rings*, or MOTTO's for *Preſents.*

I Love you Well, Your ſelf can tell.
Let Vertue guide My lawful Bride.
Sure you miſtake, That Bargain's to make.
My tender Heart Diſdain makes ſmart.
My Love Shall ever faithful prove.
I moan, Becauſe I lie alone.
Abſence ne'er parts Two loving Hearts.
This and the Giver, Are thine for ever.
I vow to kiſs Her that reads this.
The Love I owe, In this I ſhow.

No Turtle-Dove Shall ſhew more Love.
As I Affect thee, So Reſpect me.
The Gift is ſmall, But Love is all.
When this you ſee, Remember me.
This to a Friend I freely ſend.
Well directed, If well accepted.
I'll not expreſs What you may gueſs.
When this you ſee, Think well of me.
Vertue and Love Are from above
More near to me Than Life can be.
Tho' Friends croſs Love, We'll meet above.
'Tis Love alone Make's Two but One.
You and I Will Lovers die.
I ſeek to be Both thine and thee.
I am ſure to die, If you deny.
In thee each Part Doth catch a Heart.
My True Love is Endleſs as this.
When *Cupid* fails, The Eye prevails.
Your bleſt Sight Is my Delight.
I wiſh to have, But bluſh to crave.
I wiſh you knew What I owe you.
My conſtant Love Shall ne'er remove.
Take this in part Of my true Heart.
For one ſweet Kiſs I give you this.
Nothing for thee Too dear can be.
Deſire like Fire Doth ſtill aſpire.
In troth you know It muſt be ſo.
My Love you know, Then ſay not *No*.
If you this forego, You are my Foe.
I love thee, *Joan*, And thee alone.
I love thee, *John*, Therefore come on.
My Mind is bent, And I am content.
I'll venture Till I find Love's Center.
I was an Aſs, Should I let you paſs.
In midſt of Grief, Love ſends Relief.
Where Hearts agree, No Strife can be.

I jo

I joy to find A conſtant Mind.
Love never dies, Where Vertue lies.
Love's Delight Is to Unite.
Let Friend nor Foe This Secret know.
I muſt confeſs, Love goes by gueſs.
The nigher Kin, The farther in.
What I have done, Declare to none.
My Name is *Harry*, And *Doll* I'll marry.
Come when you will, I am your's ſtill.
I'll take my Oath, To part I'm loath.
I'll ſwear and vow, That I love you.
I hope to meet Some Kiſſes ſweet.
Though this be ſmall, You ſhall have all.
When I am well, Have at thee *Nell*.
I hope your Mind's To Love inclin'd.
Forgive, Or elſe I cannot live.
You'll ever find Me very kind.
I am full of Love Towards you, my Dove.
This preſent With good Intent.
What more I owe, You'll ſhortly know.
True Friends, By Love are made amends.
Cupia's Command, Who can withſtand?
Think well of me, When this you ſee.
When you ſee this, Blow me a Kiſs.
My only Joy, Be not ſo Coy.
I love till Death Shall ſtop my Breath.
Unto the End, I'll be your Friend.

A COLLECTION Of the Newest SONGS, AND Merry Catches, WHICH Are now Sung either at Court, or Theatres.

SONG I.

The Modest Lover's Discovery of his Passion.

I Cannot sigh and wish alone,
Though to speak may be in vain;
I ne'er can be afraid to own,
A Passion I must entertain:
If then this Address I accuse,
Blame your tempting Charms, not me;
'Tis but just they shou'd Excuse,
Since they cause this Liberty.

A mo-

A modeſt Paſſion unreveal'd,
Smother'd in my Breaſt has been,
As dying Embers long conceal'd,
Burn although they are not ſeen:
But when Wit and Beauty joyn,
Such a Fire as mine to raiſe,
Who can its fierce Flames confine,
In ſpight of Force 'twill burſt and blaze.

SONG II. *The Loyal Subject's Delight.*

LOng live our great King, may the Nation ſtill thrive,
In 'ſpight of what Plotters or Foes can contrive;
Let *William* live long, and happily Reign,
And Triumphs and Conqueſts perpetually gain,
Whilſt proud *France* does truckle to Juſtice and Reaſon,
And Hell be ſucceſsleſs in hatching more Treaſon.

Come then Loyal Boys, let us drink, let us drink,
And of nothing but Honour and Fame let us think,
While Fortune befriends us, ſtill once we will go
Through Bullets and Fire to quell the proud Foe.

SONG III.

The Diſappointed Lover; or, The Fair Falſe One.

TRuſt thou thy Ship to Seas and Wind,
But not thy ſelf to Woman-kind;
For the unconſtant Wind and Sea
Are faithfuller by far than they.
All thoſe are treacherous in their Love;
And if by chance one Conſtant prove,
I know not how ſhe e'er cou'd be
Made Conſtant from Inconſtancy.

SONG IV. *The Secret Lovers Agreement.*

BEneath a dark and loanly Shade,
In a remote and ſilent Grove;
A ſecret Place by Nature made,
For young Ones there to practiſe Love.

Young *Strephon* brought his *Sylvia* here,
To walk with him, and take the Air.

But as they walk'd, the Shepherd ſaid,
Shall I requeſt one thing of you?
Tell me, dear *Sylvia*, Charming Maid,
Ah! tell me if you love me now:
If you ſay No; then know that I,
Your faithful *Strephon*, needs muſt die.

Quick Bluſhes on her Cheeks did riſe,
Tumultuous Joys heav'd up her Breaſts,
Her flaming Soul flaſh'd through her Eyes,
And ſhe in Smiles her Love confeſs'd.
Says ſhe, So may you ſtill prove true,
As I love you, and only you.

Scarce this the Shepherdeſs had ſaid,
But the Swain clasp'd her round the Waſte,
And on her Lips ſweet Kiſſes made,
Whilſt they in eager Arms embrac'd;
And their Lips to each other fixt,
A hundred, hundred Kiſſes mixt.

Cupid, at this well pleas'd, went nigher,
And whiſpering in his Ear, he ſaid,
With equal Flames I'll both inſpire,
Be Valiant, and attack the Maid;
And as they talk'd of future Joy,
He grew bolder, ſhe leſs Coy.

But ſtrugling long, the Maid by chance,
(Or elſe by mighty Love o'er-powr'd,)
Upon her Back fell in a Trance,
Whilſt he his eager Prey devour'd;
For whilſt by Love entranc'd ſhe lies,
He doe perform Love's Sacrifice.

When

When Senſe return'd again, ſays ſhe,
In what a Heav'n of Bliſs I've been!
What Raptures did attend on me!
What Viſionary Joys I've ſeen!
Heaven cannot with theſe Joys compare,
Unleſs my *Strephon* too was there.

A Paſtoral Song in Two Parts. SONG V.

Wom. A Heart in Love's Empire, tho' jocund & blithe,
From Cares & from Fears can never be free;
'Tis ſaid, that with Pleaſures we languiſh and ſigh,
Enjoying much eaſe in our ſad Miſery:
But for all can be urg'd, there's nothing can be
So pleaſant, ſo pleaſant as our Liberty.

Man. None are more happy, nor none are more bleſt,
Than whom Love doth inſpire with a gentle ſoft fire,
When both of 'em ſigh, and neither can reſt,
How pleaſant their Panting, how ſweet their Deſire?
Love is a Bleſſing, though counted a Pain,
For take away Love, and no Pleaſures remain.

Wom. To ſubmit to Love's Law, how ſweet it wou'd be,
If in Love we cou'd any Fidelity ſee!
But O rigorous Extream! O Fate too unkind!
A Husband that's Faithful few Women can find;
And this faithleſs Sex ſo unworthy does prove,
That it ought not to live, if no better to love.

Man. Where Love doth meet Love, how happy we are?
But in vain 'tis to Love, if we meet with Deſpair;
Be you but more kind, and you quickly will ſee,
How Coming and Loving all Mankind will be;
But if you diſdain us, you always will find,
We ſhall be unconſtant as you are unkind.

The

SONG VI.

The Passionate Lover.

THe Wretch that stole Cœlestial Fire,
Ne'er animated Clay
With so much Life as you inspire,
and in a Kiss convey:
And if this Bliss we could but state as true,
The Queen of Beauty sure must yield to you.

Why name I her? 'Tis only thee
Can true *Elysium* prove,
To whom all Lovers still must flee:
To endless Joys of Love
For as I in your kind Embraces lay,
My eager Soul stole, in the Bliss, away.

So sweet a Death befell the Bee,
Rifling a Virgin Rose,
Whilst in her golden Bosom she
Did all her Sweets enclose:
But found embracing Leaves his Life betray,
And in that envy'd Tomb her Lover lay.

SONG VII.

The Constant Lovers.

LEt dull Philosophers the Ignorant tell,
That Souls are indivisible;
We find their Rules do not prove always true,
'Tis but one Soul informs us two:
So by one Loadstone's Touch we may, by Love,
Two distant Needles to the same Point move.

Go now and ask thy jealous Kindred why
They thee to love thy self deny;
Our Hearts are sweetly linked both in one,
So that our Love is now a Phœnix grown:
Such Miracles our Sympathy can do.
That I no longer am my Self, but you.

Then

Then let's not talk that Kindred disagree,
Prithee, what's that to thee and me?
Our Love is that they've try'd to kill,
By separating us yet still:
Mistaken Fools, we mock their subtle Art,
Love, tho' divided, lives in every part.

SONG VIII.

The Careless Lovers.

COme tell me no more of Love,
'Tis a Trifle made to decoy us:
There's nothing that comes from Above,
That e'er was design'd to annoy us:
But Love do's intrude on our Rest,
And still do's disturb our sweet Peace;
Then, prithee Love, fly from my Breast,
And give me a happy Release.

Let none of your Magick surprize
My Heart, and its freedom enslave:
'Tis a folly to link with our Eyes
Those Fetters that Nature ne'er gave:
'Tis but to be Scornful and Coy,
And Women they quickly will woo us;
Our Fondness our Fortunes destroy;
And loving too much do's undoe us.

SONG IX.

WHy should so much Beauty fear?
Round this Isle the Heavens appear,
Like your own streams, undisturb'd and clear:
Those beauteous Nymphs, unfrighted too,
Not minding what another shews, they do
Their innocent Delights pursue.

Why ſhould ſo much Beauty die?
Or ſo ſweet a Soul deny
The Delights of thoſe keep company?
But whilſt 'tis freſh and b'oſſoming,
Ne'er make delays in any thing,
But grant thoſe Joys moſt Pleaſure bring.

Your ſweet Smiles, and dimple Cheek,
Fatal are to all they meet,
And lay them proſtrate at your Feet:
Then, dear Nymph, for once be kind;
Let Sighs and Shrieks be left behind,
Whilſt innocent our Sport we find.

SONG X.

NOw that the cold Winter's expell'd by the Sun,
And the Fields that did penance in Snow,
Have put Madam *Nature*'s gay Livery on,
Embroider'd with Flowers to make a fine ſhow:
Since the Hills and the Valleys with Pleaſures abound,
Let Mortals bear a part, and the Frollick go round.

Hark! hark how the Birds in ſweet conſort conſpire,
The Lark and the Nightingale join?
And in every Grove there's an amorous Choir,
While nothing but Mirth is their harmleſs deſign:
Since the Hills and the Valleys together abound,
Let Mortals bear a part, and the Frollick go round.

Methinks the God *Pan*, whoſe ſubjects we are,
Sits and ſmiles on his flowery Throne,
He accepts our kind Offering every one;
Our Maypole's his Scepter, our Garland his Crown:
Since the Hills and the Valleys together abound,
Let Mortals bear a part, and the Frollick go round.

SONG

SONG XI.

THE Delights of the Bottle, and the Charms of
good Wine,
To the Powers and the Pleaſures of Love muſt re-
ſign:
Though the Nights in the Joys of good Drinking
be paſt,
The Debauches but till the next Morning do laſt:
But Love's great Debauch is more laſting and ſtrong,
For that often laſts a Man all his Life long.

Love and Wine are the Bonds which faſtens us all,
The World, but for theſe, to Confuſion would fall:
Were it not for the Pleaſure of Love, and good
Wine,
Mankind for each Trifle their Lives would reſign;
They'd not value dull Life, but would live without
thinking;
Nor would Kings rule the World, but for Love and
good Drinking.

SONG XII.

TEll me no more you Love,
Unleſs you will grant my Deſire:
Ev'ry thing will prove
But Fuel unto my Fire.

'Tis not for Kiſſes alone
So long have I made my addreſs;
There's ſomething elſe to be done.
Which you cannot chuſe but gueſs.

'Tis not a charming Smile
That brings me my perfect Joys;
Nor can I be begui'd
With Sighs, or craving Eyes.

There

There is an Eſſence within,
Kind Nature has clear'd the Doubt;
Such Bliſs cannot prove a Sin,
Therefore I will find it out.

SONG XIII.

Dorinda's *Lamentation for* Amyntas.

ADieu to the Pleaſures and Follies of Love,
For a Paſſion more noble my Fancy doth move,
My Shepherd is dead, and I live to proclaim,
With ſorrowful Notes, my *Amyntas* his Name:
The Wood Nymphs reply, when they hear me complain,
Thou never ſhalt ſee thy *Amyntas* again;
For Death hath befriended him,
Fate hath defended him;
None, none alive is ſo happy a Swain.

Ye Shepherds and Nymphs that have danc'd to his
Come help me to ſing forth *Amyntas*'s Praiſe; (Lays
No Swain for the Garland durſt with him diſpute,
So ſweet are his Notes whilſt he ſung to his Lute:
Then come to his Grave, and your Kindneſs purſue,
To weave him a Garland of Cypreſs and Yew:
For Life hath forſaken him,
Death has o'ertaken him,
No Swain again will be ever ſo true.

Then leave me alone to my wretched Eſtate,
I loſt him too ſoon, and I lov'd him too late:
You Eccho's and Fountains my Witneſſes prove
How deeply I ſigh for the loſs of my Love:
And now of our *Pan*, whom we chiefly adore,
This Favour I never will ceaſe to implore,
That I may go above,
And there enjoy my Love,
And live more happy than ever before.

SONG

SONG XIV.

The Catholick Lover.

'Tis not enough, great Gods, 'tis not enough,
That I one ſingle Beauty love:
No, no, Eternal Powers, if you
Envy the Peace my Mind once knew:
If 't be my Fate to be a Slave;
If I muſt love, and ſuch Paſſions have;
Let not one Quiver, or one Bow,
One Glance, one Dart, one Arrow do;
Let many Eyes my Freedom break;
Let many Charms me Captive make,
'Tis *Cæſar*-like,
For many Wounds a Death to take.

SONG XV.

Long ſince fair *Clarinda* my Paſſion did move,
Whilſt under my Friendſhip I cover'd my Love,
But now I muſt ſpeak, though I fear 'tis in vain,
'Tis too late in my death to diſſemble my pain,
In telling my Love, though I fear ſhe'll deny,
I ſhall eaſe my ſad Heart, and more quietly die.

Ah! ſure by my Eyes you my Paſſion might find,
No Friendſhip e'er languiſh'd, or look'd half ſo kind,
Though I ſaid not I lov'd, you might ſee it too plain.
Friends uſe not to ſigh, nor to ſpeak with ſuch pain:
Each touch of your Hand ſuch a warmth did inſpire,
My Face was all flam'd, and my Heart all a-fire.

My Thoughts are ſo tender, my Tongue cannot tell
What Bliſs would be yours, could you love half ſo well;
Let the thing with a Title our property move,
Let him have the Shew, and let me have the Love:
I have lov'd you ſo long, that if now you delay,
You'll owe me ſo much, that you never can pay.

SONG

SONG XVI.

WHat Sighs and Groans now fill my Breaſt,
And ſuffer me to take no reſt,
For my *Carmelia*: Oh! ſhe's gone,
And left me here to ſigh alone:
But is ſhe dead! Then I'll go ſee
If in her Grave there's room for me.

Oh, cruel Fate! that ſo deſign'd
To take her, and leave me behind!
And thou, Oh, Death! whoſe quick Alarms,
Have ſnatch'd her rudely from my Arms!
Can'ſt thou not find a way for me,
To my *Carmelia*'s Breaſt to flee?

Die then, *Anſelmio*! why do'ſt ſtay,
Since thy *Carmelia* leads the way?
Oh, die yet faſter! Do not live,
That deareſt Nymph for to ſurvive!
Now, deareſt Soul, I come, I flie,
Always to live with thee, I die.

SONG XVII.

WHy ſhould Friends an Kindred gravely make th
Wrong thy ſelf, and cruelly forſake me?
Be ſtill, my deareſt Miſtreſs; hang Relations,
Love's above their dull Conſiderations:
Let 'em live, and heap up Treaſure,
Whilſt that thee and I enjoy our Pleaſure.

He that ſeeks a Miſtreſs with a Portion,
Puts himſelf to Uſe with damn'd Extortion:
If he muſt be brib'd to Copulation.
Pox upon his Love, 'tis out of faſhion:
Where we like, no matter what the Eſtate is;
'Tis not Love, except we ſhew it *gratis*.

How, to ſee the Miſer, have I wondered,
Weighing out his Paſſion by the Hundred,

Ne'er conſulting Birth or Education;
Vertue without Wealth's but Profanation:
Be ſhe Old or Ugly, 'tis no matter,
So ſhe is but Rich, he'll venture at her.

Joynture is a ſordid Lay-Invention,
Quite beſide our Nature and Intention:
When we would agree, it makes Reſiſtance,
Finding Tricks to keep us at a diſtance:
Then who poorly make a new Election,
Suffers Wealth to trouble his Affection.

SONG XVIII. *A Rant.*

MAke a Noiſe,
Pull it out,
And drink about
Brave Boys:
T'other Cup,
Fill the Glaſs,
You ſober Aſs
Turn up:
Why ſo ſad?
We'll have more
Upon the Score,
My Lad:
Let the Rabble
Prate and babble
Foutre Diable,
We will all be mad:
Sing a Catch,
Serenade
In Maſquerade:
The Watch
Prittle-prattle,
Tittle-tattle,
Give 'em battle,
They ſhall find their match.

See they come,
Staves and Pikes,
Whoever ſtrikes,
Strike home.
Come Boys, draw;
Fairly meet
'Em in the Street:
Saw! Saw!
Bravely done.
Cut and ſlaſh,
The Weapons claſh;
They run.
How they wallow!
Let us follow,
Hoop and hallow,
For the Day is won:
All's our own;
Every Crack
Muſt on her Back
Lie down.
Let us muſter
In a cluſter,
Huff and bluſter,
For we rule the Town.

Play along,
Sing and chant
A merry Rant
Among:
Look about;
Look you Whores,
Shut all your Doors,
And flout.
All prepare;
See the Sluts
Draw up the Shuts:

Beware;
Batts and Cinders
Break the Windows,
Nothing hinders,
Let 'em have a care:
Together clash:
In they go
At every throw,
Dash! dash!
Hark! they tumble:
How they rumble?
Now the Whores are quaht.
Boys, dispatch;
'Tis enough
That we can huff
The Watch:
Back again
To the *Sun*:
Come,
Come, let us run
Amain:
There we'll stay,
Roar and drink,
And never think
Of Day:
Time with Lasses,
Pots and Glasses
Sweetly passes;
How it slides away!
Let the Fool,
He that Thinks,
And Sleeps and Drinks
By Rule,
By a measure,
At his leasure,
Take his Pleasure,
And grow wisely dull.

SONG

SONG XIX.

A Wife I do hate,
For either ſhe's falſe, or ſhe's jealous;
But give me a Mate
That nothing will ask, or tell us:
She ſtands not on Terms,
Nor chaffers by way of Indenture;
Nor loves for your Farms,
But takes the kind Man at a venture.

If all prove not right,
Without Act, Proceſs, or Warning,
From a Wife for a Night,
You may be divorc'd the next Morning:
Where Parents are Slaves,
There Brats cannot be any other;
Great Wits and great Braves
Have always a Punk to their Mother.

SONG XX.

BE thou joyful, I am jolly,
In thy pleaſure's my delight;
Art thou inclin'd to Melancholy?
I am of that humour right;
For I can joy, or Joys can ſlight.

Art thou lib'ral of Embraces?
I can alſo laviſh be:
Or doſt thou ſcorn to yield ſuch Graces?
I can ſcorn as well as thee;
Of theſe I can be nice or free.

Doſt thou joy I ſhould attain thee?
Then I will thy Servant be:
Or if my Preſence do diſdain thee,
I will never wait on thee;
For I can love, or let thee be.

to Singing thou'lt apply thee,
I can warble Notes to thee;
r if to Sighing, I'll ſigh by thee,
To thy Paſſions I'll agree;
For I'm to all thy Humours free.

oſt thou joy I ſhould come near thee,
With a Heart both firm and true?
r doſt thou fly my ſight, and jear me?
Unto Lovers that's not new;
For I can ſtay, or bid adieu.

SONG XXI.

OH, *Celia*! come tell me how long it will be
Before you will grant my deſire:
there no end of your Cruelty,
But muſt I conſume in this Fire?
ou'll not ſay you love, nor yet that you hate,
But delight for to ſee me languiſh:
h, *Celia*! take pity of my deſperate ſtate,
And remove the cauſe of my anguiſh.

h, *Celia*! remember the pitiful moan
That came from your deſperate Lover,
hen I was ſitting and ſighing alone;
or did I my *Celia* diſcover:
he Hills with the Valleys took ſhare of my grief,
And eccho'd my Lamentation;
et *Celia*, unkind! will not give me relief,
But takes pleaſure in my Vexation.

A Catch. XXII.

F Wealth would keep a Man alive,
I'd only ſtudy how to thrive;
hat having got a mighty Maſs,
ight then bribe Fate to let me paſs;

But

But ſince we can't prolong our Years,
Why ſpend we time in Griefs and Fears?
For ſince by Deſtiny we die,
And muſt all paſs over the Ferry,
Hang Sickneſſes and Cares,
Since we han't many Years,
Let's have a ſhort Life, and a merry.

XXIII. *A Drinking Catch.*

COme away; to'ther Glaſs;
He's a temperate Aſs,
That refuſes his Brimmer of Rheniſh;
While our Bottles go round,
A new way we have found,
Both our Heads and our Veins to repleniſh:
We'll be witty and brave when our Noddles are full
While the ſober young Fop is but prudently dull.

With Wenches and Wine
Our ſelves we refine
From the Droſs of the Puritan City:
We care not a Louſe
For the dull Coffee-Houſe,
'Tis the Tavern that makes a Man Witty:
In 'ſpight of Misfortune thus happy we are,
In a jolly brave Soul that's a Stranger to Care.

SONG XXIV.

WEre *Celia* but as Chaſte as Fair,
How could I kiſs the Snare,
And therein lie,
And ne'er be tir'd with my Captivity:
But ſhe's a Whore that cools my Blood;
Oh! that ſhe were leſs Handſome, or more Good.

Woul

Would you believe that there can reſt
Deceit within that Breaſt,
Or that thoſe Eyes
Which look like Friends, are only Spies:
But ſhe's a Whore, yet ſure I lye,
May there not be Degrees of Chaſtity?

No, no, what means that wanton ſmile,
But only to beguile?
Thus did the firſt
Of Women make all Men accurſt:
For their ſakes, give Women o're,
The firſt was falſe, the faireſt is a Whore.

XXV. *A drinking Catch.*

WHat a Madneſs it is to give over our drinking,
When *Apollo* is Drunk, you may know by his winking;
His Face is on flame, and his Noſe is ſo Red,
It predicts he is ſleepy, and goes Drunk to Bed:
Let him ſleep to grow Sober while we tarry here,
And drink till the Morning appear.

SONG XXVI.

Deſpair.

MAke a Bed in the Deep,
For me diſcontented poor Lover to ſleep,
Till the Cannons like Thunder
Rend the Heavens in ſunder,
And fright'ning the Main,
Force me at laſt to awaken again, again.

When the Storms do arise,
And with their proud Surges encounter the Skies,
My Head finds a Pillow
On the top of a Billow,
And I look for a Grave
Within the cold Womb of a turbulent Wave.

The Wind shall convey
My Prayers unto her I adore e'ery Day:
It gently shall move
Her to pity her Love;
And each Sigh that he hears
It shall whisper again into *Phillis*'s Ears.

If the Tempest do roar,
Then *Phillis* alone is the Saint I implore;
If she will not appease
The Rage of the Seas,
Nor calm the rough Weather,
I'll breathe out her Name and my Life both together.

So the Ocean to me
Shall instead of a Tomb and a Sepulchre be,
And as I do glide
Too and fro with the Tide,
Thereby is expresst,
That a Lover may die, but never can rest.

Over *Phillis* shall hover
The wand'ring Soul of her martyred Lover,
And if I do find her
To my Memory kinder,
Oh then I shall never
Abandon her Bosome, but tarry for ever.

SONG XXVII.

WHen a Woman that's buxom to a Dotard doth Wed,
'Tis a madness to think she'll be ty'd to his Bed,

F

For who can reſiſt a Gallant that is Young,
And a Man *Al-a-mode* in his Garb and his Tongue:
His Looks have ſuch Charms, and his Language ſuch force,
That the drowſie Mechanick's a Cuckold of courſe.

He brings her acquainted with Dons of the Court,
That are Perſons of Worth, and of civil Report;
Thus ſhe cannot a kind Opportunity want,
For he'll truſt her with no Man, except her Gallant:
Yet the confident Fop for her honeſty ſwears,
So he grafts on himſelf the gay Horns that he wears.

Thus happy are we that are yok'd to a Citt,
For whenever we teach him he pays for his Wit;
By his Duck that appear'd to be faithful and chaſt,
He finds himſelf Cuckol'd and Beggar'd at laſt;
And the credulous Fool having drudg'd all his Life,
Proves a Thief to himſelf and a Pimp to his Wife.

SONG XXVIII.

LEt the Bowl paſs free
From him to thee
As it firſt came to me,
Tis pity that we ſhould confine it,
having all either Credit or Coyn yet;
Let it e'en take it's courſe,
There's no ſtopping its force,
e that ſhuffles muſt inter-line it.

Lay aſide your Cares
Of Shops and Wares,
And irrational Fears;
et each Breaſt be as thoughtleſs as his'n is,
hat from his Bride newly ris'n is:
We'll baniſh each Soul
That comes here to condole,
r is troubled with Love or Buſineſs.

The King we'll not name
Nor a Lady to enflame,
With desire to the Game,
And into a dumpishness drive all;
Or make us run mad, or go Wive all:
We'll have this whole Night
Set apart for Delight,
And our Mirth shall have no Corrival.

Then see that the Glass
Through it's circuit do pass,
Till it come where it was,
And every Man's Nose been within it,
Till he end it that first did begin it:
As *Copernicus* found
That the World did turn round,
We will prove so do's every thing in it.

SONG XXIX.

I Always resolved to be free from the Charms
That Love with his subtilty e'er could invent,
I kickt at his Deity, laught at the harms
That he could devise, to abridge my content:
But now I do find, though the Lad be blind,
The Mark he hath hit, and hath changed my Mind;
A Boy though he be, yet his Manhood I see,
For with one poor Dart hath he conquered me.

I likewise before such Beauties did see,
With Charms in their Tongues, and Darts in their Eyes,
Who thought by their Wiles to intoxicate me,
But never before my Heart could surprize:
But now I do see, that a Slave I must be
To one that before was a Servant to me;
For the angry god's Dart hath so pierced my Heart,
No Balm that's apply'd but increaseth the smart.

And thus being plung'd in that Loving amaze,
The place is a Labyrinth where I reside,
Whose turnings and windings hath so many ways,
That none can get out without help of a Guide:
And my Guide is so coy, though my Soul I employ,
To lye at her Feet, yet my hope she'll destroy;
But rather than I'll keep Parley with her Eye,
To add to my Bonds, I am resolved to Dye.

SONG XXX.

FAir *Clarinda*, I do owe
All the Woe
That I know
To those glorious looks alone,
Though you're an unrelenting stone:
The quick Light'ning from your Eyes,
Did sacrifice
My unwise,
My unwary harmless Heart,
And now you glory in my smart.

How unjustly you do blame
That pure flame
From you came
Next with what your self may burn,
Your Scorns to Tinder did it turn:
The least spark how Love can call
That does fall
On the small
Scorch'd remainder of my Heart,
Will make it burn in every part.

XXXI. *A Pastoral Song.*

AS I was sitting on the Grass,
Within a silent shady Grove,
I over-heard a Country Lass
Was there bewailing of her Love?

My Love, says she,
Is ta'en from me,
And to the Wars is prest and gone;
He's march'd away
And gone to Sea,
Alack! alack! and a well-a-day!
And left me here alone.

My Love he was the kindest Man,
There's none that's like him in the Town,
He gently takes me by the Hand,
And gave me many a green Gown;
With Kisses sweet
He would me treat,
And often sing a Roundelay;
And sometimes smile,
Then chat a while,
That so we might the time beguile
A live-long Summers Day.

My Love on *May-day* still would be
The earliest up of all the rest,
With Scarfs and Ribbons then would he
Of all the Crew be fineft dreft,
With Morris-Bells,
And fine things else;
But when the Pipe began to play,
He danc'd so well,
I heard 'em tell
That he did all the rest excell,
And bore the Bell away.

The Man that took my Love away
Was too too harsh, and too severe;
I gently on my Knees did pray,
That he my Love would then forbear:
I offer'd too
A breeding Ewe,

And

And Chilver-Lamb that was my own;
Do what I cou'd,
It did no good,
He left me in this penſive mood
To ſigh and make my moan.

SONG XXXII.

WHen firſt I ſaw fair *Celia*'s Face
So full of Majeſty and Grace,
As potent Armies do attack,
The place can no reſiſtance make;
So ſhe by power has made her way
Unto my Heart, and there does ſtay,
Receiving Homage which I pay.

The force of Love who can withſtand,
It is in vain to countermand
What envious *Cupid* has decreed,
Then my poor Heart muſt ever bleed:
Till you, fair Nymph, by pity mov'd,
My Paſſion having once approv'd,
Can love as now you are belov'd.

It would be Gallantry in Love,
If *Celia* would the Act approve;
Where ſhe ſo long has caus'd a ſmart,
There to beſtow at laſt her Heart:
In doing ſo (fair Saint) you may
From your bleſt Name derive a Day,
When Lovers all to you ſhall pray.

XXXIII. *A Paſtoral Song.*

O *Delia!* for I know 'tis thee,
I know 'tis thee,
For nothing elſe could move
My tuneleſs Heart, but ſomething from above;
I hate all Earthly Harmony,

Hark, hark, ye Nymphs and Satyrs all a-round;
Hark how the baffled Eccho faints and dies;
See how the winged Air all gasping lies
At the melodious sound,
Mark while she sings,
How they droop and flag their Wings.
Angelick *Delia* sing no more,
Thy Song's too great for mortal Ear;
Thy charming Notes I can no longer bear:
On then in pity to the World give o'er,
And leave us stupid, as we were before;
Fair *Delia*, take the fatal choice
To veil thy Beauty, or suppress thy Voice:
His Passions thus poor *Celadon* betray'd,
When first he saw, when first he heard the lovely Maid.

SONG XXXIV.

HAng up *Mars*
And his Wars,
Give us Drink,
We'll tipple my Lads together;
Those are Slaves,
Fools, and Knaves
That have chink,
And must pay
For what they say,
Do, or think;
Good Fellows account for neither:
Be we round, be we square,
We are happier than they are,
Whose Dignity works their Ruin:
He that well the Bowl rears,
Can baffle his Cares,
And a fig for Death or Undoing.

SONG

SONG XXXV.

WHen I ſee the young Men play,
Young, methinks, I am as they,
And my aged thoughts laid by,
To the Dance with joy I fly :
Come, a flowery Chaplet lend me,
Youth and merry Thoughts attend me,
Age, be gone, We'll dance among
Thoſe that young are, and be young:
Bring ſome Wine, Boy, fill about,
You ſhall ſee the old Man's ſtout :
Who can laugh and tipple too,
And be mad as well as you.

XXXVI. *A Tavern Song.*

COme drink off your Liquor,
'Twill make you the quicker
For Rhimes, Songs, Conceits, or for Ballads;
Be the Wine red or yellow,
The Cups deep or ſhallow,
There's nought comes amiſs to our Pallats.

Chorus,

Then come drink away,
Be it Night, or be it day,
The time ſhall be told as it paſſes :
The true Hour we ſhall know,
By the Ebb and the Flow
Of the jolly quart Pots and the Glaſſes.

It ſtands us upon
To change our Helicon,
For Spring it was nothing but Water;
But hence ſprings a fire,
That will quicken and inſpire,
And tickle our Senſes with Laughter.

Chorus.

Then come drink away,
Be it Night or be it Day,
The time ſhall be told as it paſſes:
The true Hour we do know
By the Ebb and the Flow
Of the jolly Quart Pots and the Glaſſes.

SONG XXIX.

Diogenes was merry in his Tub,
And ſo let us be in our Club,
'Tis Mirth that fills our Brains with Blood,
More than either Sleep, Wine, or Food;
Let each Man keep his Heart at eaſe,
No Man e'er dy'd of that Diſeaſe:
'Twill always keep thy Body in Health,
Then value it above thy Wealth,
'Tis ſadneſs and grief that doth bring
Diſeaſes in Autumn, and in the Spring:
Then welcome harmleſs Mirth let's ſay,
For the more we Laugh the more we may.

SONG XXX. *On a Dead Horſe, an Epitaph.*

HEre lies not in, but on Earth's Womb,
An Horſe expos'd without a Tomb;
No Winding-ſheet, nor his own Skin,
Nor laid by any of his Kin:
Yet was no Jade; Death had a Race,
And took him for a ſprightly Pace:
Now ſee his Funeral Exequies
The Ravens in Black do ſolemnize,
Unto the Skies they him exalt,
Being Sepulchred in Airy Vault:
In living Tombs he thus out-prides
MECHA and *Egypt* Pyramides:

Change

Change now his Epitaph, say not *Here lies*
A Horse, but rather *Here he flies!*
Mourn not his Fate, my Friends, since thus
The Horse is now transform'd to *Pegasus*.

SONG XXXIX.

WHere the Bee sucks there suck I,
In a Cowslip Bell I lie,
There I couch when Owls do cry;
On the Batt's Back I do fly
After Summer merrily,
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the Blossom that hangs on the Bough.

SONG XL. *Anger.*

HA Curse upon thee for a Slave,
Art thou here, and heard'st me rave?
Fly not Sparkles from mine Eye
To shew my Indignation nigh?
Am I not all Foam and Fire
With Voice as hoarse as a Town-Cryer?
How my Back opes and shuts together
With fury, as old Men's with Weather?
Could'st thou not hear my Teeth knack hither,
Thou nasty scurvy mungril Toad?
Mischief on thee, light upon thee,
All the Plagues that can confound thee,
Or did ever reign abroad:
Better a thousand Lives it cost
Then have brave Anger spilt or lost.

SONG XLI.

THe Pot and the Pipe,
The Cup and the Can,
Have undone, quite undone
Many a Man.

The

The Hawk and the Hound,
The Dice and the Whore,
Have undone, quite undone
Twice as many more

XLII. *A Scotch Song.*

I Wo' not go to't, I mun not go to't,
For Love, nor yet for Fee,
For I am a Maid, and will be a Maid,
And a good one till I dee:
Yet mine intent, I could repent,
For one Man's Company.

SONG XLIII.

HE that marries a merry Lass,
He has most cause to be sad,
For let her go free
In her merry tricks,
She'll work his Patience mad.

But he that marries a Scold, a Scold,
He has most cause to be merry;
For when she's in her Fits,
He may cherish his Wits,
With singing hey down derry.

He that Weds a roaring Girl,
That will both Scratch and Fight;
Though he study all Day
To make her away,
He'll be glad to please her at Night.

And he that copes with a sullen Wench,
That scarce will speak at all;
Her doggedness more
Than a Scold or a Whore,
Will penetrate his Gall.

He

He that is match'd with a Turtle Dove,
That has no Spleen about her,
Shall waſte ſo much Life
In love of his Wife,
He had better be without her.

SONG XLIV.

YOu Lovers love on,
Leſt the World be undone,
And Mankind be loſt by degrees;
For if all from their Loves
Should go wander in Groves,
There ſoon would be nothing but Trees.

SONG XLV.

WOman who is by Nature wild,
Dull-bearded Man incloſes;
Of Nature's Freedom we're beguil'd,
By Laws which Man impoſes:
Who ſtill himſelf continues free,
Yet we, poor Slaves, muſt Fetter'd be.

Chorus.

A ſhame on the Curſe
Of for Better for Worſe,
'Tis a vile Impoſition on Nature;
For Women ſhould change,
And have Freedom to range,
Like to every other wild Creature.

So gay a thing was ne'er deſign'd
To be reſtrain'd from roving,
Heaven meant ſo changeable a Mind
Should have its change in Loving:
By Cunning we cou'd make Men ſmart,
But they by Strength o'ercome our Art.

Chorus.

Chorus.

A ſhame on the Curſe
Of for better for worſe,
'Tis a vile impoſition on Nature;
For Women ſhould change,
And have freedom to range,
Like to every other wild Creature.

How happy is the Village Maid
Whom only Love can fetter,
By fooliſh Honour ne'er betray'd
She ſerves a power much greater
That lawful Prince the wiſeſt rules;
Th' Uſurper, Honour, rules but Fools.

Chorus.

A ſhame on the Curſe
Of for better for worſe
'Tis a vile impoſition on Nature,
For Women ſhould change,
And have Freedom to range,
Like to every other wild Creature.

Let us reſume our ancient right,
Make Man at diſtance wonder,
Though he victorious be in fight,
In Love we'll keep him under;
War and Ambition hence be hurl'd,
Let Love and Women rule the World.

Chorus.

A ſhame on the Curſe
Of for better for worſe,
'Tis a vile impoſition on Nature;
For Women ſhould change,
And have Freedom to range,
Like to every other wild Creature.

SONG

SONG XLVI.

STay, shut not the Gate,
T'other quart, 'tis not so late
As you're thinking;
The Stars which you see
In the Hemisphere be,
Are but Studs in our Cheeks by good drinking.
The Sun's gone to tipple all night in the Sea, Boys,
To morrow he'll blush that he's paler then we, Boys,
Drink Wine, give him Water, 'tis Sack makes us the Boys.

Fill up the Glass,
To the next merry Lad let it pass,
Come away with't;
Let's set Foot to Foot
And give our minds to't
'Tis Heretical Sects that do slay wit:
Then hang up good Faces, let's drink till our Noses
Gives freedom to speak what our Fancy disposes,
Beneath whose Protection now under the Rose is.

Drink off your Bowl,
'Twill enrich your Head and your Soul,
With Canary;
For a Carbuncled Face
Saves a tedious race;
For the *Indies* about us we carry:
No Helicon like to the Juice of the Vine is,
For *Phœbus* had never had Wit that Divine is,
Did his Face not been bow-dy'd as thine is, & mine is.

This must go round
Off with your Hats till the Pavement be crown'd
With your Beavers,
A Red-coated Face
Frights a Serjeant at Mace;
Whilst the Constable trembles to shivers:

In

Chorus.

A shame on the Curse
Of for better for worse,
'Tis a vile imposition on Nature;
For Women should change,
And have freedom to range,
Like to every other wild Creature.

How happy is the Village Maid
Whom only Love can fetter,
By foolish Honour ne'er betray'd
She serves a power much greater
That lawful Prince the wisest rules;
Th' Usurper, Honour, rules but Fools.

Chorus.

A shame on the Curse
Of for better for worse
'Tis a vile imposition on Nature,
For Women should change,
And have Freedom to range,
Like to every other wild Creature.

Let us resume our ancient right,
Make Man at distance wonder,
Though he victorious be in fight,
In Love we'll keep him under;
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Did his Face not been bow-dy'd as thine is, & mine is.

This must go round
Off with your Hats till the Pavement be crown'd
With your Beavers,
A Red-coated Face
Frights a Serjeant at Mace;
Whilst the Constable trembles to shivers:

In

In ſtate march our Faces, like ſome of the *Quorum*,
While the Whores fall down, and the Vulgar ador
'em,
And our Noſes, like Link-Boys, go ſhining before 'em.

SONG XLVII.

Cupid's no God, a wanton Child,
His Art's too weak, his Power's too mild,
No active Heat, nor noble Fire
Feathers his Arrows with Deſire:
'Tis not his Bow or Shaft, 'tis *Venus*'s Eye
Makes him ador'd, and Crowns his Deity.

SONG XLVIII. *On a Kiſs.*

OH that Joy ſo ſoon ſhould waſt,
Or ſo ſweet a Bliſs,
As a Kiſs,
Might not for ever laſt!
A ſugry melting, ſo ſoft, ſo delicious,
The Dew that lies on Roſes,
When the Morn her ſelf diſcloſes,
Is not ſo precious:
Or rather, when I would it ſmother,
Were I to taſte but ſuch another,
It would be my wiſhing,
That I might Die with Kiſſing.

XLIX. *A Rural Song.*

NYmph and Shepherd, come away,
In theſe Groves let's Sport and Play,
Let each Day be a Holyday,
Sacred to each and happy Love;
To Dancing, Muſick, Poetry:
Your Flocks may now ſecurely Rove,
While you expreſs your jollity.

Choru

Chorus *of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

We come, we come, no Joy like to this,
Now let us sing, rejoyce and kiss,
The Great can never know such Bliss,
1. *As this.*
2. *As this.*
3. *As this.*
All. *As this.*
The Great can never know such Bliss.

All the Inhabitants o'th' Wood
Now celebrate the Spring,
That gives Vigour to the Blood
Of every living Thing:
The Birds have been billing and singing before us,
And all the sweet Chorifters joyn in the *Chorus*:
The Nightingales with jugging Throats,
Warbling out their pretty Notes
So sweet, so sweet, so sweet,
And thus our Loves and Pleasures greet.

Chorus *of All.*

Then let our Pipes sound, let us Dance and Sing,
Till the murmuring Groves with Eccboes ring.

How happy are we,
From all Jealousie free,
No Dangers nor Cares can annoy us;
We toy and we kiss,
And Love's our chief Bliss,
A Pleasure that never can cloy us:
Our Days we consume in unenvied Delights,
And in Love and soft Rest our happy long Nights.

Each Nymph does impart
Her Love without Art,

To

To her Swain who thinks that his chief Treasure:
No envy is fear'd,
No sighs we e're heard,
But those which are caus'd by our pleasure;
When we feel the best raptures of innocent Love,
No joys exceed ours, but the pleasures above.

Chorus.

In these delightful fragrant Groves
Let's celebrate our happy Loves,
Let's Pipe and Dance, and Laugh and Sing;
Thus every happy living thing
Revels in the time of Spring.

SONG L.

FArewel thou dearest of my crimes,
Be never more the abuser of my times,
Lest that I curse too late
The errors of my Fate
Which made me love thee,
All ye Deities divine
Strengthen this request of mine,
Then may I say
Frail delights pass away,
I am rul'd by a power that's above thee.

No more shall thy seducing smiles
Thy winning looks, or other sweet beguiles,
Have power to withdraw
My Heart from Love, by Law
Sealed to another;
Cupid I thy power defie
Thou art a flattering Deity,
And there are none
But say thou art the Son
Of a fair, foolish, fickle, wanton Mother.

SON

SONG LI.

Auguſta is inclin'd to fears,
Be ſhe full, or be ſhe wanting,
till *Auguſta* is complaining;
ive her all you can to eaſe her
ive her all you can to eaſe her
ou can never, never pleaſe her.

SONG LII.

Our merry Poets, old Boys,
Of *Agaripus* Weed,
ll many Tales have told Boys,
Whoſe Liquor doth excel;
nd how that place was haunted
By thoſe that lov'd good Wine,
ho tippled there and chaunted
Among the Muſes nine:
here ſtill they cry'd, Drink clear, Boys,
And you ſhall quickly know it.
hat 'tis not lowſie Beer, Boys,
But Wine, that makes a Poet.

SONG LIII.

Come you Ladies of the Night
That in ſilent ſports delight,
nd ſee the wanton Moon-ſhine play
o light us in our doleful way
ome, come, come Ladies come,
he Night's not blind, though deaf and dumb.
adies have you ſeen a Toy
alled Love, a little Boy?
lmoſt naked, wanton, blind,
uel now, and then as kind;
he be 'mongſt you, Ladies, ſay,
hat he is *Venus* Run-away.

Marks

Marks about him he hath plenty,
You may know him amongſt many;
As his Body is on fire,
And his Breath out-flames deſire,
So being ſent like Lightning in,
He wound our Hearts, but not our Skin.

If any here can but diſcover
Where this winged Wag doth hover,
For her pains ſhall have a Kiſs
When and where her Heart can wiſh:
But ſhe that can but bring him to his Mother,
From *Venus* and her Boy ſhall have another.

SONG LIV.

SInce we poor ſlaviſh Women know,
Our Men we cannot pick and chuſe,
To him we like, why ſay we No?
We have no Pleaſure to refuſe:
By our Put-offs, and fond Delays,
A Lover's Appetite we pall?
And if the Gallant ſtays too long,
His Stomach's gone for good and all.

Or our impatient amorous Gueſt
Unknown to us away may ſteal,
And rather than ſtay for a Feaſt,
Take up with ſome courſe ready Meal:
When Opportunity is kind
Let prudent Woman be ſo too,
And if the Man be to her Mind,
Tell her, ſhe muſt not let him go.

The Match ſoon made is happy'ſt ſtill,
For Love hath only there to do:
Let no one marry againſt her will,
But ſtand off when her Parents woe,

A

d only to their Suit be coy,
For she whom Joynture can obtain,
let a Fop her Bed enjoy,
Is but a lawful Whore for Gain.

SONG LV.

Et Fortune and *Phillis* frown if they please,
I'll no more on their Deities call,
r trouble the Fates, but I'll give my self ease,
And be happy in spite of them all:
ill have my *Phillis* if I once go about her,
Or if I have not, I'll live better without her.

t if she prove vertuous, obliging and kind,
Perhaps I'll vouchsafe for to love her;
r if Pride and Inconstancy in her I find,
I'de have her to know I'm above her:
r at length I have learn'd, now my Fetters are gone,
o love, if I please, or let it alone.

SONG LVI.

Ond Fables tell of old
How *Jove* in *Diana*'s Lap
ll in a Shower of Gold,
which she caught a Clap:
h had it been my hap!
owever the Blow doth threaten,
well I like the Play,
hat I could wish all Day
d Night to be so beaten.

SONG LVII.

'Is late and cold, stir up the Fire,
Si: close, and draw the Table nigher;
merry and drink Wine that's old,
hearty Medicine against a Cold:

Your

Your Beds of wanton Down the beſt
Where you ſhall tumble to your reſt.

I could wiſh you Wenches too,
But I am old and cannot do;
Call for the beſt, the Houſe may ring
Sack, White, and Claret, let 'em bring,
And drink apace whilſt breath you have,
You'll find but cold drink in the Grave.

Plover, Partridge, for your Dinner,
And a Capon for the Sinner,
You ſhall find ready when you're up,
And your Horſe ſhall have his ſup:
Welcome, welcome, ſhall fly round.
And I ſhall ſmile, though under ground.

SONG LVIII.

Venus chanc'd to love a Boy,
Young *Adonis* was her Joy,
He once leapt from off her Knee
To hunt and take a humble Bee,
Then the Bag to her did bring,
She ſigh'd and ask'd him for the Sting:
When he look'd and ſaw her Eye
Drop a Tear, he ſtraight did cry,
Oh forgive me, I will bring
A bigger and a longer Sting;
Smiling ſhe cry'd, Pretty Lad,
When that time comes I ſhall be glad.

SONG LIX.

Cupid once was weary grown
With Womens Errands, laid him down
On a refreſhing Roſie Bed,
The ſame ſweet Covert harboured
A Bee, and as ſhe always had
A quarrel with Love's idle Lad,

Sting

Sings the ſoft Boy; Pains and Fears
Straight melt him into Cries and Tears:
As Wings and Feet would let each other,
Home he haſtens to his Mother,
Then on her Knees he hangs his head
And crys, Oh Mother! I am dead,
An ugly Snake they call a Bee
(Oh ſee it ſwells) has murder'd me;
Venus with ſmiles replies, O Sir,
Does a Bees ſting make all this ſtir,
Think what Pains then attend thoſe Darts,
Wherewith thou ſtill art wounding Hearts,
Then let it ſmart, may chance that then
Thou'lt learn more pity towards Men.

Philomel and *Charon.* SONG LX.

Phil. *Charon*, Oh gentle *Charon*, let me wooe thee
By tears and pity now to come unto me,
Char. What voice ſo ſweet and charming do I hear:
Phil. I prithee firſt draw near:
Speak what thou art?
Char. A ſound I hear, but nothing yet can ſee,
Speak what thou art?
Phil. Oh *Charon* pity me!
I am a Bird, and though no name I tell
My Warbling Note will ſay I am *Philomel.*
Char. What's that to me, I waft no Fiſh nor Fowls,
Nor Beaſts nor Birds, but only humane Souls.
Phil. Alas for me!
Char. Shame on thy 'witching Note, (Boat:
That made me thus hoiſe Sail and bring my
But I'll return; what miſchief brought thee
hither?
Phil. A deal of Love, and much Grief together.
Char. If this be all, I am gone.
Phil. For Love I pray thee.

Char.

Char. Talk not of Love, all pray, but few Souls pay me.
Phil. I'll give thee Sighs and Tears.
Char. Will Tears and Sighs pay Scores,
For patching Sails, for mending Boats and Oars
Phil. I'll beg a Penny, and I'll sing so long,
Till thou shalt say, I have paid thee with a Song
Char. Why then begin:
Phil. And all the while we make
Our slothful Passage o'er the Stygian Lake:
Thou and I'll sing to make these dull Shades merry,
Which else with Tears would doubtless drown our Ferry.

SONG LXI.

WHat an Ass is he
That waits on a Woman's leisure
For a minutes Pleasure,
And yet perhaps may be
Gull'd at last and lose her,
What an Ass is he.

Shall I Sigh and Die,
'Cause a Maid denies me,
And that she may try,
Suffer patiently?
Oh no Fate shall tye me
To such Cruelty.

Love is all my Life,
For it keeps me doing,
Yet my Love and Wooing
Is not for a Wife;
It is good eschewing
Warring, Care, and Strife.

What

What need I to care
For a Woman's favour,
If another have her,
Why ſhould I deſpair,
When for Gold and Labour
I can have my ſhare.

If I fancy one,
And that one do love me,
Yet deny to prove me,
Farewel, I am gone:
She can never move me,
Farewel, I am gone.

If I chance to ſee
One that's brown, I love her
Till I ſee another
That's more brown than ſhe:
For I am a Lover
Of my Liberty.

Every Day I change
And at once love many,
Yet not ty'd to any,
For I love to range;
And if one ſhould ſtay me,
I ſhould think it ſtrange.

What if ſhe be old,
So that ſhe have Riches,
Youth and Form bewitches,
But it is ſtore of Gold
Cures laſcivious Itches,
So the Criticks hold.

SONG LXII.

I Know more than *Apollo*,
For whilſt that he was ſleeping,

I ſaw the Stars
At mortal Jars,
And watry *Neptune* weeping.

I ſaw fierce *Mars* contending
With his bright fiery Face,
Saturn likewiſe
Threatning the Skies,
Careering with a Grace.

Venus with all her Train
Of Heavenly Nymphs was dancing,
Revelling all night,
They vanquiſh'd quite,
And *Pegaſus* left prancing.

Sol hid himſelf, and *Phœbe*
Pluck'd in her Horns for fear,
And *Jove* did fly
Through the Gallery,
But his Meſſenger did ſwear.

Aſtronomers from hence
Might *Britain*'s State Pourtray,
Our Sun's aſleep,
Let *England* weep,
Impiety bears Sway.

Meteors, not Stars, Eclipſe
Our Hemiſphere, I think,
If they be Crown'd,
The World turns round,
We're all undone, let's Drink.

SONG LXIII.

HOld back thy Hours, dark Night, till we have done
The day will come too ſoon.
Young Maids will curſe thee, if thou ſteal'ſt away,
And leav'ſt their Bluſhes open to the Day:

Stay

Stay, stay, and hide
The Blushes of the Bride.

Stay, gentle Night, and with thy Darkness cover
The Kisses of my Lover,
Stay and confound her Tears and her shrill Cryings,
Her weak Denials, Vows, and often Dyings;
Stay and hide all,
But help not, though she Call.

SONG LXIV.

COurtier, if thou need'st wilt Wive,
From this Lesson learn to thrive;
If to Match it be thy Fate,
Let her surpass in Birth and State;
Let her curious Garments be
Twice above thine own degree:
This will draw great Eyes upon her,
Gain her Servants, and thee Honour.

SONG LXV.

POor Citizen, if thou wilt be
A happy Husband, learn of me,
To set thy Wife first in thy Shop:
Fair, kind, sweet Wife, sets a poor Man up;
What though thy Shelves be ne'er so bare?
Woman still is currant Ware,
Each Man will cheapen, Foe and Friend:
Yet whilst thou art at th'other end;
What e'er thou seest, or what dost hear,
Shou'd have no Eye to, nor no Ear:
And after Supper, for her sake,
When thou hast fed, snort, though thou wake;
What though the Gallants call thee Mome,
Set with thy Lanthorn light her home:
I'm confident, but will not tell
Where such a Citizen doth dwell.

SONG LXVI. *A Serenade.*

THou joy of all Hearts, and delight of all Eyes,
Nature's chief, and Beauty's chief Prize;
Look down you'll discover
Here's a faithful young vigorous Lover;
With a Heart full as true
As e'er languish'd for you,
Here's a faithful young vigorous Lover.

The Heart that was once a Monarch in's Breast,
Is now your poor Captive, and can have no rest;
'Twill never give over,
But about your sweet Bosom will hover:
Dear Miss let it in,
As I live 'tis no Sin;
Here's a faithful young vigorous Lover,

SONG LXVII.

CHloris, when you disperse your Influence,
Your dazling Beams are quick and clear,
You so surprize and wound the Sense,
So bright a Miracle you appear:
Admiring Mortals you astonish so,
No other Deity they know;
But think that all Divinity's below.

One charming Look from your illustrious Face
Is able to subdue Mankind,
So sweet, so powerful a Grace
Makes all Men Lovers, but the Blind:
Nor can they Freedom by Resistance gain;
For each embraces the soft Chain,
And never struggles with the pleasing pain.

SONG LXVIII.

WHen first my free Heart
Was inspir'd by Desire,

So ſoft was the Wound,
And ſo gentle the fire;
My Sighs were ſo ſweet,
And ſo pleaſant the ſmart,
I pity'd the Slave
That had ne'er loſt his Heart:
He thinks himſelf happy,
And free; but, alas!
He's far from that Heaven
Which Lovers poſſeſs.

In Nature was nothing
That I could compare
With the Beauty of *Chloris*,
I thought her ſo fair;
A Wit ſo Divine
All her Sayings did fill,
A Goddeſs ſhe ſeem'd;
And I thought of her ſtill
With a Zeal more enflam'd,
And a Paſſion more true,
Than a Martyr in Flames
For Religion can ſhew.

More Vertues and Graces
I found in her Mind,
Than the Schools can invent,
Or the Gods e'er deſign'd.
She ſeem'd to be mine
By each glance of her Eye,
Mortals might aim
At a Bleſſing ſo high.
Each Day, with new Favours,
New Hopes ſhe did give;
But, alas! what is wiſh'd,
We too ſoon do believe.

With aweful respect,
While I lov'd, I admir'd,
But fear'd to attempt
What so much I desir'd;
In a moment my Joys
And my Hopes were destroy'd,
A Shepherd more daring
Fell on and enjoy'd;
Yet in spite of my Fate,
And the Pains I endure,
In a second Amour
I will seek for my cure.

SONG. LXIX.

WHat does the fair *Clarina* mean,
To tantalize her Servant so?
She frowns, and sweetly smiles agen
Whence these Alternate Fancies flow;
I long to know.

Though they for trivial Causes are,
Each Glance to me's a several Fate;
My Heart's the Ship, her Eye the Star;
The Port it Sail, to love, or hate,
Which on her wait.

When sad *Aurora*'s clouded dress
Seems to portend a stormy Day,
The dying flow'rs their Heads depress,
But take new Life from *Sol*'s bright Ray,
I fare like they.

Though Love has made me Reason's Foe,
Some weak Reflections still remain,
Which her deriding Scorn do show,
By which my Faults, and her Disdain
I see too plain.

Yet let her know, that still I love;
If that's presumptuous, I adore:

But

But if my Fate uncertain prove,
And ſhe myſterious, as before,
I'll love no more.

To all, but that Divineſt ſhe,
My flame ſhall ever be unknown;
If Juſt contempt my purchaſe be;
My ill ſucceſs I'll never own
To more than one.
Neither Favour, nor Force, nor Fear, nor Delight,
Shall make me diſcover, if ſhe will but Write.

SONG LXX.

BE jolly my Friend,
For the Money we ſpend
On Women and Wine, to our ſelves we do lend:
The Ladies Embraces,
And our Carbuncled Faces,
Will gain us more credit, than the Muſes, or the Graces.

Then Sirrah, be quicker,
And bring us more Liquor;
We'll have nothing to do with Phyſician, or Vicar:
We'll round with our Bowls,
Till our Paſſing-Bell Toles,
And truſt no ſuch Quacks with our Bodies or Souls.

SONG LXXI.

CEaſe *Chloris*, ceaſe to wonder why
My Cheek's ſo pale, ſo dim my Eye;
Admire no more my ſhortned Breath,
No more foretel my approaching Death:
For now it only lies in you,
To make your Omen falſe, or true.
From the Phyſician you in vain
Enquire the Nature of my pain;
In vain you weep; for, when you pleaſe,
You, only you, can give me eaſe:

And none will think you truly grieve,
For one you care not to believe.

By meaner Paſſions you endure,
What by a nobler you may cure:
Change but your Pity into Love,
And ſo the Cauſe in both remove.
Thus by a ſtrange Diſcovery,
You'll cheat the World, your ſelf, and me.

SONG LXXII.

AH! fading Joy,
How quickly art thou paſt!
Yet we thy Ruine haſt;
And what too ſoon would dye, help to deſtroy.
As if the Cares of Humane Life were few,
We ſeek out new,
And follow Fate, which does too faſt purſue.
In vain does Nature's bounteous Hand ſupply,
What peeviſh Mortals to themſelves deny.
See how on ev'ry Bough the Birds expreſs
In wild Notes their Happineſs:
Not anxious how to get or ſpare,
They on their Mother Nature lay their care.
Why then ſhou'd Man, the Lord of all below,
Such Troubles chuſe to know,
As none of all his Subjects undergo?

Chorus.

Hark, hark! the Waters fall,
And with a murmuring ſound
Daſh, daſh upon the ground,
To gentle Slumbers call.

SONG LXXIII.

A Curſe on the Zealous and Ignorant Crew,
That languiſh all Day,
And with Paſſion obey
The ſenſeleſs Decrees that Platonicks purſue:

How

How poor and unhappy,
Unhappy are those Pretenders,
Who fearless of Scandal, or vulgarly Shame,
Diminish their Flame.

But blest is the Man that with freedom enjoys,
A Beauty whose Eyes,
Like the Stars in the Skies,
Produce new Delights till his Appetite cloys:
How happy, unhappy,
How happy are these Pretenders,
Who fearless of Scandal or vulgar Reproach,
Pursues his Debauch?

Elysium's a Grief and a Torment compar'd
To that we can prove
In enjoyment of Love,
Where Lovers in Rapture still meet a Reward:
The Tales of the Ancient,
Of future Delights are ungrounded,
In Love's kind Fruition, where Souls have access,
Oh there's the true Bliss.

SONG LXXIV.

ADieu, my *Cordelia*, my deareſt, adieu,
No Passion more slighted was ever more true,
No Torment severer than this could you prove,
T' enjoyn him by absence that's chain'd by your love;
Subdu'd by your Charms, y' inflam'd my desire,
Till a Spark from your Eyes set me all on fire:
O Cruelty shewn, no Offence but Love known,
Exil'd and out-law'd by a hard-hearted Stone!

SONG LXXV.

OH name not the Day, left my Senses reprove
And curse my poor Heart for the knowledge of Love:
Ah the ignorant Fate of a fearful young Lover,
When a sign is return'd, not to have Wit to discover:

To delay a kind Nymph from her hourly design,
Is to dig for a Treasure, and sink in the Mine.

SONG LXXVI.

A Musical Instruction for a Young Lady.

TO Play upon the Viol, if
A Virgin will begin,
The first of all she must know her Cliff
And all the Stops therein:
Her Prick she must hold long enough,
Her Back-falls gently take,
Her touch must gentle be, not rough,
At each stroke she must shake.

She must unto her Bow fly,
And stick close to her Fiddle,
Her Feet must hold the Lower-End,
And her Knees must hold the Middle:
Two Fingers on the Hair must lye
And two upon the Back;
She must ever keep true time,
And with her Feet it pat.

And when she hath as she would have,
She must it gently thrust,
Up, Down, Swift, Slow, at any rate
As she her self doth list:
When by Experience she doth find
That she grows something cunning;
She'll ne'er be contented in her Mind,
But whil'st the Bow is running.

SONG LXXVII.

WHen first my Dear *Delia*, my Heart did surprize,
By the attraction of Beauty, and power of her Eyes,
I tremb'd and sigh'd, and stedfastly gaz'd,
Until all my thoughts into raptures were rais'd:

That

That Monarch's unworthy who grudges to part,
With Scepter and Crown to attain ſuch a Heart.

SONG LXXVIII.

HOw bonny and brisk, how pleaſant and ſweet,
Were *Fenny* and I, while my Paſſion is ſtrong;
So eagerly each others flame we did meet,
That a minute's delay, did appear to be long:
The Vows that I made her, ſhe ſeal'd with a Kiſs,
Till my Soul I had loſt in a rapture of Bliſs.

I vow'd, and I thought I cou'd ever have lov'd,
Where Beauty and Kindneſs together I found;
So ſweetly ſhe look'd, and ſo ſweetly ſhe mov'd,
That I fancy'd my ſtrength with my joys to abound.
For the Pleaſures I gave ſhe did doubly requite,
By finding out ever new ways to delight.

At laſt when Enjoyment had put out my fire,
My ſtrength was decay'd, and my Paſſion was done,
So pall'd was my Fancy, ſo tame my Deſire,
That I from the Nymph very fain wou'd have gone:
Ah *Fenny*, ſaid I, we adore you in vain,
For Beauty enjoy'd, does but turn to diſdain.

SONG LXXIX.

THey call, they call, what Voice is that?
A Lady in deſpair,
Whoſe Tears and Sorrows come too late,
Her loſſes to repair;
By too much Pride I've loſt a Heart
I languiſh to regain,
And yet I'de kill the Man I love,
E'er own my pleaſing pain:
Some gentle ſpirit ſhew the Fate,
Of him I love, but fain wou'd hate.
In vain, in vain, thou ſeek'ſt our aid,
Thy Paſſion to remove,

For

For see, alas, the foul event
  Of thy too Tragick Love;
See, see, the Crown thou didst disdain
  Another Brow must wear,
Then sigh and weep no more in vain,
  But die in deep despair:
May this be all proud Beauties fate,
Still to repent their Pride too late,

SONG LXXX.

NAy let me alone,
  I protest I'll be gone,
'Tis a Folly to think
  I'll be subject to one;
Never hope to confine
A young Gallant to dine,
Like a Scholar of *Oxford*,
  On none but a Loin:
For after enjoyment our bellies are full,
And the same Dish again makes the Appetite dull.
By your wantoning Art
Of a Sigh and a Start,
You endeavour in vain
  To inveagle my Heart,
For the pretty disguise
Of your languishing eyes,
Will never prevail
  With my Sinews to rise:
'Tis never the Mode in an amorous Treat,
When a Lover hath Din'd to perswade him to Eat.

Faith *Betty*, the Jest
Is almost at the best,
'Tis only variety
Makes up the Feast;
For when we're enjoy'd,
And with Pleasures are cloy'd,

The

The Vows that we made
To love ever, are void:
And now pretty Nymph it was ever unfit,
That a meal ſhould be made of a reliſhing bit.

SONG LXXXI.

TYrant, thou ſeek'ſt in vain
With her pure blood thy guilty Sword to ſtain,
Heaven does that ſacred Blood deſign
To be the ſourſe of an immortal Line:
Death will not dare to touch that heart
Which Love hath choſen for his Dart.

Chorus.

Fair Innocence and Beauty are
Of watchful Heaven the chiefeſt care;
But the devouring Monſter ſhall
A Sacrifice to Juſtice fall.

Richmond does fly to your redreſs,
Love's Meſſengers can do no leſs,
His Sword ſhall with one Blow
Cut off your Fetters, and Tyrants too:
All reſiſtance vain will prove,
When Valour is inſpir'd by Love.

Chorus.

Tyrants by Heaven and Earth are Curſt,
They ſwell with Blood until they burſt;
But Lovers are wiſe Nature's Care,
What Tyrants Ruin, they Repair.

SONG LXXXII.

AS I was walking
In a *May* Morning,
I heard a Bird ſing
Cuckoo.

Upon a Tree of choice
She ſung with pleaſant voice,

Which

Which made my Heart rejoyce,
Cuckoo.

She noddled up and down,
And ſhe ſwore by her Crown,
Her Friends liv'd in this Town,
Cuckoo.

All you that Married be,
Come learn this Song of me,
And ſo we ſhall agree
To be
Cuckoo
Upon a Tree

SONG LXXXIII.

GOd *Cupid*'s for certain as fooliſh as blind.
To ſettle his heart upon People unkind,
His Puniſhment' juſt, for not having regard
To gentle Complyers, but ungrateful and hard.
And you'll find it for ever like Oracle true,
Love will fly the purſuer, the flyer purſue.

As ſhadows do follow thoſe who run away,
And fly thoſe that follow, as if 'twere at play;
As Death ſooneſt ſearcheth Men fearing to die,
From thoſe who wiſh for him, he fartheſt doth fly.
So you'll find it for ever like Oracle true,
Love will fly the purſuer, the flyer purſue.

If a ſhade you embrace, you'll find your hands empty.
If you court a fair Face, ſhe'll nothing but tempt ye:
Reciprocal Kindneſ you'll always ſee miſſing,
Returning baſe ſcorn as bad as a hiſſing.
So you'll find it for ever like Oracle true,
Love will fly the purſuer, the flyer purſue.

The Lover's hard Fate is ſure from above,
True Love meets Diſdain, as Diſdain doth with Love,
Or

Or elſe Fleſh and Blood could ne'er be ſo Cruel,
To give gentle flame ſo diſmal a Fuel.

Chorus.

Thus you'll find it for ever like Oracle true,
Love will fly the purſuer, the flyer purſue.

SONG LXXXIV.

I'De have you, quoth he.
Wou'd you have me, quoth ſhe:
O where, Sir?
In my Chamber, quoth he,
In your Chamber! quoth ſhe,
Why there, Sir?
To kiſs you, quoth he.
To kiſs me! quoth ſhe,
O why, Sir?
'Cauſe I love it, quoth he.
Do you love it? quoth ſhe,
So do I, Sir.

SONG LXXXV.

WHat ſhall we do?
When our Eyes are ſurrounded
With Beauties like you,
Our Hearts muſt be wounded.
If we fly from the War,
Your Darts do o'ertake us;
And if we ſtay there,
Your Captives you make us.
Engaging, or flying, we're ſure to be ſlain:
Then who is ſo mad ſuch a Fight to maintain?
And yet, Oh! how ſweet
Are the Wounds of your Glances!
Then nobly we'll meet,
Though we fall by our Lances:

When

When your Smiles do evince
That our Death will be pleaſant,
Better die like a Prince,
Than live like a Peaſant:
If engaging, or flying, we are certain to die,
'Tis Courage to fight, and a Folly to fly.

SONG LXXXVI.

THou art ſo fair, and cruel too,
I am amaz'd, what ſhall I do
To compaſs my deſire?
Sometimes thy Eyes do me invite,
But when I venture, kill me quite;
Yet ſtill encreaſe my fire.

Oft have I try'd my Love to quell,
And thought its Fury to repell,
Since I no hopes do find:
But when I think of leaving thee,
My Heart as much doth torture me,
As 'twould rejoyce, if kind.

I ſtill muſt love, though hardly us'd,
And never offer but refus'd;
Can any ſuffer more?
Be coy, be cruel, do thy worſt,
Though, for thy ſake, I am accurſt;
I muſt and will adore.

SONG LXXXVII.

LOe! behind a Scene of Seas,
Under a Canopy of Trees,
The fair new golden World was laid
Sleeping, like a harmleſs Maid,
Till, alas! ſhe was betray'd:
In ſuch Shades *Urania* lay;
Till Love diſcover'd out a way:
And now ſhe cries, Some Power above
Save me from this Tyrant Love.

Her

er poor Heart had no defence,
t its Maiden Innocence;
each ſweet retiring Eye
u might eaſily deſcry
roops of yielding Beauties fly,
aving rare unguarded Treaſure,
o the Conqueror's Will and Pleaſure:
And now ſhe cries, Some Power above
Save me from this Tyrant Love.

w and then a ſtragling Frown
rough the Shades skipt up and down,
ooting ſuch a piercing Dart,
would make the Tyrant ſmart,
d preſerve her Lips and Heart:
t, alas! her Empire's gone,
rone and Temples all undone:
And now ſhe cries, Some Power above
Save me from this Tyrant Love.

rm aloft, the Stormy Winds
t may keep theſe Golden Mines,
d let *Spaniards* Love be tore
ſome cruel Rocky Shore,
ere he'll put to Sea no more;
t poor conquered Beauty cry,
I'm wounded! Oh I die!
nd then there is no Power above
an ſave me from this Tyrant Love.

SONG LXXXVIII.

ever ſhall henceforth approve
The Deity of Love,
Since he could be
uch unjuſt by wounding me,
To leave my Miſtreſs free.

f my Shame could leave a Print
Upon a Heart of Flint:

Her

Can

Can Flesh and Stone
Be e'er converted into one,
By my poor Flame alone?

Were he a God, he'd neither be
Partial to her nor me,
But by a Dart,
Directed into eithers Heart,
Make both confess his Art.

Thus being melted with his subtle Fire,
Our Loves might mingle into one desire.

SONG LXXXIX.

WHY, lovely *Celia*, should I fear
To tell you that I Love,
Since I no other shape can wear,
But what you may approve?
What Fault can you with my bright Passion find,
That must be as Immortal as your Mind?

Tis secret Friendship that I bring,
Friendship the Soul of Love;
A rich, though long a banish'd thing,
To those bless'd Souls above:
Only this just Return from you I crave,
As you possess my Heart, I yours may have.

The Treacherous, he that proffers bliss,
By glitt'ring Joyntures made;
He only the Impostor is,
By which you are betray'd:
How vainly will it by you then be sought,
To gain that freedom which your Tyrant brought

The crafty Leopards so doth win
On Herds that fearless lye,

Wi

ith that enamel of his Skin,
Till the ſurpriz'd muſt dye:
oo late, alas! then ſtrives the Captive prey,
om the inſulting Foe to get away.

A Madman's SONG. XC.

N Caves full of Skulls, and rotten old Bones,
There ſhe ſighs in the day-time, and in night groans;
mongſt Hoſts of the Guilty for ever ſhe'll howl,
nd in Beds full of Serpents eternally rowl:
ut I and *rene*'ll be merry,
mongſt happy Lovers we'll play;
h *Charon* make haſte with your Ferry,
ow hard, and I'll double your pay.

SONG XCI.

A Dialogue between Sorrow, *and one* Afflicted.

ffict. O *Sorrow, Sorrow,* ſay where doſt thou dwell?
rrow. In the loweſt Room of Hell.
ffict. Art thou Born of Humane Race?
rrow. No, no, I have a furious Face.
ffict. Art thou of City, Town, or Court?
rrow. I to ev'ry Place reſort.
ffict. Why, O why
Into the World was Sorrow ſent?
rrow. Men afflicted beſt Repent.
ffict. What doſt thou feed on?
rrow. Broken Sleep.
ffict. What tak'ſt thou pleaſure in?
rrow. To weep,
To ſob, to pine, to groan,
To wring my Hands, and ſit alone.
ffict. When, O when ſhall *Sorrow* Quiet have?
rrow. Never, Never, Never,
Never till ſhe find a Grave.

SONG

SONG XCII.

WHilſt *Alexis* lay preſt in her Arms he lov'd beſt,
With his Hands round her Neck, and his Head on her Breaſt;
He found the fierce Pleaſure too haſty to ſtay,
And his Soul in the Tempeſt juſt flying away.
When *Celia* ſaw this, with a Sigh and a Kiſs,
She cry'd, O my dear, I am robb'd of my Bliſs:
'Tis unkind to your Love, and unfaithfully done,
To leave me behind you, and die all alone.
The Youth though in haſt, and breathing his laſt,
In pity dy'd ſlowly whilſt ſhe dy'd more faſt:
Till at length ſhe cry'd, Now, my Dear, now let us go;
Now die my *Alexis*, and I will die too.
Thus entranc'd they did lie, till *Alexis* did try
To recover new Breath, that again he might die;
Then often they dy'd; but the more they did ſo,
The Nymph dy'd more quick, and the Shepherd more ſlow.

SONG XCIII. *The double Health.*

TUrn off the Glaſs, 'tis a Crime to ſee't full,
Drinking dead Liquor has made us ſo dull;
Let Slaves and Phanaticks be ſubject to Care,
Deep Thoughts and Affairs our fierce Enemies are.

SONG XCIV.

On the Death of Mr. Pelham Humphry.

DId you not hear the hideous Groans,
The Shrieks and heavy Moans,
That ſpread themſelves o'er all the penſive Plain,
And rend the Breaſt of many a tender Swain?
'Twas for *Amyntas* dead and gone:
Sing, you forſaken Shepherds, ſing his praiſe
In careleſs melancholy Lays,
Lend him a little doleful Breath,

For

or *Amyntas*, poor *Amyntas* cruel Death:
Twas thou that mad'ſt dead Words to live,
Thou that dead Numbers didſt inſpire
With charming Voice and tuneful Lyre,
That Life to all but to thy ſelf could'ſt give:
Why could'ſt thou not wondrous Art bequeath,
or *Amyntas*, poor *Amyntas*, cruel Death.

Chorus.

Sing, Pious Shepherds, ſing while you may,
Before the approaches of the Fatal Day;
For you your ſelves that ſing this mournful Song:
Alas! e'er it be long
Shall, like Amyntas, *breathleſs be;*
Though more forgotten in the Grave than he.

SONG XCV.

Ure it is ſo, then let it go,
) Let the giddy-brain'd times run round,
Let the Cobler be crown'd,
d Monarchy thus we recover:
Let Fools go and Preach,
And the Apes go and teach,
d the Clown be the Amorous Lover.
t Fortune be Blind, and Love prove Unkind,
d a Coward as ſtout as *Hector*;
Let *Diana* turn Whore,
And Exciſemen grow Poor,
d a Brewer a ſecond Protector.
t the great Epicure no Junkets endure,
d an excellent Tradeſman go hoop, Sir;
Let a Whoremaſter hap
To want a good Clap,
d a Taylor at laſt turn Trooper.
t Merchants want Gains,
d Lovers high Strains,

And

And a Farmer his Skill in Cowing,
Let the Lawyer come down
To put off his Gown,
And put on his Jacket for Plowing.

Let an Hoſtler want Dung,
And an Orator Tongue,
And the Poets a ſence of framing,
Let a Lyar want skill
To have Wit at will,
And a common Shark know no Gaming.

He that ne'er read nor writ
Shall be the only Wit,
And in theſe and the like Diſaſters,
There will none think me rude,
If I boldly conclude,
This is a mad World my Maſters.

SONG XCVI.

'TWas in the pleaſant Month of *May*,
On a Morn by Break-of-Day,
Forth I walk'd the Woods ſo wide
When as *May* was in her Pride;
There I eſpyed all alone
Phillida and *Corydon*.

Much ado there was I wot,
He could love, but ſhe could not,
His Love he ſaid was ever true,
Nor was mine e'er falſe to you:
He ſaid, that he had lov'd her long,
She ſaid, that Love ſhould have no wrong.

Corydon would kiſs her then,
She ſa'd, Maids muſt kiſs no Men,
Till they kiſs for good and all,
Then ſhe made the ſhepherds call

heir fellow Swains to witness sooth,
'er was lov'd so fair a Youth.

hen with many a pretty Oath,
Yea and Nay, and Faith and Troth;
ch as silly Shepherds use,
hen they will not Love abuse:
we that had been long deluded,
as with Kisses sweet concluded;
d *Phillida*, with Garlands gay,
s Crown'd the Lady of the *May*.

SONG XCVII.

WHat makes you all so dull,
You lively Lads that love
e Pleasures of the Plain,
And sport enchanting *Jove*:
My jolly Muse
Brings other News,
d Time invites to go;
Fill Nectar's Cup,
The Hare is up,
come to sing So! Ho!

Pipe is of the pure
Cane of the Winter Corn,
force of *Cynthia*'s lure
Transform'd into a Horn:
Aurora's Look
Hath chang'd my Crook
o a bended Bow;
And *Pan* shall keep
My patient Sheep,
le here we sing So! Ho!

us like Swains
That only undergoes
Pleasures of the Plains
place where *Boreas* blows:

And every Night
Take our Delight
With our She-friend, and ſo
Both Night and Day
We'll ſport and play,
And merrily ſing, So! ho!

SONG XCVIII.

THe Glories of our Birth and State,
Are Shadows, not ſubſtantial Things,
There is no Armour 'gainſt our Fate,
Death lays his Icy Hands on Kings;
Scepters and Crown
Muſt tumble down,
And in the Duſt be equal laid
With the poor crooked Scythe and Spade.

Some Men with Swords may reap the Field,
And plant freſh Lawrels were they kill,
But their ſtrong Nerves at length muſt yield,
They tame but one another ſtill:
Early or late
They ſtoop to Fate,
And muſt give up their murmuring Breath,
Whilſt the pale Captive creeps to Death.

The Lawrel withers on your Brow,
Then boaſt no more your mighty Deeds,
For on Death's Purple Altar now,
See where the Victor Victim bleeds;
All Heads muſt come
To the cold Tomb,
Only the Actions of the Juſt
Smell ſweet and bloſſom in the Duſt.

SONG XCIX.

WHen *Aurelia* firſt I Courted,
She had Youth and Beauty too,

Killing

Killing Pleaſures when ſhe ſported,
And her Charms were ever new:
Conquering Time hath now deceiv'd her,
which her Glory did uphold;
All their Arts can ne'er retrieve her,
Poor *Aurelia*'s growing old.

Thoſe airy Spirits which invited
Are retir'd, and move no more;
And thoſe Eyes are now benighted,
Which were Comets heretofore:
Want of theſe abate her Merits,
Yet I have Paſſion for her Name;
Only warm and vigorous Spirits
Kindle and maintain her Flame.

SONG C.

STill to be neat, ſtill to be dreſt,
As you were going to a Feaſt;
Still to be Powder'd, ſtill Perfum'd,
Lady, it is to be preſum'd,
Though Arts hid Cauſes are not found,
All is not ſweet, all is not ſound.

Give me a Look, give me a Face,
That makes Simplicity a Grace;
Robes ſweetly flowing, Hair as free,
Such ſweet Neglect more taketh me,
Than all the Adulteries of Art;
They wound mine Eyes, but not my Heart.

SONG CI. *Strephon* and *Daphne.*

Strephon. COme, my *Daphne*, come away,
We do waſte the Cryſtal Day;
'Tis *Strephon* calls.

Daphne. What would my Love?

Strephon. Come follow to the Myrtle Grove,
Where I, with *Venus* will prepare,
New Chaplets to adorn thy Hair.

Daphne. *Strephon*, were I ſhut in this Tree,
I'd rend the Bark to follow thee.
Strephon. My Shepherdeſs make haſt,
The minutes fly too faſt:
Let's to thoſe cooler Shades where I,
Blind as *Cupid* in thine Eye,
Betwixt thy Breaſts will ever ſtray;
In ſuch warm Snows
Who would not loſe his way!

Chorus.

We'll laugh and leave the World behind,
Thoſe Gods themſelves that ſee,
Shall envy thee and me,
And never taſte ſuch Joy
When they embrace a Deity.

SONG CII.

WHy ſhould we not laugh and be jolly,
Since all the World is mad,
And lull'd in dull Melancholly?
He that wallows in Store,
Is ſtill gaping for more,
And that makes him as poor
As the Wretch that ne'er any thing had.

How mad is that damn'd Money-monger,
That to purchaſe to him and his Heirs
Grows ſhrievel'd with Thirſt and Hunger?
While we that are bonny
Buy Sack with ready Money,
And ne'er trouble the Scriveners nor Lawyers.

Thoſe Gulls that by ſcraping and toiling
Do ſwell their Revenues ſo faſt,
Get nothing by all their turmoiling,

But are Marks for each Tax,
While they load their own Backs
With the heavier Packs,
And lie down gall'd and weary at laſt.
While we that do Traffick in Tipple
Can baffle the Gown and the Sword,
Whoſe Jaws are ſo hungry and gripple,
We ne'er trouble our Heads
With Indentures or Deeds,
And our Wills are compos'd in a word.
Our Money ſhall never Indict us,
Nor drag our free Minds to Thrall,
Nor Pyrates nor Wracks can affright us;
We that have no Eſtates
Fear no Plunder nor Rates,
We can ſleep with open Gates.
He that lies on the Ground cannot fall.
We laugh at thoſe Fools whoſe Endeavours
Do but fit them for Priſons and Fines,
When we that ſpend all are the Savers;
For if Thieves do break in,
They go out empty agen,
And the Plunderers loſe their Deſigns.
Then let us not think on to Morrow,
but Tipple and Laugh while we may,
To waſh from our Hearts all Sorrow;
Thoſe Cormorants which
Are troubled with an Itch
To be Mighty and Rich,
Do but toil for the Wealth which they borrow.
The Mayor of the Town with his Ruff on,
What a P-- is he better than we?
He muſt veil to the Man with his Buff on;
Though he Cuſtard may eat,
And ſuch ſubbardly Meat,
Yet our Sack makes us merrier than he.

SONG CIII.

NO, I will ſooner truſt the Wind
When falſly kind
It courts the pregnant Sails into a Storm,
And when the ſmiling Waves perſwade,
Be willingly betray'd,
Then thy deceitful Eyes or Form.

Go and beguile ſome eaſie Heart
With thy vain Art,
Thy Smiles and Kiſſes on thoſe Fools beſtow;
Who only ſee the Calms that ſleep
On this ſmooth flattering Deep,
But not the hidden Dangers know.

They that like me this Falſhood prove,
Will ſcorn thy Love;
Some may, deceiv'd at firſt, adore thy Shrine,
But he that as thy Sacrifice,
Doth willingly fall twice,
Dies his own Martyr, and not thine.

SONG CIV.

BEauty and Love once fell at odds,
And thus Revil'd each other;
Said Love, I am one of the Gods,
And you wait on my Mother:
Thou haſt no Power o'er Men at all,
But what I gave to thee;
Nor art thou longer fair or ſweet,
Than Men acknowledge thee.

Away, fond Boy, then Beauty ſaid,
We know that thou art blind;
But Men have knowing Eyes, and can
My Graces better find:

'Twas

'Twas I begot thee, Mortals know,
And call'd thee Blind Desire;
I made thy Quiver and thy Bow,
And Wings to kindle Fire.

Love then in Anger flew away,
And straight to *Vulcan* pray'd,
That he would tip his Shafts with Scorn
To punish this proud Maid;
This Beauty ever since hath been
But Courted for an Hour;
To Love a Day is now a Sin
'Gainst *Cupid* and his Power.

SONG CV.

A Dialogue betwixt NEPTUNE *and* APOLLO, *occasioned by the* DEATH *of the Earl of* SANDWICH.

Apol. I Charge thee, *Neptune*, as thou art just, resign
The most admir'd *Sandwich*, which is mine,
Whose Loss creates a Discord in the Spheres,
And turns our Melody to Groans and Tears.
Nept. Forbear to ask what is unjust to grant,
Thy Charge and my Designs are dissonant:
He's mine by Conquest, What is thy Pretence?
Apol. In Musick his unequal'd Excellence.
Nept. Heroick Parts I gave him, taught him how,
With thundering Cannon, and a furrow'd Brow,
To rule the Surface of my Realm.
Apol. And I,
By a Magnetick Power in Harmony,
Made him a Conqueror to overcome
All Souls that lov'd or lik'd *Elizium*.
Nept. Thy Seat is pleasant, there all Sweets do dwell,
But mine with Rage and Horror only swell:

Which lately is encreas'd, since *Sandwich* sent
So many Religions to my Element,
Whose Emulation to a Prince's Throne
Makes me keep *Sandwich* to preserve my own.

Chorus.

We'll sing his Requiem *by some murmuring Brook,*
On which as th' Emblem of our Grief we look;
And with our Tears encrease it to a Main,
Then sigh and weep till Sandwich *come again,*
Or else we never, never will restrain.

The Quakers SONG. CVI.

YE She-friends and He-friends, whoever inherit
Infallible Light in dark Lanthorn of Spirit,
Come prick up your Ears, and behold I will fit ye
With an Hymn that is call'd by the Wicked a Ditty.

In the Scuffle we lately have had with the Baptist,
Wherein both our Honour and Interest wrap'd is,
Though our Logick perhaps be too weak to dispute
We hope by a Ballad at last to confute 'em. ('em.

For though Fiddle and Organs are both Babylonish,
Wherewith the Profane delighted alone is,
Yet in such a case Inspiration may haunt,
Even us which are perfect to warble a Chaunt.

Then let us a while our Trembling lay by,
And quit our Still Meetings to set up a Cry;
Let's Challenge and Rant, talk aloud and be bold,
For the Spirit at present doth move us to scold.

'Tis time to exclaim, as receiving the Wrong,
And take up that carnal Weapon, the Tongue;
For if we delay, our whole Party must sink,
And our long boasted Light go out in a Stink.

Our Jugglings so plain will appear, that each Eye,
Through the Mask of our holy Pretences will spy,

And

And see that a Quaker when stript of his Paint,
Is nearer of Kin to an Atheist than Saint.

Then let us equivocate neatly, and lay
A plausible meaning on all that we say,
And the very same Art that serves to excuses,
At once shall condemn all those that accuse us.

This being done we 'point time and place,
And come full prepared to bandy the Case,
In the *Barbican* first we give them a Meeting,
And never was seen such a *Bear-Garden* Greeting!

The Rabble thrust in from each end of the Town,
And before half an Argument could be laid down,
In less time than a Man can a Pot of Ale swallow,
'Twas confirm'd with a Hoop, and deny'd with a Hollow.

The Place like a Hot-house appear'd, and by hap
Some Friends might be cured here of a Clap;
And if it were so, I cannot but say,
'Twas the best Effect of our Meeting that Day.

For once more have at 'em; for, without doubt,
If we cannot confute, we must tire them out;
And therefore send word they were Cowardly Lubbers,
If they would not in *Spittle-fields* venture a Rubbers.

Four Hours and more we dispute in and out,
To know what it was we should dispute about;
Which yet at the last was never agreed,
But no matter for that, we resolv'd to proceed.

'Twould have made Pus laugh, or Child in the Chrisomes,
To hear us chop Logick and talk Syllogisms:
That Spiritual Cantings of *Naylor* and's Brood,
Should Apostatize thus into Figure and Mood!

To see holy Seed so grand a Designer,
As to turn Yea and Nay into *Major* and *Minor*.

Which lately is encreas'd, ſince *Sandwich* ſent
So many Religions to my Element,
Whoſe Emulation to a Prince's Throne
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But no matter for that, we reſolv'd to proceed.

'Twould have made Puſs laugh, or Child in the Chriſomes,
To hear us chop Logick and talk Syllogiſms:
That Spiritual Cantings of *Naylor* and's Brood,
Should Apoſtatize thus into Figure and Mood!

To ſee holy Seed ſo grand a Deſigner,
As to turn Yea and Nay into *Major* and *Minor*.

Uſe Language o'th' Beaſt, *Concedo* or *Pergo*,
And tickle their Tobies at length with an *Ergo*.

At firſt they came on like huffing Philiſtines,
And needs would attempt to prove us no Chriſtians:
When moſt by our wranglings already thought much,
To believe that in Truth either of us were ſuch.

All Dialogues we cry'd down a Profane,
Tho' divers of us had writ in that Strain;
But that by a Figure muſt be underſtood,
Making things bad in others, in us to be good.

But let Friends take notice how baſely they wrong us,
By ſuggeſting a Papiſt, God bleſs us, among us;
For there was no need of that I muſt tell ye,
Since each of us carries his Pope in his Belly.

Our ſelves to be Chriſtians we loudly declare,
But avoid the Conteſt to prove that we are;
For we find that our Intereſt doth better agree
To be counted Chriſtians, than truly to be.

Yet inveagl'd at laſt, by a kind of a Wile
We were drawn into what we had ſhun'd all the while;
But ſtill we are ſafe (tho' ſhrewdly put to't;)
For when all things fail, Inſpiration can do't.

To this then we fly, tho' certain we be,
Old *Mahomet* had as much Claim to't as we;
However it ſerves to ward off a Blow:
For who ſhall refute what no Man can know.

For if Folks would have Wonders or Miracles done,
We confeſs we can inſtance at preſent but one;
That ſo many ſhould Scripture and Reaſon forſake,
And in our ridiculous Whimſies partake.

But though in good Form we would argue no more,
We went on with bawling as high as before;

For

For we knew that the Croud would the Glory afford
To him that ſpoke loudeſt and had the laſt Word.

To prove that we did our Antagoniſt beat,
'Tis enough for to ſay that we made them Retreat,
And charged them bravely when we had done
In the Rear with an Eccho, *They run, Friends they run,*

And to ſhew that our Ammunition of Lungs
Was yet not all ſpent, nor weary our Tongues,
After this we began another new Quoil,
And fell all a preaching in Rank and in File.

Thus in brief a ſtrange Clutter we kept and a ſtir,
But what good came on't, if I know I'm a Cur,
Only People went home, ſome Sick and ſome Lame,
But all of them juſt as wiſe as they came.

SONG CVII.

THou fair Uſurper of my Fate
Tell me what my Lot ſhall be:
Muſt I languiſh at this rate,
Without Hope or Help from thee?
And am I damn'd a Slave to be
Unto a truckling Deſtiny?

Or is your Love that Poyſon grown
Which inflicts thoſe fatal Darts,
Which the God of Love alone
Did form for falſe Rebellious Hearts:
And muſt none then approach thy Love,
But thoſe who Martyrdom will prove?

Hadſt thou thy Liberty preſerv'd,
And ſtill nobler Soveraign been?
At what a rate hadſt thou been ſerv'd,
When all thy Slaves had Rivals been;
Nay gods themſelves had quit their Sway,
Proud of the Glory to obey.

But ſtay, my Paſſion grows too bold,
Seeking your Honour thus to ſtain:
It ſhews that Loyalty grows cold,
When Subjects for Rewards complain:
Henceforth my Paſſions ſhall declare
No perfect Love without Deſpair.

SONG CVIII.

Man.

WHy, *Phillis*, to me ſo untrue and unkind?
Remember the Vow which you made,
Though Love cannot ſee, let not Honour be blind,
Whereon is the other betray'd.

Woman.

Though, Sir, to your Bed true Allegiance I vow'd,
I am not oblig'd by that Oath;
No longer than you keep both conſtant and true,
The ſame Vow obligeth us both.

Man.

Fair Nymph, did you feel but thoſe Paſſions I bear,
My Love you would never ſuſpect:
A Heart made of Steel muſt needs love the Fair;
And what we love, cannot neglect.

Chorus.

Then ſince we love both,
Let us both be agreed,
And ſeal both our Loves with a Kiſs;
From breaking our Oath
We ſhall both then be freed;
A Princeſs ſhall envy our Bliſs.

SONG

SONG CIX.

SInce *Celia's* my Foe,
To a Deſart I'll go,
Where ſome River
For ever
Shall Eccho my Woe;
The Trees will appear
More relenting than her,
The Morning
Adorning
Each Leaf with a Tear.

When I make my ſad moan
To the Rocks all a'one,
From each Hollow
Will follow
A pitiful Groan:
But with ſilent Diſdain
She requites all my Pain,
To my Mourning
Returning
No Anſwer again.

Then, *Celia*, adieu,
When I ceaſe to purſue,
You'll diſcover
No Lover
Was ever ſo true:
Your ſad Shepherd flies
From thoſe dear cruel Eyes,
Who not ſeeing
His Being,
Decays, and he dies.

But it's better to run
From the Fate we can't ſhun,

Than

Than for ever
To endeavour
What cannot be won:
What, ye Gods, have I done,
That *Amyntas* alone
Is ſo treated
And hated
For loving but one?

SONG CX.

DIſputes daily ariſe, and Errors grow bolder,
Philoſophers prattle: How Greedy's the Miſer!
The more we ſhould know then by being the older;
But plainly 'tappears, there's no body wiſer:
He that ſpends what he has, and wiſely drinks all,
'Tis he is the Man Mathematical.

SONG CXI.

NO, no, 'tis in vain,
Though I ſigh and complain,
Yet the Secret I'll never reveal;
The Rack ſhall not tear it
From my Breaſt, but I'll bear it
To the Grave, where it ever ſhall dwell:
Oh! wou'd that the Gods had created her low,
And plac'd thee, poor *Hylas*! above:
Then, then I a Preſent might freely beſtow
Of a Heart that is all over Love.

Like the Damn'd from the Fire
We may gaze and admire,
Yet never can hope to be bleſt;
Oh the Pangs of a Lover,
That dares not diſcover
The Poiſon that's lodg'd in his Breaſt!

Like

Like a Deer that is wounded, I, bleeding, run on,
And fain I the Torture would hide;
But, Oh! 'tis in vain; for where ever I run,
The bloody Dart ſticks in my Side.

SONG CXII.

HAd *Daphne* Honour, Wealth, or Fame,
Thou hadſt ſome Colour for thy Flame;
Or were ſhe young, ſhe might excite
Thy luſtful Thoughts to Appetite:
Were ſhe or Beautiful or Good,
She unawares might fire thy Blood;
But being neither Rich, Young, Chaſte, nor Fair,
To Love is Dotage, Phrenſie to Deſpair.

SONG CXIII.

NO Joys like to thoſe of a new-married Bride,
Who freely does make her own Choice,
Where nothing but innocent Love doth abide.
Whilſt with her kind Bed-fellow ſhe doth rejoyce:
Long may they continue in ſuch pleaſant Charms,
With faithful Embraces in each others Arms.

The ſprightly young Bridegroom taſtes of this Bliſs,
The Day with their Friends they do ſpend;
At Night, with great freedom, they Hug and they Kiſs,
Both thinking that Night will ſoon have an end:
Long may they continue in ſuch pleaſant Charms,
With faithful Embraces in each others Arms.

The Fruits of their Pleaſure they both do deſire,
Which after Nine Months they may find;
Both hope for an Off-ſpring juſt like the own Sire,
And pray to *Lucina* that ſhe will be kind:
Long may they continue in ſuch pleaſant Charms,
With faithful Embraces in each others Arms.

He

He never is pleas'd when his Bride's out of ſight;
She likewiſe his Preſence doth crave:
So great is their Love, and ſo ſweet their Delight,
One abſent, the other no Pleaſure can have:
Long may they continue in ſuch pleaſant Charms,
With faithful Embraces in each others Arms.

A happy Succeſs to ſo faithful a Pair,
Can never be wanting, be ſure;
Much Wealth and great Honour, to ſuch as they are,
Will flow in a-pace, and for ever endure:
Long may they continue in ſuch pleaſant Charms,
With faithful Embraces in each others Arms.

Long Life will attend them, till hoary Old Age
Do's call them to lie down to reſt;
Cold Death with cold Blood then will gently engage,
And ſend them to th' Grave, and their Souls to be bleſt:
Thus ſtill they continue ſecure from all Harms,
Both lie in one Coffin in each others Arms.

That Couple is bleſt, who thus happily meet;
Proſperity hedges them round;
Their Embraces are pleaſant, their Kiſſes are ſweet,
Delights of all ſorts all their Life will abound:
Long may they continue in ſuch pleaſant Charms,
With faithful Embraces in each others Arms.

But thoſe that do Marry for Money, not Love,
Will never have Peace in their Mind;
They unto each other a Sorrow will prove,
And troubleſome Days they for ever will find:
May thoſe never meet who do Marry for Gold,
Where Love at a Price in a Market is ſold.

In Diſcord and Envy they ever will live,
Each Day will beget a new Strife;

Whilſt

Whilſt angry Words they to each other give,
The Wife blames the Man, and the Man blames his Wife:
May thoſe never meet who do marry for Gold,
Where Love at a Price in a Market is ſold.

She cries, He don't love her: He ſwears ſhe's a Scold,
She finds his Affections are dull;
Which cauſes her Love, in like manner, to grow cold,
She vows to be as peeviſh as he to the full:
May thoſe never meet who do marry for Gold,
Where Love at a Price in a Market is ſold.

And ſince from her Husband ſhe finds no Delight,
It makes her Abroad for to range;
She reſolves in her Heart to keep out of his ſight,
For Women, by Nature, are ſubject to change:
May thoſe never meet who do marry for Gold,
Where Love at a Price in a Market is ſold.

Then Jealous he grows, which perplexes his Soul,
And out of Revenge ſhe doth Horn him;
Whatever he ſays, ſhe reſolves to controul,
And replies, with a Frown, He's a Fool, and ſhe ſcorns him;
May thoſe never meet who do marry for Gold,
Where Love at a Price in a Market is ſold.

SONG CXIV.

COme all you Gallants that live near the Court,
Unto the brisk Dames of the City reſort;
There's none of your Miſſes can ſhow you ſuch ſport
As we, who for you complain.

Some of our Husbands do lead ſuch dull Lives,
So plunged in Care, and for Wealth ſo contrives,
That ſcarce one Night in ten lie cloſe to their Wives,
Which makes us ſo much to complain.

Betimes

Betimes in the Morning abroad they do run,
Leaving their Wives in their Beds alone,
Not minding that Buſineſs which ſhould be firſt done,
Woich makes us ſo much to complain.

Though many have Dullards, yet I have got one,
That keeps a young Miſs who hath his Heart won,
For ſhe ſucks the Marrow, and I pick the Bone,
Which makes me full ſore to complain.

Since ſo he diſdains me, a Miſs for to keep,
Soon into the Favour of Gallants I'll creep,
Who ſhall the Fore-room of Love's Treaſury ſweep,
And then let the Cuckold complain.

I'll buy me new Towers, lac'd Gowns of the beſt,
To the view of kind Lovers lay open my Breaſt,
So by that they may know my Mind to the reſt,
And my languiſhing Eyes ſhall complain.

I care not to tell you the Place where I dwell,
But I go by the Name of Bright Madam *Bell*,
Becauſe I love Clappers that make me ſound well,
Of which I will never Complain.

When I by my Art had learnt the right way
With Gallants and Tradeſmen to ſport and to play,
I'll tell you how many there came in one Day,
And I had no cauſe to complain.

The firſt that attempted my Love for to win,
An old Gameſter at Court long time he had been,
For he knew the right way to play at In and In,
Who made me leave off to complain.

When from me he went, a Sword-man ſoon got
A ſight of my Face; and if I deny'd not,
He would venture a Paſs if he dy'd on the ſpot,
And I had no cauſe to complain.

As pretty an Archer as ever had been,
Made me ſtand for his Butt, and thought it no Sin,

Quite

Quite up to the Feathers to ſhoot his Dart in,
Then I had no cauſe to complain.

Another brave Archer, a ſwaggering Spark,
Tho' the Curtains were drawn, and I lay in the dark,
Yet he took ſuch an aim, that he hit the right Mark,
And of him I will never complain.

The next that approach'd was a Surgeon of *Spain*,
Who drew out his Lancet to open my Vein,
Which neatly he did, and ne'er put me to pain,
And I had no cauſe to complain.

A very rich Merchant gave me Jewels fine,
With many choice Dainties, and good ſtore of Wine,
To let him once dig in my hidden Mine,
And of which I cannot complain.

My paſſionate Landlord would not be content,
Until he had gained his Tenants Conſent;
He had one Minute's Pleaſure for Fifty Weeks Rent;
No Cuckold of that can complain.

A Gentleman came that did once live at *Bow*,
He out of my Shop vow'd never to go
Until he had been in my Ware-houſe below,
And of which I could not complain

A luſty ſtout Captain laid Siege to my Fort,
For he knew by my Looks that I loved the Sport,
And he had a Gun gave ſuch a Report,
That I could not at all complain.

The laſt was a Doctor well skill'd in the Law,
Inflamed his Blood, which made him to draw;
But my young Man peep'd through the Key-hole and ſaw,
Which made me to fear he'd complain.

When his Maſter, next Morning, was gone to the *Strand*,
For to make him amends I quickly began,

For

For I let him do as did the laſt Man ;
Then he vow'd he would never complain.
And now to conclude, I bid you all Adieu,
For I never will yield to love above two,
The Maſter and Man, which my Buſineſs can do,
For more I will never complain.

SONG CXV.

GOd *Cupid*, for ever
I deſie thy poor Quiver,
And will never regard thy weak Bow ;
Thy Arrows can't hit me,
Nor a Woman out-wit me,
I am free from that pitiful Woe :
Since my *Fenny* proves falſe, all her Sex I deſie,
And I'll riot with *Bacchus* all Night,
And laugh at the Power of thy blind Deity,
Full Glaſſes ſhall be my Delight.

'Tis a great piece of Folly
To live melancholly,
And with whining young Lovers complain ;
If a Miſs prove unkind,
I can alter my Mind,
And another more Loving obtain :
To a peeviſh young Slut I will ne'er be confin'd,
Whilſt Liberty I may enjoy ;
No generous Mortal was ever deſign'd
His Freedom that way to deſtroy.

Then bleſs'd be the Hour
I was freed from the Power
Of *Cupid*, that young ſilly Boy ;
Yet I will not deny,
But ſometimes, by the bye,
The ſhort Pleaſures of Love I'll enjoy :

That

hat Minute's Delight being paſs'd, I am gone,
And free from the Nymph and her Charms,
hen happily meeting ſome other alone,
I pleaſantly die in her Arms.

Had *Jenny* been Loyal,
I had ne'er had the Tryal
f any, but ſhe, all my Life:
Full oft have I told her,
Which made her the bolder,
hat I purpos'd to make her my Wife:
t ſhe, like a Wanton, muſt needs be a Whore,
So eager and hot was her Flame,
hich made me to ſwear I would love her no more,
But laugh at her Folly and Shame.

SONG CXVI.

OH, *Celia!* come tell me now,
Why you your own Pleaſures delay;
ow oft have you heard me vow,
That I lov'd you both Night and Day?
ou ſeemingly grant my Deſire,
Yet juſt at the puſh you're unkind,
hich kindles an amorous Fire,
And tortures a generous Mind.

f that your Love be ſuch,
That will with my Humour agree,
know you will not grutch
To venture your ſelf with me:
ou with me ſhall equally ſhare,
The Delights we together create:
hy ſhould we then longer forbear?
Enjoyment oft happens too late.

hen may you wiſh in vain
For what you do now refuſe;
hen muſt you bear the pain,
Becauſe you did reaſon abuſe:

Take

Take it then whilſt you may,
The preſent time's always the beſt:
What hinders but that this Day
With Joys be ever bleſt?

Nature do's now command
To take our ſweet Delight;
How can you her withſtand,
Who ſays it muſt be this Night?
Love does affirm the ſame,
And Reaſon doth make it appear;
To delay our Sport is a Shame,
What cauſeth you then to fear?

Come, by this Kiſs, you ſhall:
Nay, prithee now be not coy;
By my Life, Now, or not at all,
We'll try to get a Boy:
I, by your Eyes, can deſcry,
Though faintly you bid me forbear,
That you love it as well as I;
Therefore, pretty Rogue, forbear.

SONG CXVII. *Celia*'s Anſwer.

I Have heard your amorous Tone,
And now I do underſtand,
If that you had me alone,
You'd make me obey your Command:
Thoſe Kindneſſes which I do grant,
May make you expect I'm a Whore;
Thoſe Favours hereafter you'll want,
For I'll never be kind any more.

My Love to your Perſon is ſuch,
That it won't with your Humour agree;
And I fear I have lov'd you too much,
Except you had more Honeſty.

low that which you call a Delight,
Pray keep to your ſelf, and be hang'd;
f by force you do put me to fright,
I'll ſwear you ſhall ſoundly be bang'd.

never ſhall wiſh for that
Which afterwards I ſhall repent;
know what you fain would be at,
But without it you muſt be content:
m not in the mind for to take
That thing you'd ſo willingly give;
here's another Bargain to make,
For honeſtly I will live.

lature ſays no ſuch thing,
Nor will ſhe ſo baſely Command,
hat I ſuch Diſhonour ſhould bring
On my ſelf, ſince I can you withſtand:
t Love may do much, I confeſs,
Where Folly doth Reaſon blind;
t I never to you did expreſs
That I was ſo fooliſhly kind.

o, You are wantonly bent,
And I hate for to hear you ſwear;
xcept I do find you repent,
Your Company I ſhall forbear:
our Mark you have taken amiſs,
Believe me, when Truth I do tell;
thankful for this one Kiſs,
And ſo, pretty Foo', farewel.

SONG CXVIII. *Latin.*

Nunc bibito totum
Nam eſt bene notum
od pocula plena de vino
Cor faciunt jucundum
Si fuerit immundum
Romulus *dixit* Quirino: Rex

Rex Vivat lætanter, vos omnes clamate,
Qui non vult habebit in ſinum;
Fam bibe, tunc ſingulis vitrum date,
Cantabitur ad Matutinum.

SONG CXIX. *Engliſh.*

NOw drink it all off,
For 'tis known well enough,
That Brimmers of excellent Wine
Will make the Heart glad,
Be it never ſo ſad,
So *Romulus* ſaid to *Quirine*:
Now merrily all cry *God bleſs the King*;
He that drinks not ſhall have it in's Breaſt:
To every one ſee a full Glaſs you bring,
And we'll ſing till the Morn without reſt.

SONG CXX.

COme, come, bonny Boys;
Come away; make haſt; Come away;
We'll prove that our Joys
Can admit of no tedious delay:
To the Tavern let's go and be merry,
With White-wine, briſk Claret, and Sherry;
Our Dads are in Heaven we need not to fear,
Becauſe they have left us ſome Hundreds a Year.

SONG CXXI. *Latin.*

PLus ſcio quam Apollo,
Nam illo dormitante
Vidi aſtra
Pugnantia,
Vulcano *lachrymante.*
Mars Venere *concubuit*
Muliere libidinoſa:
Vulcanus *vidit,*
Illam deridet,
Tunc fuit odioſa

SONG

SONG CXXII. *English.*

I Know more than *Apollo*;
For whilst that he lay sleeping,
I saw the Stars
At mortal Jars,
And *Vulcan* he lay peeping.

And *Mars* he lay with *Venus*,
A pretty wanton Woman:
But *Vulcan* saw,
And did her claw,
That now she's fit for no Man.

SONG CXXIII.

GReat Love, to thy Deity Praises I'll sing,
A *Requiem* to Sorrow because thou didst bring:
Thy Power I'll own; for why, thou hast freed me
From those desperate Passions the Fates had decreed me:
A Heart hard as Stone, and a conquering Beauty,
Must bend to Love's Bow with Allegiance and Duty.

Love's secret Embraces whoever hath known,
When the Blood's young and warm, and Youth's Blossom new blown,
To the God of that Love will certainly pay
His humble Devotions by Night and by Day:
A Heart hard as Stone, and a conquering Beauty,
Must bend to his Bow with Allegiance and Duty.

Love's humble and meek, Love's gentle and sweet,
Not mov'd with fresh Passion, when Frowns he doth meet;
He conquers by Favours, and wins by degrees,
He's partial to none, for no Mortal he sees:
A Heart hard as Stone, and a conquering Beauty,
Must bend to his Bow with Allegiance and Duty.

The

The attraction of Beauty may charm for a while,
And Man of his Freedom does often beguile;
Admiring thoſe Features which do but enſnare,
Till at length to our Foes ſure Captives we are:
But a Heart hard as Stone, and conquering Beauty,
Muſt bend to Love's Bow with Allegiance and Duty.

When Beauty preſumes, and reſolves for to ſlight
All Offers of Love, and in Pride takes Delight;
The Sighs and the Groans of a deſperate Lover,
With cruel Diſdain ſhe endeavours to ſmother:
But a Heart hard as Stone, and conquering Beauty,
Muſt bend to Love's Bow with Allegiance and Duty.

Fair *Venus* Love's Queen, doth his Arrows prefer
Before the keen Sword of the great god of War;
Mars conquers but Bodies, but Love's Darts they are ſuch,
Thoſe Souls they ſubdue which they happen to touch:
A Heart hard as Stone, and a conquering Beauty,
Muſt bend to Love's Bow with Allegiance and Duty.

The ſcornful young Nymph that will ſcarce take a Kiſs,
But counts her Diſdain a peculiar Bliſs,
Poor *Strephon*, alas! doth ſo wound by her Hate,
That *Cupid* takes pity, and ſhe now is his Mate:
Thus a Heart hard as Stone, and conquering Beauty,
Muſt bend to his Bow with Allegiance and Duty.

Thoſe great Men of War who do count Love a Toy,
And to amorous Courtſhip do ever ſeem coy;
Yet at one time or other they are forced to yield,
And think Kiſſes more pleaſant than the Enſigns i' the Field:
Thus Hearts hard as Stone, and conquering Beauty,
Muſt bend to Love's Bow with Allegiance and Duty.

The Country Swain that is always in Labour,
And ne'er knew no Joys but a Pipe and a Tabor;

Now

Now at length casts an Eye on some *Foan* of his Crew,
Then Love slips betwixt them and both doth subdue:
A Heart hard as stone, and conquering Beauty,
Must bend to his Bow with Allegiance and Duty.

The Man of old Age, who Death doth expect,
And all the World's Vanities strives to neglect;
Yet often we find him with Love to be catch'd,
Then to a young Damsel he needs must be matcht:
For a Heart hard as stone, and conquering Beauty,
Must bend to his Bow with Allegiance and Duty.

Let the old and the young ones, the rich and the poor,
The Name and the Power of *Cupid* adore;
Since none can escape, and be free from his Darts,
Which cunningly he doth convey to our Hearts:
A Heart hard as stone, and conquering Beauty.
Must bend to his Bow with Allegiance and Duty.

SONG CXXIV.

WHen Youth do agree
To be merry and free,
Let no one repine their Enjoyment to see,
For equal's the Pleasure which is to be had
Betwixt a young Lass, and a lively young Lad.

Time swiftly doth run,
And old Age it will come,
Our days are half spent, e'er our Pleasure's begun;
The present time's best, therefore take't whilst you may;
Who knows but our Sorrows begin the next day?

He that always is sad,
Must expect to be mad,
Good Wine and good Company makes the Heart glad
The daily fruition of which will create
Delights, and prevent our complaining of Fate,
'Tis Folly, not Fate,
Does Troubles create;

Then let us avoid it before 'tis too late:
Be jolly, dear Hearts, for our Life's but a Span,
And a Hundred Years hence we may Love if we can.

Then give me a Lass,
And good Wine a full Glass,
The drousie Mechanick's a temperate Ass:
He studies to get, but he knows not for who,
Thus daily his Troubles he seeks to pursue.

Perhaps when he's old,
And his Blood is grown cold,
He weds a young Whore, a Thief or a Scold,
Who spends all he has, and is ever at Strife,
And calls him old Cuckold, tho' she be his Wife.

Which makes him complain,
But, alas! all in vain,
For no better Content he is like to obtain;
Then sighing he cries, Oh the Fault was my own,
For to pass by the Pleasures I once might have known.

I may sit and repent,
But must be content,
Since now 'tis too late what is past to prevent:
This happens to greedy Curmudgeons, who spend
Their youth to hoard up for their Ruines i'th' end.

SONG CXXV.

THE World is grown mad, and turn'd upside down,
And to all that have Sense it is easily known;
Their Words and their Actions do daily declare
How far from Civility moved they are;
The Custom of Wedlock some would turn out of doer,
And argue 'tis better to trade with a Whore.

What Off-spring then may we expect for to meet,
When Men pick up Wenches they meet in the Street?

For

For a Groatsworth of Brandy, or Ale, being wild,
The ſilly young Wanton is gotten with Child:
Then with a great confidence ſwear to your Face,
That they have beſt Luck who are Baſtards by Race.

Thus do they proceed to the fourth Generation,
The ſpurious Iſſue of baſe Reprobation;
Juſt Cat after kind, like Father and Mother,
They take their Debaucheries one from another:
Till *Tyburn* at laſt puts an end to their Game,
For thither they are Carted together with Shame.

Now thoſe that are guilty, I fain would adviſe
To take my good Counſel and learn to be wiſe:
You Young Men wed Laſſes of equal degree,
Then may you expect ever happy to be:
For thoſe who live honeſt have bleſſings in ſtore,
But Curſes with ſuch as do trade with a Whore.

A Wife that is honeſt, vertuous, and fair,
Is a Jewel whoſe Worth is beyond all compire;
All Day ſhe's a Comfort, and in Bed a Delight,
Her Company's pleaſant by Day and by Night:
Your Children with joy you may ever behold,
They'll honour you both, if you live to grow old.

But he that doth Company keep with a Whore,
Shall never be happy, but ever be poor;
And for one Minute's Pleaſure, if it be to be found,
The whole Day's Delights in that Minute is drown'd;
For ſhe ſtill will crave till no more thou canſt give,
Thus with her in Sorrow thou ever wilt live.

SONG CXXVI.

HAppy is the Man that takes delight,
In banquetting the Senſes,
That drinks all Day, and then at Night
The height of Joy commences:
With Bottles arm'd we ſtand our ground,
Full Bumpers crown our Bliſſes;

We ſing and roar the Streets around,
In Serenading Miſſe.
Pleaſures thus free and unconfin'd,
No drouſie Crime reproaches,
No Heaven to a Frollick mind,
No Pleaſures like Debauches:
Whilſt rambling thus, new Joys we reap
In Charms of Love and drinking;
Inſipid Fops lie drown'd in ſleep,
And the Cuckold he lies thinking.

SONG CXXVII.

HOW ſevere is Fate to break a Heart
That never went a roving;
To torture it with endleſs Smart,
For too much conſtant loving:
I bleed, I bleed, I melt away,
I waſh my watry Pillow;
I range the Woods alone all day,
And I wrap me round in Willow.

SONG CXXVIII.

HOw cruel is Fortune grown,
To turn all my hopes to Deſpair?
From Bliſs I am headlong thrown,
And baniſht the ſight of my Dear;
Grant me ſome pity kind Heaven,
to my Sorrows afford ſome Relief;
Or let my poor Soul be given
A Martyr unto my Grief.

SONG CXXIX.

A Curſe on impertinent Age,
The Pleaſures of Youth to invade;
The Cheats that have long been broke,
Have impudence ſtill to Trade:

Awake my fair *Cælia* betimes,
Before the ſweet Youth's undone;
Come ſhew thy Delights in a Breaſt,
Will yield thee a thouſand for one.

I'll bring thee hot Youth and Love,
Come mingle thy Fire with mine,
We'll ſerve for the Stars above,
And make them aſham'd for to ſhine:
Come down to my plentiful Feaſt,
Lie picking of Bones no more;
The ſcraps of a Diſh ill dreſt,
Or the Leavings of many a Whore.

SONG CXXX.

POor *Corydon*, thy Flames remove,
I pity thee, but cannot Love;
Yet I find there is ſomething in every Vein,
Which moves me to love, could I meet with a Swain,
Were honeſt and kind,
Were honeſt and kind,
I could love him again.

SONG CXXXI.

NEver more will I proteſt,
To love a Woman but in jeſt,
For as they cannot be true,
So to give each Man his due;
When the Wooing fit is paſt,
Their Affections cannot laſt.

Therefore if I chance to meet,
With a Miſtreſs fair and ſweet,
She my favour ſhall obtain,
Loving her for Love again;
Thus much Liberty I crave,
Not to be a conſtant Slave.

For when we have try'd each other,
If ſhe better like another,
Let her quickly change for me,
Then to change I am as free:
He or ſhe that loves too long,
Sell their Freedom for a Song.

SONG CXXXII.

AS *Amoret* with *Phillis* ſate
One Evening on the Plain,
And ſaw the Charming *Strephon* wait,
To tell the Nymph his pain;
The threatning Danger to remove,
She whiſper'd in her Ear,
Ah, *Phillis!* if you cannot Love,
The Shepherd do not hear,
The Shepherd do not hear.

None ever had ſo ſtrange an Art
His Paſſion to convey
Into a liſt'ning Virgins Heart,
And ſteal her Soul away.
Fly, fly, betimes, for fear you give
Occaſion to your Fate;
In vain, quoth ſhe, in vain you ſtrive,
Alas! 'tis now too late,
Alas! 'tis now too late.

SONG CXXXIII.

BESS, black as a Charcoal,
Was found in a dark Hole,
With *Kit*, at the Cat and Fiddle;
But what they did there,
None ſafely can ſwear,
Yet Gentlemen Riddle my Riddle.

Troth I would be loath,
Were I put to my Oath,

To

To ſwear *Kit* with *Beſs* did ingender;
Yet it would tempt a Man,
Bridle all that he can,
His preſent Well-wiſhes to render.

But 'twas found at laſt,
E're a Twelvemonth was paſt,
That *Chriſtopher Beſs* had o'er-maſter'd;
For her Belly betray'd her,
And ſo ſhe down lay'd her,
And brought him a jolly brown Baſtard.

SONG CXXXIV.

AS *Chloris*, full of harmleſs Thought,
Beneath the Willows lay,
Kind Love a comely Shepherd brought
To paſs the time away:
She bluſh'd to be encounter'd ſo,
And chid the amorous Swain;
But as ſhe ſtrove to riſe and go,
He pull'd her down again.

A ſudden Paſſion ſeiz'd her Heart,
In ſpight of her Diſdain,
She found a Pulſe in e'ery Part,
And Love in e'ery Vein:
Ah, Youth! quoth ſhe, what Charms are theſe,
That conquer and ſurprize?
Ah let me! for unleſs you pleaſe,
I have no power to riſe.

She faintly ſpoke, and trembling lay,
For fear he ſhould comply,
But Virgins Eyes their Hearts betray,
And give their Tongues the Lye:
Thus ſhe who Princes had deny'd,
With all their pompous Train,
Was in the lucky minute try'd,
And yielded to a Swain;

SONG CXXXV.

A Young Man lately in our Town,
He went to Bed one night;
He had no ſooner laid him down,
But was troubled with a Sprite:
So vigorouſly the Spirit ſtood,
Let him do what he can;
Oh then he ſaid, it muſt be laid
By a Woman, not a Man.

A handſome Maid did undertake,
And into th' Bed ſhe leapt;
And to allay the Spirits power,
Full cloſe to him ſhe crept:
She having ſuch a Guardian Care,
Her Office to diſcharge,
She open'd wide her conjuring Book,
And laid her Leaves at large.

Her Office ſhe did well perform,
Within a little ſpace,
When up ſhe roſe, and down he lay,
And durſt not ſhew his Face;
She took her Leave, and away ſhe went,
When ſhe had done the Deed.
Saying, If it chance to riſe again,
Pray ſend for me with ſpeed.

SONG CXXXVI.

A Paſtoral Dialogue between Strephon *and* Phillis.

Phil. *Strephon*, what envious Cloud hath made
All o're thy Face this ſullen ſhade?
Strep. It is the Index of my Grief;
Phil. But ſay, admits it no Relief?
Thy now neglected Flock doth ſtray,
The Wolf ſecurely takes his Prey,
And thy diſcarded Pipes lie by,
While thou under ſome Beech does lie,

Or

Or Myrtle in the ſhady Grove,
And ſigh and pin'ſt like one in Love.

Strep. Ah *Phillis!* thou haſt touch'd me now,
I can't my Paſſion diſavow;
At that word, Love, my Heart does riſe,
And with it ſtrangely ſympathiſe.

Phil. But who did thus your Heart ſurprize?

Strep. It was the Shepherdeſs, whoſe Eyes
Are brighter far than any Ray,
The Sun diſcloſed on *May*-day.

Phil. Who was it, *Strephon*, tell me true?

Strep. Ah deareſt *Phillis*! it was you.

Phil. Strive not, falſe Shepherd, to deceive
A Nymph too eaſie to believe,
A Paſſion which ſhe likes ſo well,
Such Falſhood would deſerve a Hell.

Strep. May the gods for whom fat Lambs I feed,
That on their ſmoaking Altars bleed,
All my devouteſt Prayers deſpiſe;
And all my humble Sacrifice:
Or, What's a greater Curſe? May I
Find nought from thee but cruelty?
If I do love my *Phillis* leſs
Than mine own greateſt Happineſs:
If Truth doth not in Swains reſide,
Where is ſhe in the World beſide?

Phil. I can't diſtruſt ſo lov'd a truth,
Deliver'd by ſo ſweet a Youth.

Chorus *of Two.*

Let's join our hearts and hands, and we'll outvye
The gods themſelves with our Felicity;
Let thoſe that in deceitful Courts do dwell,
Delay their joys and tedious ſuits purſue:

Voices.

Our honeſt Words, their Courtſhip far excell,
'Mongſt unambitious Shepherds Love is true.

SONG CXXXVII.

A Maid (I dare not tell her Name,
For fear I ſhould diſgrace her)
Tempted a young Man for to come
One Night for to embrace her:
But at the Door he made a ſtop,
He made a ſtop, he made a ſtop;
But ſhe lay ſtill, and ſnoring ſaid,
The Latch pull up, the Latch pull up.

This young Man hearing of her Words,
Pull'd up the Latch and enter'd,
And in the place unfortunately
To her Mother's Bed he ventur'd;
But ſhe, poor Maid, was ſore afraid,
And almoſt dead, and almoſt dead;
But ſhe lay ſtill, and ſnoring, ſaid,
To the Truckle-bed, to the Truckle-bed.

Unto the Truckle-bed he went;
But as the Youth was going,
The unlucky Cradle ſtood in's way,
And almoſt ſpoil'd his wooing:
When after that the Maid he 'ſpy'd;
The Maid he 'ſpy'd, the Maid he 'ſpy'd;
But ſhe lay ſtill, and ſnoring ſaid,
The other ſide, the other ſide.

Unto the other ſide he went,
To ſhew the Love he meant her;
Pull'd off his Cloaths couragiouſly,
And falls to th' Work he was ſent for:
But the poor Maid made no reply,
Made no reply, made no reply;
But ſhe lay ſtill, and ſnoring, ſaid,
A little too high, a little too high.

This

This lufty Lover was half aſham'd
Of her gentle Admonition;
He thought to charge her home as well
As any Girl could wiſh him:
Oh, now, my Love, I'm right, I know;
I'm right, I know, I'm right, I know;
But ſhe lay ſtill, and ſnoring, ſaid,
A little too low, a little too low.

Though by Miſtakes at length this Youth,
His Buſ'neſs ſo well tended,
He hit the Mark ſo cunningly,
He defy'd the World to mend it:
Oh, now, my Love, I'm right, I ſwear,
I'm right, I ſwear, I'm right, I ſwear;
Then ſhe lay ſtill, and ſnoring, ſaid,
Oh, there! Oh, there! Oh, there! Oh, there!

SONG CXXXVIII.

A Maiden Fair I dare not wed,
For fear I wear *Acteon*'s Head;
A Maiden Black is ever proud,
The Little One is ever loud:
The Maiden that is Tall of growth,
Is always ſubject unto ſloth;
The Fair, the Foul, the Little, the Tall,
Some Faults remain among them all.

SONG CXXXIX.

IN 'faith, 'tis true, I am in Love,
'Tis your black Eyes have made me ſo;
My Reſolutions they remove,
And former Niceneſs overthrow.

The glowing Charcoal's ſet on fire
A Heart that former flames did ſhun;
Was an Heretick unto Deſire,
Now's judg'd to ſuffer Martyrdom.

But

But Beauty, since it is thy fate
At distance thus to wound so sure,
Thy Vertues I will imitate,
And see if Distance prove a cure.

Then farewel Mistress, farewel Love,
Those lately entertain'd Desires;
Wise Men can from that Plague remove,
Farewel black Eye, and farewel Fires.

If ever I my Heart acquit
Of those dull Flames, I'll bid a Pox
On all black Eyes, and swear they're fit
For nothing but a Tinder-box.

SONG CXL.

HOw happy art thou and I,
That never knew how to love?
There's no such Blessing here beneath,
Whatever there is above:
'Tis Liberty, 'tis Liberty
That every wise Man loves.

Out, out upon those Eyes
That thinks to murther me;
And he's an Ass that thinks her fair
That is not kind and free:
There's nothing sweet, there's nothing sweet
To Man, but Liberty.

I'll tie my Heart to none,
Nor yet confine mine Eye;
But I will play my Game so well,
I'll never want a Prize:
'Tis Liberty, 'tis Liberty
Has made me now so wise.

SONG CXLI.

WHere-ever I am, and whatever I do,
My *Phillis* is still in my mind;

When

When angry, I mean not to *Phillis* to go,
My feet of themſelves the way find:
Unknown to my ſelf, I am juſt at the Door;
And when I would rail, I can bring out no more:
Then *Phillis* too fair and unkind,
Then *Phillis* too fair and unkind.

When *Phillis* I ſee, my Heart burns in my Breaſt,
And the Love I would ſtifle is ſhewn;
Aſleep or awake, I am never at reſt,
When from my Eyes *Phillis* is gone:
Sometimes a ſweet Dream do's delude my ſad Mind,
But when I awake, and no *Phillis* can find,
How I ſigh to my ſelf all alone!
How I ſigh to my ſelf all alone!

Should a King be my Rival in her I adore,
He ſhould offer his Treaſure in vain;
Oh, let me alone to be happy and poor,
And give me my *Phillis* again:
Let *Phillis* be mine, and but ever be kind,
I would to a Deſart with her be confin'd;
And envy no Monarch his Reign,
And envy no Monarch his Reign.

Alas, I diſcover too much of my Love,
And ſhe too well knows her own Power:
She makes me each day a new Martyrdom prove,
And makes me grow jealous each hour:
But let her each minute torment my poor Mind,
I had rather love *Phillis*, though falſe and unkind,
Then ever be freed from her Power,
Then ever be freed from her Power.

SONG CXLII.

I Found my *Celia* one night undreſs'd,
A precious Banquet for languiſhing Love;

The

The charming Object a flame encreas'd,
Which never, ah! never till then I prov'd:
Her delicate Skin, and Starry Eye,
Made me a secret Bliss pursue;
But with soft Hand she put it by,
And cry'd, Fie, *Amintor*; ah! what would you do?

Her Words and Blushes so fir'd my Heart,
I pull'd her to me, and clasp'd her round;
And though with cunning she play'd her part,
Yet fainter and fainter her Threats I found:
But I least thought, or least desir'd,
My Love a forbearance should allow;
A touch of her Hand my Heart inspir'd,
My Passion was melted I know not how.

Which when fair *Celia*'s quick Eye perceiv'd,
And found by my Dulness my Passion decay,
Her fate she inwardly seem'd to grieve,
That fool'd her and cool'd her so basely away:
She sigh'd and look'd pale to see me dull,
And in her Heart this Oath she swore,
She never again would slight an address,
Nor the critical minute refuse no more.

SONG CXLIII. *The Country-man's Prophecy.*

MY jolly good Friends, who to Mirth are enclin'd,
Give ear, and I'll tell you a piece of my mind,
For what I declare, you'll find clear as the Sun,
When Covetousness out of England *will run.*

When Men beget Women, and Women 'get Men,
And Men they do bring forth Children agen:
When *Coventry* Steeple cracks Nuts with its Thumb,
Then Covetousness out of England *will run.*

When Hares sit i'th' Highway to pick a Man's purse,
And the Man in the Moon puts his Child out to Nurse;
And

And when Shooing-horns learn to beat on a Drum,
Then Covetousness out of England *will run.*

When Bears they wear Breeches of Silver and Gold,
And go to the Barbers for to be Poll'd,
And Monkeys do wait on them till they have done,
Then Covetousness out of England *will run.*

When a Conjurer's frighten'd to see a black Cock,
And Wenching Gallants are afraid of the Smock:
When Coats Linsey-Woolsey, by Ladies are spun,
Then Covetousness out of England *will run.*

When the Church of S. *Paul* hath got Wings and Legs,
And upon *London-stone* doth sit and lay Eggs;
And when Capons and Cocks of that breed do come,
Then Covetousness out of England *will run.*

When old Men graft Pear-Trees upon Cedar-Stocks,
And Owls at Noon-day do fly up in flocks:
When Cuckows at *Christmas* among us do come,
Then Covetousness out of England *will run.*

When Taylors forget to throw Cabbage in Hell,
And shorten their Bills, that all may be well,
When Horses can speak, that have ever been dumb,
Then Covetousness out of England *will run.*

When Beggars marry Ladies, and Women leave scolding,
And Neighbour to Neighbour shall not be beholding:
When Misers their Money lend out by the Tun,
Then Covetousness out of England *will run.*

When Lawyers are willing to plead without Fees,
And Pens, Ink and Paper do grow upon Trees;
And all is well ended that e'er was begun,
Then Covetousness out of England *will run.*

When Millers refuse any Toll for to take,
And those that have Agues don't shiver and shake:

When

When old Mother-Damnable once doth turn Nun,
Then Covetouſneſs out of England *will run.*

When *Whetſtone*-Park Ladies live honeſt and chaſte,
And ſcorn by their Cullies for to be embrac'd:
When Cooks do want Victuals, as ſure as a Gun,
Then Covetouſneſs out of England *will run.*

When Poets build Alms-houſes up for the Poor,
And the rich old Curmudgeons deſire no more:
When Cripples at running great Wagers have won,
Then Covetouſneſs out of England *will run.*

When Vintners and Tapſters ne'er value their Scores,
But freely give all Men that enter their Doors:
When the Cart to the Horſes with great haſte ſhall come,
Then Covetouſneſs out of England *will run.*

When Men without Money ſhall buy Houſe and Land,
And a Soldier forgets the Word of Command:
When a Welſh-man, to Breakfaſt, ſhall drink a whole Tun,
Then Covetouſneſs out of England *will run.*

When Hogs do wear Armour, and vapour along,
And Pick-pockets never appear in a Throng:
When Tradeſmen, by Truſting, ſhall ne'er be undone,
Then Covetouſneſs out of England *will run.*

When Men grow as high as the *May-Pole* in the *Strand*,
And Fiſhes take pleaſure to be on dry Land:
When Oyſters at *Billinſgate* cry, Eat me, Come,
Then Covetouſneſs out of England *will run.*

When great *Eſſex* Serpents ſhall fly in the Air,
And Rabbits cry, Catch me, in Net, or in Snare:
When Hectors pay Debts, without ever a Dun,
Then Covetouſneſs out of England *will run.*

When

When Ships over *Dunſtable* Downs you ſee ſail,
And Oyſter-women ceaſe to ſcold and to rail;
When Men ſhall roaſt Apples at Midnight in th' Sun,
Then Covetouſneſs out of England *will run.*

When all theſe things happen, then you will confeſs,
The honeſt plain Country-man rightly did gueſs;
He vows you ſhall ſhoot him to th' Heart with a Gun,
When Covetouſneſs out of England *will run.*

SONG CXLIV.

Aurinda, who did Love diſdain,
For whom had languiſh'd many a Swain,
Leading her bleating Flocks to drink,
She 'ſpy'd, upon the River's brink,
A Youth, whoſe Eyes did well declare
How much he lov'd, but lov'd not her.

At firſt ſhe laugh'd, and gaz'd a while,
But ſoon it leſſen'd to a Smile;
Then to Surprize and Wonder came,
Her Breaſt to heave, her Heart to flame:
Then cry'd ſhe out, Ah! now I prove
Thou art a god, almighty Love.

She would have ſpoke, but ſhame deny'd,
And bid her firſt conſult her Pride;
But ſoon ſhe found that Aid was gone,
For *Jove*, alas, had left her none:
Ah! how ſhe burns! but 'tis too late,
For in his Eyes ſhe reads her Fate.

SONG CXLV.

LOve's ſoft deluding Charms
Muſt now give place to Arms;
Hark! Hark! I hear the Trumpets freſh Alarms:

Mars

Mars chides me for my ſtay,
And frowning, ſeems to ſay,
Thy Honour, Youth, will ſuffer by delay:
Adieu, ye Sex Divine,
Whoſe all-commanding Shrine
So oft has bow'd theſe ſtubborn Knees of mine;
Kind Females, now no more
Muſt I thoſe Charm adore,
Nor court the Pleaſures of the Britiſh ſhore.

My Friend and I, in Wars
'Midſt Armies, Wounds and Scars,
Will bid Defiance to unlucky Stars;
No charming Female Darts,
With all their amorous Arts,
Shall e'er disjoyn our undivided Hearts:
Friendſhip, that noble Name,
That kindles generous Flame,
Prompts us to court no Miſtreſs now but Fame;
Her we may joyntly love,
And happy Rivals prove,
In Emulation like to thoſe above.

Thus Hand in Hand we'll go,
And equal danger know,
Love begs in vain, when Honour anſwers No:
The Battle done at laſt,
We'll lie ſo cloſe embrac'd,
And think with pleaſure on the danger paſt;
Should one of us be ſlain,
Fate's Envy's ſpent in vain;
In ſpite of Death, our Friendſhip we'll maintain;
For he that's left behind,
Shall teach the World to find,
Though two in Perſon, we're but one in Mind.

SONG

SONG CXLVI.

HOw mighty are the Charms of Woman-kind,
And yet how ſoon decay'd!
rce has a Beauty in full glory ſhin'd,
E're 'tis in utter Ruine lay'd:
hile the bleſs'd Minute laſts, before its fall,
is made a Deity, and ador'd by all;
t when the glorious Luſtre's gone,
unhappy ſlighted Nymph is left alone,
he ſad Privation to bemoan.
e, ſee, poor *Phillis*! yonder, once the Fair,
Bright as the Morning Sun,
aſted and faded all her Beauties are;
Alas! her killing Days be done:
w unregarded now ſhe treads the Plain,
rſu'd by no admiring Swain!
t one Charm left, not one alluring Grace,
rror and Wrinkles have aſſum'd their place,
e, Age is wrote upon her Face.
ho then would be in Love, and fondly prize,
At ſo unjuſt a rate,
pair of flatt'ring, falſe deluding Eyes,
That are to morrow out of date?
their firſt vigour laſted to the Grave,
were richly worth the while to be a Slave;
t ſince the faireſt in their courſe muſt end,
will no more on the gay Toy depend,
t make my Pleaſure in my Friend.

SONG CXLVII.

DO not ask me, charming *Phillis*,
Why I lead you here alone,
this Bank of Pinks and Lillies,
And of Roſes newly blown:
is not to behold the Beauty
Of thoſe Flow'rs that crown the Spring;
is to—— but I know my Duty,
And dare never name the thing.

'Tis

'Tis, at worſt, but her denying,
Why ſhould I thus fearful be?
Every minute gently flying,
Smiles, and ſays, Make uſe of me:
What the Sun do's to thoſe Roſes,
While the Beams play ſweetly in,
I would——, but my fear oppoſes,
And I dare not name the thing.
Yet I die, if I conceal it;
Ask my Eyes, or ask your own,
And if neither can reveal it,
Think what Lovers think alone:
On this Bank of Pinks and Lillies
Might I ſpeak what I would do;
I wou'd with my lovely *Phillis*,
I wou'd, I wou'd, I wou'd, ah! wou'd you.

SONG CXLVIII.

PEace, *Cupid*; take thy Bow in Hand;
I'th' gloomy Shade in Ambuſh ſtand,
To watch a cruel Nymph frequents this Bow'r,
Cold as the Streams, but ſweeter than each Flow'r:
There, There ſhe is; Direct thy Dart
Into that ſtony marble Heart;
Draw quickly; Draw, and ſhew thy Art.
Wo's me! thou'rt blind indeed; thou haſt ſhot me,
Whilſt ſhe 'ſcapes in the Grove, and laughs at thee.

SONG CXLIX.

HE's a Phlegmatick Lover
In whom we diſcover
A Temper that never doth change;
A Breaſt that's like mine with Jealouſie burns,
Now Love and now Anger poſſeſs it by turns;
With Fears I grow wild, and with Hopes I grow tame,
That Paſſion is weak that is always the ſame.

But

But the ſanguine brisk Lover
Can never diſcover
How the Soul of a Woman's inclin'd;
He knows that her Charms have conquer'd yet more;
That many there are who do ſigh and adore:
He truſts not to Merit to give him ſucceſs,
For Women love only by fancy and gueſs:
Or if to Deſert, by great chance they prove kind,
The Fair ſtill are fickle, and oft change their mind.

Oh, the Starts of a Lover
Do p'ainly diſcover
The Paſſion he feels in extream;
For he that loves well, and does not poſſeſs,
Muſt either be jealous, or elſe love you leſs:
Then ſay not my Fears or my Doubts do you wrong,
He cannot be quiet, whoſe Paſſion is ſtrong:
Small Fires do but glow, and are always the ſame,
But the greater will rage and ſcatter the flame.

SONG CL.

MY Muſe denies
To Apologize
For my Song's Acceptation,
I know 'twill fit
Your Appetite,
Becauſe 'tis of the Faſhion.

New Faſhions began
With the World and Man,
In *Adam*'s time and *Eve*'s;
They did begin
To cover Sin
With a Faſhion of their Leaves.

After was try'd
The rough Buck's Hide,

A Wear of Commendation ;
Had not with the Skin
The Horns crept in,
And turn'd it into Faſhion.

Each Taylor is read
In this Faſhion : his Head
Is capable on't, 'tis fear'd ;
When he's not at leiſure
His Wife will take meaſure,
Though it be by his Neighbour's Yard.

The Clown's Array
Is an innocent Gray,
Nor ſtain'd by the Dyer's Art,
Which doth inveſt
As pure a Breaſt,
And no leſs ſpotleſs Heart.

The Farmer's Hoſe,
His wearing Shoes,
For both are wond'rous plain ;
His Honeſty,
Not Knavery, he
Moſt purely dies in grain.

The School-Maſter in
His Trouzers hath been,
And bumbaſt Doublet, long ſpace ;
He's a Monoptote,
For he varies not,
At any time, his caſe.

His Wife is pure,
In her Talk demure,
Her Gown is of Reformation ;
And ſhe, verily,
Turns up her Eye
In a very zealous faſhion.

The Shop-keepers walk,
And often do talk
In Gowns of Purple or Blue;
Since *Venner* and *Fa*
Wore such at the Bar,
Some wisely have chang'd their hue.

The Lawyer (be't known
To all Men) is prone
To the fashion of long Hose,
And fain he would
Still have and hold
Long Suits, for he lives by those.

Now with the best
Your Pimp's in request,
This your Gallant is supply'd:
By his Bones as well
As his Cloaths you may smell,
He's rarely Frenchify'd.

His Mistress plum'd,
Painted, perfum'd,
Is stillify'd all over;
Her loose Array
Doth every Day
A looser Body cover.

The Scholar well trust,
In his black Suit brusht,
Is like to Jet in his degree;
Nor is it enough
Men point at Stuff,
He'll be pointed at the Knee.

Thus are we become
As Apes of *Rome*,

Of

Of *France*, *Spain*, and all Nations:
And not Horſes alone,
But Men are grown
Diſeaſed of the Faſhions.

SONG CLI.

HOw happy and free is the Reſolute Swain?
That denies to ſubmit to the yoke of the fair,
Free from Exceſſes of Pleaſure and Pain,
Neither dazled with hope, nor depreſt with deſpair?
He's free from diſturbance, and calmly enjoys
All the Pleaſures of Love, without clamour or noiſe.

Poor Shepherds in vain their Affections reveal
To the Nymph that is peeviſh, proud, ſullen and coy,
Vainly do Virgins their Paſſions conceal,
For they boil in their Grief till themſelves they deſtroy;
And thus the poor Darling lies under a Curſe,
To be check'd in the Womb, or o're-laid by the Nurſe.

SONG CLII.

AH how unkind is the Nymph I adore!
For my Obedience ſhe ſlights me the more;
Still as ſhe ſhuns me, I cloſer purſue,
So by her flight ſhe has learnt to ſubdue:
How endleſs are the pains I muſt endure,
Since ſhe by flying wounds and ſhuns the Cure?

Yet how unhappy ſoever I am,
Still I muſt follow, and cheriſh my flame,
For ſhould I ſtruggle and break off my Chain,
My freedom would be worſe than her diſdain:
Therefore the nobler Fate I will prefer,
It muſt be happy if it come from her.

Then cruel Fair, if my Death you've decreed,
Spight of compaſſion I beg you proceed;

And

And look not down on my wretched Eſtate,
As neither worthy of your Love nor Hate:
For with your frowns I would rather diſpence,
Than languiſh in luke-warm indifference.

SONG CLIII.

MY Gaffer and Gammer, were faſt in their Neſt
And all the young Fryo of their cribs were poſſeſt
Spot, *Whitefoot* and *Puſs* in the Aſhes were ſpread,
And a blinking Ruſh-Candle ſtuck over their head.

Sweet *Urſly* was waſhing the Trenchers and Platter,
Preparing to make her good friend, the Hog, fatter:
Greaz'd up to the Elbows, and ſmutcht to the Eyes;
And her rich broider'd Cloaths were as fat as her Thighs.

Like Bagpipes her Cheek, and her Udders Chin high,
Her Noſe hawking out, bending both ways awry;
Her Lips were as thick as her ſquint eyes were blinking,
And her orient Locks were moſt rankiſhly ſtinking.

Whilſt *Roger* the Plow-man lay cloſe by a ſnoring,
God *Cupid* was vext at his Clowniſh adoring,
And therefore conveys to his great Loggerhead,
In a whiſper the News, that all were a Bed.

Up *Roger* ſtarts then, and rubbing his Eyes
To his deareſt ſweet *Urſly* with a paſſion he flies;
And lolling his Elbows on *Urſly*'s broad Back,
Complains that his Heart was e'en ready to crack.

But *Urſly* diſpleas'd with the weight of her Love,
(Oh *Cupid*! why doſt thou thus treacherous prove?)
As faſt as ſhe cou'd ſhe turn'd her about,
And with Diſh-clout ſlopt o're the wretched face of our Lout.

Now *Cupid* thou'rt fit to be kickt out of doors,
Since a Pimp thou doſt prove to ſuch fulſome amours;

But *Cupid* is only a Hope to maintain,
What is out of our reach ſeldom cauſes our pain.

For *Roger* at Market had frequently ſeen,
Such Beauties good Law, each look'd like a Queen:
Yet his Heart all the while did continue his own,
But *Vrſley*, ah *Vrſley*! but ſeen, and 'tis gone.

SONG CLIV.

POor *Celia* once was very fair,
A quick bewitching Eye ſhe had,
Moſt neatly look'd her braided Hair,
Her dainty Cheeks would make you mad:
Upon her Lips do all the Graces play,
And on her Breaſt ten thouſand *Cupids* lay.

Then many a doting Lover came,
From ſeventeen to twenty one;
Each told her of his mighty Flame,
But ſhe forſooth affected none.
One was not handſome, the other was not fine,
This of Tobacco ſmelt, and that of Wine.

But t'other day it was my fate,
To paſs along that way alone;
I ſaw no Coach before her Door,
But at her Door I heard her Moan,
And dropt a Tear, and ſighing, ſeem'd to ſay,
Young Ladies, Marry, Marry whilſt you may.

SONG CLV.

PEace and Silence be the Guide
To the Man, and to the Bride;
If there be a Joy yet new
In Marriage, let it fall on you:
That all the World may wonder:
If we ſhould ſtay, we ſhould do worſe,
And turn our Bleſſings to a Curſe,

SONG

SONG CLVI.

I Courted a Lass, my folly
Was the cause of my disdaining;
I Courted her thus, What shall I
Sweet *Dolly*, do for thy dear Loves obtaining?

But another had dally'd with *Dolly*,
That *Doll* for all her feigning;
Had got such a Mountain above her Valley,
That *Dolly* went home complaining.

SONG CLVII.

C*Loris* forbear a while,
Do not o're-joy me;
Urge not another Smile,
Lest it destroy me:
That Beauty pleaseth most
As is best taking,
Which is soon won soon lost,
Kind, yet forsaking:
I Love a coming Lady, 'faith I do,
But now and then I'd have her scornful too.
O're-cloud these Eyes of thine,
Bo-peep thy Features;
Warm with an *April* shine,
Scorch not thy Creatures:
Still to display thy Ware,
Still to be fooling,
Argues how rude you are
In *Cupid*'s Schooling:
Disdain begets a Smile, scorn draws us nigh,
'Tis cause I would and cannot, makes me try.

Cloris I'd have thee wise,
When Gallants view thee;

Courting do thou deſpiſe,
Fly thoſe purſue thee:
Faſt moves an Appetite
Makes hunger greater;
Who's ſtinted of Delight,
Fares ne'er the better.
Be coy and kind betimes, be ſmooth and rough,
And buckle now and then, and that's enough.

SONG CLVIII.

Philander and *Sylvia* a gentle young Pair,
Whoſe buſ'neſs was loving, and kiſſing their care
In a ſweet-ſmelling Grove went ſmiling along;
Till the Youth gave a vent to his heart with his tongue;
Ah, *Sylvia*! ſaid he, and ſigh'd when he ſpoke,
Your cruel reſolve will you never revoke?
No, never, ſhe ſaid: How! never, he cry'd,
'Tis the Damn'd that ſhall only that ſentence abide.

She turn'd her about to look all around,
Then bluſh'd, and her pretty Eyes caſt on the ground;
She kiſs'd his warm Cheeks, and play'd with his Neck,
And urg'd that his Reaſon his Paſſion ſhould check:
Ah, *Philander*, ſhe ſaid, 'tis a dangerous bliſs!
Ah, never ask more, and I'll give thee a kiſs:
How, never! he cry'd, and then kiſs'd all o'er,
No, never, ſhe ſaid, and then trip'd to a Bower.

She ſtop'd at the Wicket; he cry'd, Let me in:
She anſwer'd, I would, it were not a ſin;
Heaven ſees, and the gods will chaſtiſe the poor head
Of *Philander* for this: Strait, trembling, he ſaid,
Heaven ſees, I confeſs, but no Teſt-takes are there;
She kiſs'd him, and cry'd, You're an Atheiſt, my Dear.

And

And ſhou'd you prove falſe, I ſhou'd never endure:
How! never! he cry'd, and ſtrait backward he threw her,
Her delicate Body he claſp'd in his Arms,
He kiſs'd her, he preſs'd her, ſhew'd her charms upon charms;
He cry'd, Shall I now? No, never ſhe ſaid,
Your will you ſhall never enjoy till I'm dead:
Then as if ſhe were dead, ſhe ſlept, and lay ſtill,
Yet even at death, ſhe bequeath'd him a ſmile:
Which enſho'den'd the Youth his charms to ſupply,
Which he bore ſtill about him, to cure thoſe that die

SONG CLIX.

TAke, oh, take thoſe Lips away,
That ſo ſweetly were forſworn;
And thoſe Eyes the break of day;
Lights that do miſlead the Morn:
But my Kiſſes bring again,
Seals of Love, but ſeal'd in vain.

SONG CLX.

PHilis, I pray,
Why did you ſay
That I did not adore you?
I durſt not ſue,
As others do,
Nor talk of Love before you.

Should I make known
My flame, you'd frown;
No Tears cou'd e'er appeaſe you;
'Tis better I
Should ſilent die,
Than, talking, to diſpleaſe you.

SONG CLXI.

AWay with the cauſe of Riches and Cares,
That eat up our Spirits, and ſhorten our Years,
No Pleaſure can be
In ſtate nor degree,
But its mingl'd with ſorrows and fear:
Then periſh all Fops, by ſobriety dull'd,
While he that is merry, reigns Prince of the World.

The quirks of the zealous of Beauty and Wit,
Though ſupported by Power, at laſt muſt ſubmit;
For he that is ſad,
Grows wretched or mad,
Whilſt Mirth, like a Monarch doth ſit:
It cheriſhes life in the old and the young,
And makes ev'ry day to be happy and long.

SONG CLXII.

NO, no, thou all of red and white,
Thou haſt not yet undone me quite;
For I have loſt but half my Heart,
Yet I confeſs the Wound doth ſmart:
Then, pretty Thief, oh! ſteal no more,
But let me keep one part in ſtore;
Sure, half's too much for thee, of mine,
Unleſs I had ſome ſhare in thine.

Though thou art fair, and thou art young,
And though thou haſt a pretty Tongue,
And every word that thou do'ſt ſay,
Might lead a Prince's Heart aſtray:
Yet all thoſe Traps will ne'er catch me,
I muſt have kinder ſnares from thee:
'Las, thou ſhalt ſee I can retreat,
And not lie conquer'd at thy Feet.

'Tis

'Tis true, if I did keep the Field,
At length I muſt be forc'd to yield;
Not like a Coward, will I flie,
Nor like a Fool, will ſtay and die:
With half my Heart I'll march away,
Then t' other part not long will ſtay;
A heart divided, knows no power,
Nor will ſubmit above an hour.

Reproach me not, though heretofore
I only Freedom did adore;
And brag that none, though kind as fair,
The loſs of it could half repair:
Since I now willingly do yield
To *Chloris* beauty all the Field.

With greater joys I do reſign
My freedom, though thou e'er keep'ſt thine,
And am reſolv'd conſtant to prove,
Should her Neglect tranſcend my Love:
Strange Charms they are which make me burn,
Without the hopes of a return.

To ſee, and not to be in love,
A Wonder like her ſelf would prove,
Whoſe Charms, by Nature, and by Art,
Do each of them deſerve a Heart:
For which my ſorrows are not ſmall,
I have but one to pay them all.

I muſt confeſs, a while I ſtrove
With Reaſon, to reſiſt my Love:
All Saints, ſometimes, 'gainſt Death do pray,
Though it be to Heaven their only way;
'Tis only *Chloris* hath the skill
To make me bleſs'd againſt my will.

Nor will I ſo much as endure
To think Unconſtancy ſecure;

For were I to that ſin ſo bent,
It ſure would prove my puniſhment:
Her to adore, I muſt confeſs,
Is better than elſewhere ſucceſs.

SONG CLXIII.

The Loving Chamber-Maid.

SHut the Door after me,
pull off the Boul,
I'll blow out the Candle
the beſt of you all:
And all the World
Shall ne'er me perſuade,
But that I'm a Maid,
Ay, a very good Maid.

I ne'er lay with any,
unleſs it were one,
And yet I dare venture
to look at the Sun:
And all the World, &c.

I had but one ſmall one,
what am I the worſe?
I ne'er gave it ſuck,
but I put it to Nurſe:
And all the World, &c.

Perhaps 'twas my Maſter
that got it, what then?
My Miſtreſs ne'er knew on't,
nor none of our Men:
And all the World, &c.

For I can paſs currant,
and ſell it again
To ſome Fop o'th' City,
who ne'er yet was in:
And all the World, &c.

Although

Although my Maiden-head,
sporting, took flight,
With heaving and thrusting,
I bid it Good night;
Yet all the World, &c.

For she's a mean Strumpet,
who knows not the tricks
To try with one Maidenhead
dozens of ——.
Then all the World,
Shall ne'er me perswade,
But that I'm a Virgin,
And a very good Maid.

SONG CLXIV.

Love's Conquest.

YOung *Pheon* strove the bliss to taste
but *Strephon* still deny'd;
She struggl'd long, the Youth at last
lay panting by her side:
Useless he lay, Love would not wait
till they could both agree;
They idlely languish'd in debate,
When they should active be.

At last, Come, ruine me, she said,
and then there fell a Tear;
I'll in thy Breast my Blushes hide,
it's all that Virgins fear.
Oh, that Age could Love's Rite perform,
we'd make old Men obey;
They court us long, Youth loves to storm,
then plunder and away.

For Virgins Hearts so tender are,
they cannot long deny;

But wearied out with *Cupid's* War,
they muſt at laſt comply;
If but the happy hour you nick,
and take them in the mind,
The chaſteſt ſhe will do the trick,
and learn to be more kind.

The baſhful Lover have I ſeen,
in raptures of ſurprize.
Adore his Miſtreſs like a Queen,
and gaze upon her Eyes;
Then ſigh, ſay nothing, and away,
and leave the inſulting Foe;
Proud in the conqueſt of the day,
without ever ſaying, no.

The True Lovers Tragedy.

SONG CLXVI.

AH Cruel Bloody Fate!
What can'ſt thou now do more?
Alas 'tis now too late,
Philander to reſtore:
Why ſhou'd the Heavenly Powers perſwade
Poor Mortals to believe,
That they guard us here,
And reward us there,
Yet all our joys deceive.

Her Ponyard then ſhe took,
and held it in her hand,
Then with a Dying look,
cry'd! Thus I Fate Command:
Philander! ah my Love I come,
to meet thy Shade below;
Ah! I come, ſhe cry'd,
With a Wound ſo wide
There needs no ſecond Blow.

In

In Purple Waves of Blood,
ran ſtreaming down the Floor,
Unmov'd ſhe ſaw the Flood,
and bleſſed her Dying hour;
Philander, and *Philander* ſtill,
The Bleeding *Phillis* cry'd,
She wept a while,
And ſhe forc'd a ſmile
Then clos'd her Eyes, and dy'd.

Upon the bluſhing Ground,
ſtain'd with her Virgin Blood,
She lay in Death's deep Swound,
cloſe by the murmuring Flood:
Which for the lovely *Phillis* ſake,
complain'd of cruel Fate,
Which had caus'd ſuch care,
As had wrought deſpair,
I weep, it to relate.

When loe *Philander* came,
with joy to ſeek his Love,
And her dear Promiſe claim,
while Moon-beams from above
Did twincle through the thickeſt ſhade,
and gild the flowry Plain,
When he eſpies,
And, ah! *Phillis* cries,
(Not thinking ſhe was ſlain.)

SONG

SONG CLXVII.

AS ſad *Philothea* lay melting in Grief,
And kindly complain'd of the amorous Thief;
She aloud to the Woods did her Paſſion impart
But faintly lamented the loſs of her heart:
Ah cruel unkind *Dorilaus*, ſhe cry'd,
Bring back the fond ſtray that has wander'd aſide.

The Youth as from courting *Aſtræa* he came,
Had the pleaſure of hearing her ſigh out his name:
And ſoftly he ſtole till ſo nigh her he drew,
That his Arms on a ſudden about her he threw:
Then take back thy heart, *Philothea*, he cry'd,
'Tis pity the ſtragler ſhould ever be ty'd.

Surpriz'd at the welcome approach of her Swain,
Yet unwilling to take the fond Truant again,
No, Shepherd, ſays ſhe, give me thine in exchange,
And I'd keep it ſo ſafe that it never ſhall range:
No truſt me not I, *Dorilaus* reply'd,
Since your own you have ſuffer'd to wander aſide.

A N

AN INDEX DIRECTING

How to find out any of the aforegoing Letters in their proper Pages.

A *Father to his Son at School in the Country* 53
The Son's Answer 54
A Citizen returning his Friend kind thanks for his entertainment when he was in the Country 55
The Country Gentleman's Answer to the Citizen ibid.
A merry Letter to invite a Friend to the Tavern 56
His Friend's Answer 57
A Letter from a Gentleman to a young Lady whom he courted to marry 58
The young Ladies Answer ibid.
A Country Farmer's Son to one of his Neighbours Daughters 59
Her kind Answer 60
A Letter to court a young Widow who had lately buried her Husband 61
The Widows Answer ibid.
A Letter to dissuade a Friend from marrying 63
The Young Man's merry Answer 66
A Letter of Anger sent his Friend for an Affront given at their last meeting 68
His Friend's short Answer ibid.
A Letter to chastise a near Kinsman who was given to Extravagancy 69

His

His Kinſman's Anſwer 70
A Letter from a Citizen to his Friend in the Country to ſend him up a 'Prentice 71
The Country Gentleman's kind Anſwer 72
A Letter of Advice for health 73
The Gentleman's Anſwer ib.
A Letter to his Friend in praiſe of his Miſtreſs 74
His Friend's merry Anſwer in praiſing his foul Miſtreſs by the contraries 76
A Letter ſent to his Friend a Sommerſetſhire Man full of Complements 79
The Sommerſetſhire Man's clowniſh Anſwer in their own Country Language 80
A loving Letter ſent to a Gentlewoman ib.
The Gentlewoman's kind Anſwer 82
A Letter to congratulate a Friend's happy return from his long Journey 83
The Captain's thankful Anſwer to his Friend's Letter expreſſed with many Complements 84
A haſty Letter to his Couſin 85
His Couſin's haſty Anſwer 86
A Letter ſent to his Friend condoling his long Sickneſs 87
The Sick Man's thankful Anſwer ib.
A Letter to perſwade a Friend to betake himſelf to Buſineſs 88
His Friend's ſhort Anſwer 90
A Letter from an Elder Brother to the Younger, reproving him of extravagancy 91
The younger Brother's Anſwer ib.
A Letter ſent from a London Quaker to one of his Country Brethren 93
The Country Quaker's Anſwer 94
A Letter of Excuſe 95
The Gentleman's Anſwer ib.
A Letter ſent to a Gentleman in way of Petition 96

The Gentleman's Answer 97
A Letter from a Gentlewoman to a Country School-master, concerning putting his Son to School with him 98
The School-master's Answer ib.
A kind Letter to a Gentlewoman with a Ring sent as a Token 99
The Gentlewoman's Answer 100
A Letter sent to a Gentleman as a Challenge 101
The Answer ib.
A Letter desiring his Friend to acquaint him with what News is stirring 102
His Friends Answer 103
A dunning Letter sent from a Creditor to his Debtor for Money 104
The Debtor's Answer 105
A Letter to perswade a Friend to marry ib.
His Friend's Answer 107
A Letter complaining of such long silence, in his Friend, in writing no oftner to him 109
His Friend's Answer ibid.
A cunning Letter sent to a crafty Friend to borrow Money 110
The Answer 111
A Letter to his angry Sweetheart ibid.
Her short but loving Answer 112
A Letter upon the delay of a Courtesie desired ib.
The Answer 113
A Letter of Counsel and good Advice from a Father to his Son ibid.
The Son's dutiful Answer 114
A merry Letter after the old Fashion sent to a Maid ibid.
Her Answer 116
A Letter from a Father to a Son at the University ibid.
The Son's Answer 117
A Daughter's Letter to her Mother 119
The Mother's kind Answer 122

A Letter of Comfort ſent to a Friend in Adverſity 120
His Friend's thankful Anſwer 121
A Letter ſent to a Friend, perſwading him that he was a Cuckold ibid.
His Friend's Anſwer 122
A Fantaſtical Comical Letter ſent to a Friend to try both his Wit and Patience 123
The Anſwer 124
A conceited Letter from a Country School-maſter, who thought himſelf to be a great Scholar ibid.
The Gentleman's Anſwer. 125
A cautional Letter from a Husband to his Young Wife in the Country 126
His Wife's Anſwer 127
A Letter to invite a Friend to a Wedding 128
His Friend's Anſwer 129
A Letter of Farewel ſent to a Friend from one that was going a long Journey ibid.
The Anſwer. 130
How to begin Letters with Complements 131
Supplements with choice Phraſes and Sentences to be uſed in the middle of Letters upon all Occaſions 139
Concluſions and Endings of Letters of all ſorts, and upon all Occaſions 143
Superſcriptions for Letters ſuitable for all Degrees and Qualities of Men and Women 146
Poſies for Rings, or Motto's fit for Preſents 149

A TABLE

A TABLE of all the SONGS, Alphabetically compoſed.

A.

A Heart in Love's Empire, Page 155
Adieu to the Pleaſures and Follies of Love 160
A Wife I do hate 166
As I was ſitting on the Graſs 173
A Curſe upon thee for a Slave 179
Auguſta is enclin'd to Fears 187
Ah fading Joy 200
A curſe on the Zealous and Ignorant Crew ibid.
Adieu my Cordelia, my deareſt adieu 201
As I was walking in a May Morning 205
A Curſe on Impertinent Age 244
As Amoret with Phillis ſate 246
As Chloris full of harmleſs thought 247
A young Man lately in our Town 248
A Maid I dare not tell her Name 250
A Maiden fair I dare not wed 251
Ah how unkind is the Nymph I adore 264
Away with the Cauſes of Riches and Cares 270
Ah! Cruel bloody Fate 274
As ſad Philothea lay melting in grief 276

B.

Beneath a dark and lonely ſhade 153
Be thou joyful I am jolly 166
Be jolly my Friend 199
Beauty and Love once fell at odds 220
Beſs black as Charcoal 246

A Table.

C.

Come tell me no more of Love 157
Come away, t' other Glass 168
Come drink off your Liquor 177
Cupid no God, a wanton Child 184
Come you Ladies of the night 187
Cupid once was weary grown 190
Charon, O gentle Charon, let me wooe thee 191
Courtier, if thou needs wilt Wive 195
Chloris, when you disperse your influence 196
Cease Chloris, cease to wonder why 199
Come, my Daphne, come away 217
Come all you Gallants that live near the Court 231
Chloris, forbear a while 267 269

D.

Diogenes was merry in his Tub 178
Did you not hear the hideous groans 212
Disputes daily arise, and Errors grow bolder 228
Do not ask me, charming Phillis 259

F.

Fair Clarinda I do owe 173
Farewel the dearest of my Crimes 186
Fond Fables tell of old 189

G.

God Cupid's, for certain, as foolish as blind 206
God Cupid for ever I defie thy poor Quiver 234
Great Love, to thy Deity praises I'll sing 239

H.

Hang up Mars 176
Here lies not in, but on Earth's Womb 178
He that marries a merry Lass 180
Hold back thy hours, dark night 194
How bonny and brisk, how pleasant and sweet 203
Had Daphne Honour, Wealth, or Fame 229 230
Happy is the Man that takes delight 243
How severe is Fate, to break a heart 244

How

How cruel is Fortune grown ibid.
How happy art thou and I 252
How mighty are the Charms of Woman-kind 259
He's a Phlegmatick Lover 260
How happy and free is the resolute Swain 264

I.

IF Wealth would keep a Man alive 167
I always resolved to be free from her Charms 172
I cannot sigh and wish alone 152
I wo' not go to't, I mun not go to's 180
I know more than Apollo 193
I'd have you, quoth he 207
I never shall henceforth approve 209
In Caves full of Skulls and rotten old Bones 211
I charge thee Neptune, *as thou art just, resigne* 223
I have heard your amorous Tone 236
I know more than Apollo 239
In Faith, 'tis true, I am in love 251
I found my Celia *one Night undress'd* 253
I courted a Last, my folly 269

L.

LOng live our great King 153
Let dull Philosophers the Ignorant tell 156
Long since Clarinda *my passion did move* 161
Let the Bowl pass free 171
Let Fortune and Phillis *frown if they please* 189
Laurinda, *who did love disdain* 257
Love's soft deluding Charms ibid.
Love's Conquest 156

M.

MAke a noise, pull it out 163
Make a Bed in the deep 169
My jolly good Friends who to mirth are enclin'd 254
My Muse denies to Apologize 261
My Gaffer and Gammer were fast in their Nest 265

N.

NOw that the cold Winter's expell'd by the Sun 158
Nymph and Shepherd come away 184
Nay let me alone 204
No I will sooner trust the Wind 220
No, no, 'tis in vain, 228
No Joys like to those of a new married Bride 229
Now drink it all off 238
Never more will I protest 245
No, no, thou all of red and white 270

O.

OH Celia come tell me how long it will be 167
Oh Delia, for I know 'tis thee 175
Oh that Joy so soon should wast 181
Oh name not the day lest my senses reprove 201
Oh sorrow, sorow, say where dost thou dwell 211
Oh Celia come tell me now 235

P.

POor Citizen if thou wilt be 193
Poor Corydon thy flames remove 245
Peace Cupid take thy bow in hand 260
Poor Celia once was very fair 266
Peace and silence be the guide ibid.
Philander and Sylvia a gentle young pair 268
Phillis I pray 269

S.

STay shut not the Gate 182
Since we poor slavish Women know 188
sure it is so, then let it go 213
Still to be neat, still to be dress 217
Since Celia's my Foe 247
Strephon what envious Cloud hath made 248
Shut the Door after me 272

T.

TRust thou thy Ships to Seas and Wind 153
The Wretch that stole Cœlestial Fire 156

A Table.

The delights of the Bottle, and charms of good Wine 159
Tell me no more you love ibid.
'Tis not enough great Gods, 'tis not enough 161
The Pot and the Pipe 179
'Tis late and cold, stir up the fire 189
Thou joy of all hearts, and delight of all Eyes 196
To play upon a Viol if 202
They call, they call, what noise is that 203
Tyrant thou seek'st in vain 205
Thou art so fair, and cruel too 208
Turn off the Glass, 'tis a Crime to see't full 212
'Twas in the pleasant Month of May 214
The Glories of our Birth and State 216
Thou fair Usurper if my Fate 225
The World is grown mad and turn'd upside down 242
Take, oh take those Lips away 269

U.

VEnus chanc'd to love a Boy 190

W.

WHy should so much Beauty fear 157
What sighs and groans now fill my Breast 162
Why should Friends and Kindred gravely make thee ibid.
Were Celia but as chast as fair 168
What a madness it is to give over our drinking 169
When a Woman that's buxom to a Dotard doth Wed 170
When first I saw fair Celia's face 175
What mean the dull Poets themselves to abuse 177
Where the Bee sucks, there suck I 179
Woman who is by Nature wild 181
What an Ass is he 192
When first my free heart 196
What does the fair Clariza mean 198
When first my dear Delia my heart did surprize 202
What shall we do 207

Why lovely Celia *should I fear* 210
Whilst Alexis *lay press'd* 212
What makes you all so dull 216
When Aurelia *first I courted* 217
Why should we not laugh and be jolly 218
Why Phillis *to me so unerue and unkind* 226
When Youth do agree to be merry and free 241
Where ever I am, and whatever I do 252

Y.

YOu Lovers love on' 181
You merry Poets, old Boys 187
Ye She-friends and He-friends 222
Young Pheon *strove the Bliss to taste* 275

W.

FINIS.

Books Printed, and Sold by E. Tracy; *at the* Three Bibles *on* London-Bridge, *viz.*

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